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SOUTH BEACH AND BEYOND: A GUIDE TO MIAMI'S NEW HOT ZONES

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An exclusive glimpse behind the sunglasses

Jackie
The New York Years

By Christopher Andersen

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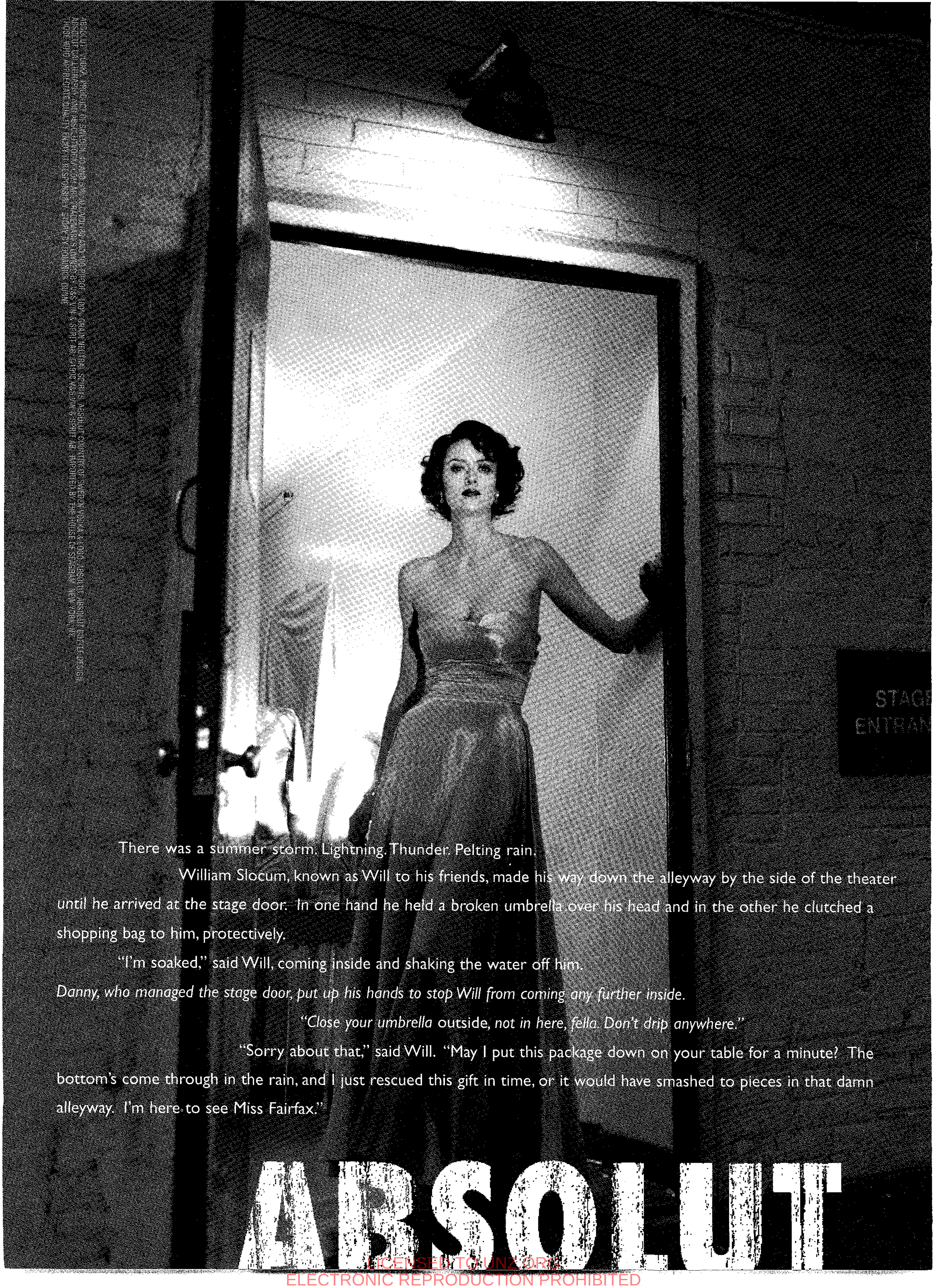

There was a summer storm. Lightning. Thunder. Pelting rain.

William Slocum, known as Will to his friends, made his way down the alleyway by the side of the theater until he arrived at the stage door. In one hand he held a broken umbrella over his head and in the other he clutched a shopping bag to him, protectively.

"I'm soaked," said Will, coming inside and shaking the water off him.

Danny, who managed the stage door, put up his hands to stop Will from coming any further inside.

"Close your umbrella outside, *not in here, fella. Don't drip anywhere."*

"Sorry about that," said Will. "May I put this package down on your table for a minute? The bottom's come through in the rain, and I just rescued this gift in time, or it would have smashed to pieces in that damn alleyway. I'm here to see Miss Fairfax."

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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY. STORY BY DOMINICK DUNNE.

“Is she expecting you?” Danny picked up his list and perused it. “Miss Fairfax didn’t tell me she was expecting any visitors.”

“She’s not expecting me. It’s a surprise,” said Will.

“Does she know you?”

“Oh, yes. We used to be married.”

“Name?”

“William Slocum, but it will spoil the surprise.”

“Okay, okay,” said Danny, having sized him up: Good suit. Good shirt. Good shoes. “Go on up. Dressing room #8 on the second floor. Here, don’t forget your package.”

Sophie Fairfax was sitting at her dressing table, applying cold cream over her theatrical makeup, when there was a knock at her door. “You can’t come in yet, whoever it is,” she called out. Then she added, “Who is it?”

“Me,” said Will, opening the door.

“Oh, for God’s sake, Will, what the hell are you doing here?” she asked. “How did you get by Danny at the stage door? He’s supposed to keep people like you out.”

“I told him we used to be married,” said Will.

“You’re the only 42-year-old man I know who still acts like an undergraduate prankster. I told you when I left you that the act was getting tired,” said Sophie, rubbing her face with Kleenex. “Did you see the play?”

“Yes.”

“No compliments?”

“You were wonderful.”

“I’m not supposed to have to beg for that. That should have been your entrance line. What’s that bedraggled package you’re clasping to your bosom?”

“You may not believe this, Sophie, but I miss you,” said Will.

“Enough, enough,” replied Sophie.

“You may not believe this either, but when I left my apartment, this bottle of Absolut was beautifully wrapped in silver paper with dark blue ribbons, in honor of your birthday, but I was jostled in the subway, and it dropped on the floor and got kicked, which is why the paper’s torn. There was a card, such a funny card, saying “Forgive me” — perfect for the occasion — but it seems to have gotten lost, and then the shopping bag got wet and the bottom came out and it almost dropped again in the alley, and, anyway, Happy Birthday.”

“I remember a time when your presents came in little velvet boxes,” said Sophie, starting to apply her street makeup.

“When you moved out, you threw a velvet box at me, and I got a black eye,” said Will.

“You did not *get a black eye,” replied Sophie.*

“Almost.” He placed the bottle on her dressing table. “This seemed more appropriate under the circumstances. I didn’t want to be showy.”

“I’m mad about the bottle,” said Sophie. “Perfect for forsythia.”

“How about a nip on a rainy night off Broadway?”

“Oh, why not? Are you planning on taking me out to supper?”

DUNNE.

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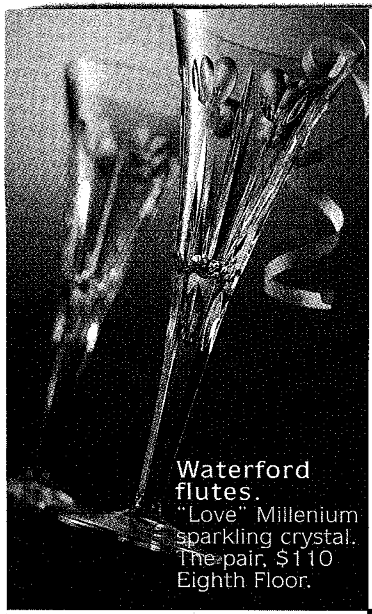

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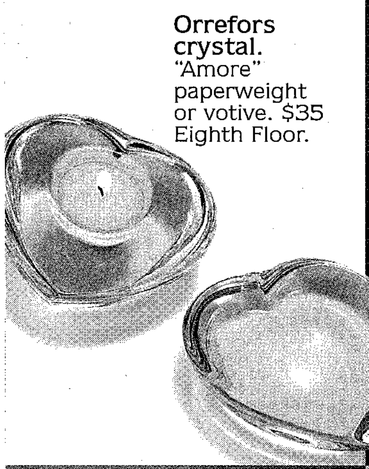

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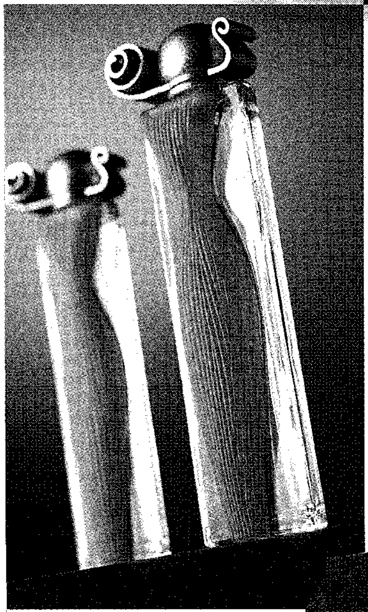

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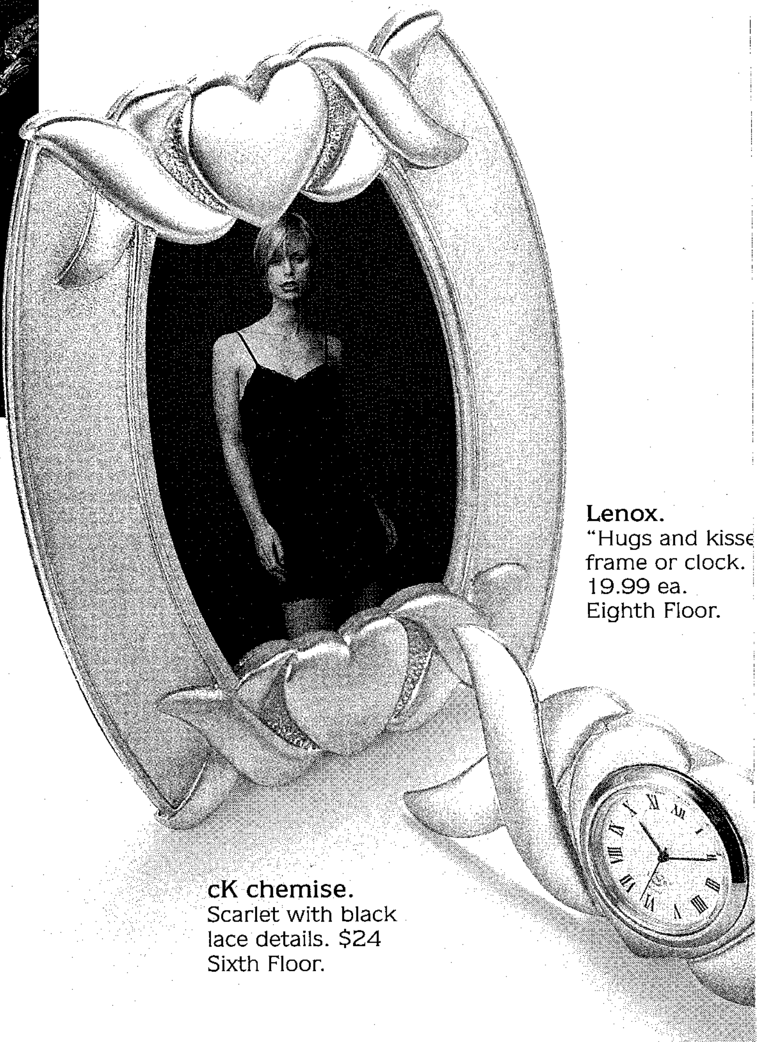

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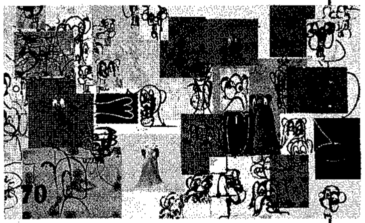

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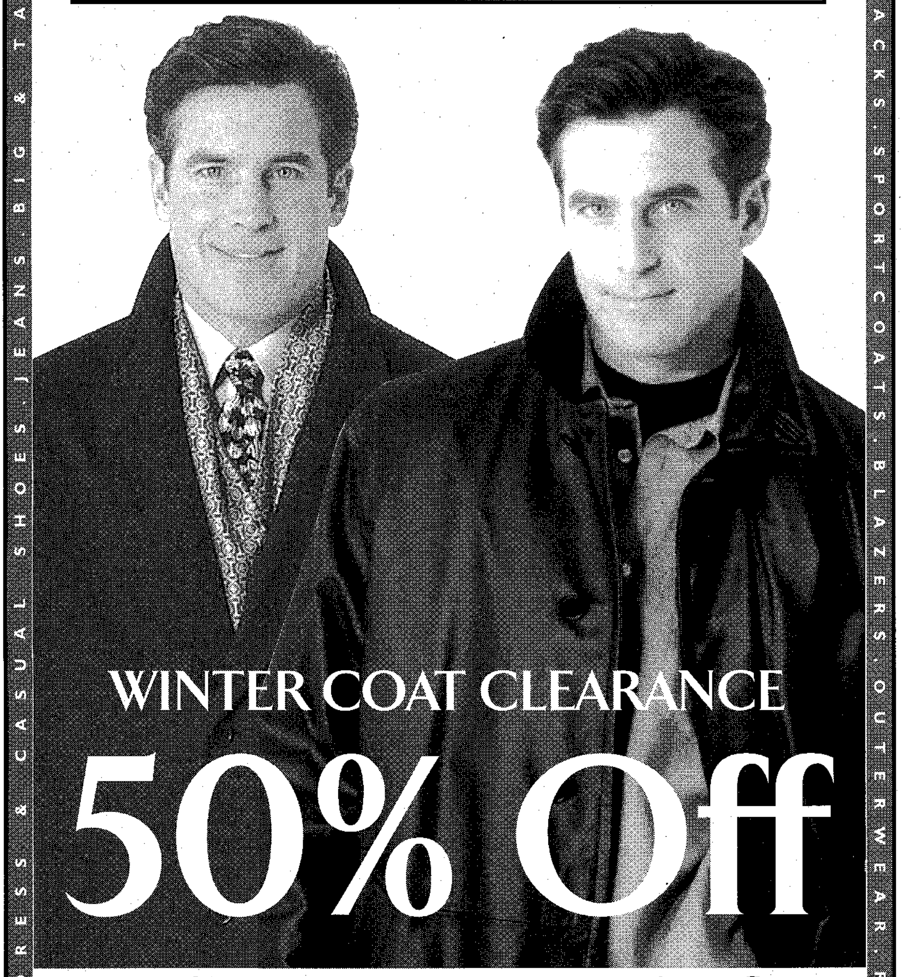

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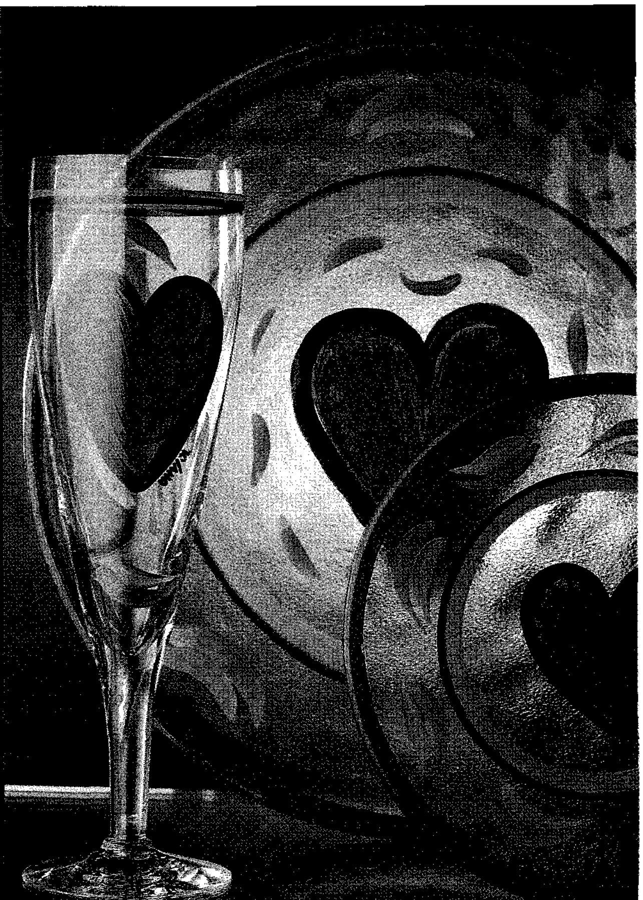

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LETTERS FEBRUARY 16, 1998

Working Out the Kinks

Stretched to its limits, yoga is more than a passing workout fancy; Ellison and King are a perfect match.

CLASSIC YOGA, WHICH I TEACH, IS not a current fad, part of the contemporary frenzied fitness scene, or exclusively geared to the young, acrobatic, and seemingly inexhaustible body ["Yoga's Big Stretch," by Mark Jolly, February 2]. It does not require nonstop jumping and gyrations or pretzel twists for meaningful results. It consists of static, non-strenuous stretches held motionless, accompanied by rhythmic breathing. Classic yoga practice is never hurtful or damaging but restorative and therapeutic.

My own salvation came through yoga at age 40. Ten years before that, I suffered a severe accident that shattered my body and psyche. I was strapped into braces and steel corsets, addicted to painkillers, tranquilizers, and cigarettes. Overdosed and overweight, I saw myself doomed to a life of constant pain and desperation. But something eventually led me to yoga, a new body and mind, and a meaningful existence.

Ina Marx
MANHATTAN

I STARTED TAKING YOGA BECAUSE I WAS having problems with my shoulder, my knees, and my back. Through the rigorous, careful, intelligent, and nurturing yoga instruction at Jivamukti, especially by Sharon Gannon, I have no more joint problems, and I am much stronger, thinner, healthier, and happier. To encourage students to push their limits is to encourage them to stretch beyond the point where they are stiff and stuck, to take their bodies and minds and make them flexible. Your body gets healthier at the same time as you "put your personality at risk" (to quote Mark Jolly quoting David Life). This means that your ego relaxes and lies down, and you are liberated momentarily from the fears and neuroses that drive so many people to psychotherapy.

Barbara Henning
MANHATTAN

AS A PRACTITIONER OF YOGA AND A JIVAMUKTI student, I was annoyed at the inaccurate portrayal of class life at the center. There is no "work through the pain" philosophy at Jivamukti, only an urging to work at your physical edge. For someone who has an awareness of his or her body, that would be the place that's just beyond the comfortable and familiar. Only once at Jivamukti was I the recipient of anything remotely resembling the aggressive hands-on adjustment Mr. Jolly described in the article. I handled it by quickly stopping the instructor, indicating I was fine where I was. Yoga is an extreme endeavor, about stretching one's self-definition, not playing it safe.

C. Del Mul
MANHATTAN

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Double Tribute

I AM WRITING TO EXPRESS MY DISPLEASURE about the "Cue" listing in the January 19 issue for the 92nd Street Y Unterberg Poetry Center's tribute to Ralph Ellison ["The Mix"]. To imply that there is something racist about scheduling a tribute to a major African-American writer on a day honoring a major African-American civil-rights leader is to practice a bizarre kind of reverse discrimination. As you may have noticed from your own event listings, the Y is not alone in celebrating the meaning behind this holiday, and paying tribute to important African-American figures. And along with these other groups, we are proud to do so. It should be noted that, contrary to what your item implies, the ideas represented in *Invisible Man* are indeed consonant with Dr. King's ideas about the importance of a society in which individuals are not judged by race. The insult committed was by your publication against the distinguished speakers who gathered to honor Ellison, and against the work and memory of Ellison himself.

Karl Kirchwey
Director, 92nd St. Y
MANHATTAN

Regan's Defense

I HAVE BEEN IN LITIGATION IN A DIVORCE action since 1992 ["Letters," February 2]. I was, at the time, the mother of an infant daughter as well as of an 11-year-old son. For more than half a decade, my husband, Robert Kleinschmidt, has used his enormous resources to engage in what I can only describe as a cruel and sadistic battle to destroy my family and my professional life.

He has made false claims. He has used publicists and lawyers to plant false and malicious items about me in various publications. He has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars misusing the legal system to batter me. And far worse, he has created an environment of extreme hatred in which my vulnerable 6-year-old child is struggling to exist. It comes as no surprise to me that he is now using his ex-wife, who incidentally perjured herself in her recent court testimony, to write false and malicious letters to *New York* Magazine to bolster his own fabricated case against me.

Congratulations, *New York* Magazine, for playing right into Mr. Kleinschmidt's cruel hand.

Judith Regan
MANHATTAN

I HAVE KNOWN JUDITH REGAN PROFESsionally and personally for many years. During that time, I have also had the privilege of getting to know both of her children. Her son Patrick is one of the most mature and ethical young men I have ever met, and his mother is profoundly and sincerely committed to raising morally centered children. At no time would she be abusive in any way to a child.

Not once have I ever heard the slightest intimation or indication of any anti-Semitic inclination on Regan's part whatsoever. As a board-certified psychiatrist from a Jewish family that was decimated by the Holocaust, I can assure you that I have a finely honed sensitivity to even unspoken intimations of anti-Semitism. I can state categorically and without qualifications that Judith Regan has no anti-Semitic inclinations of any kind.

Jeffrey M. Schwartz, M.D.
LOS ANGELES

I WAS DISGUSTED BY THE DECISION OF *New York* Magazine to publish the rantings of a bitter ex-wife (Annie ex-Kleinschmidt) against Judith Regan. I know Ms. Regan both personally and professionally, and at no time have I ever heard Ms. Regan make any kind of racial or anti-Semitic remark, nor has she ever made me or my family feel uncomfortable at any time or exposed to us to any anti-Semitic remarks.

Andrew Steinberg
LOS ANGELES

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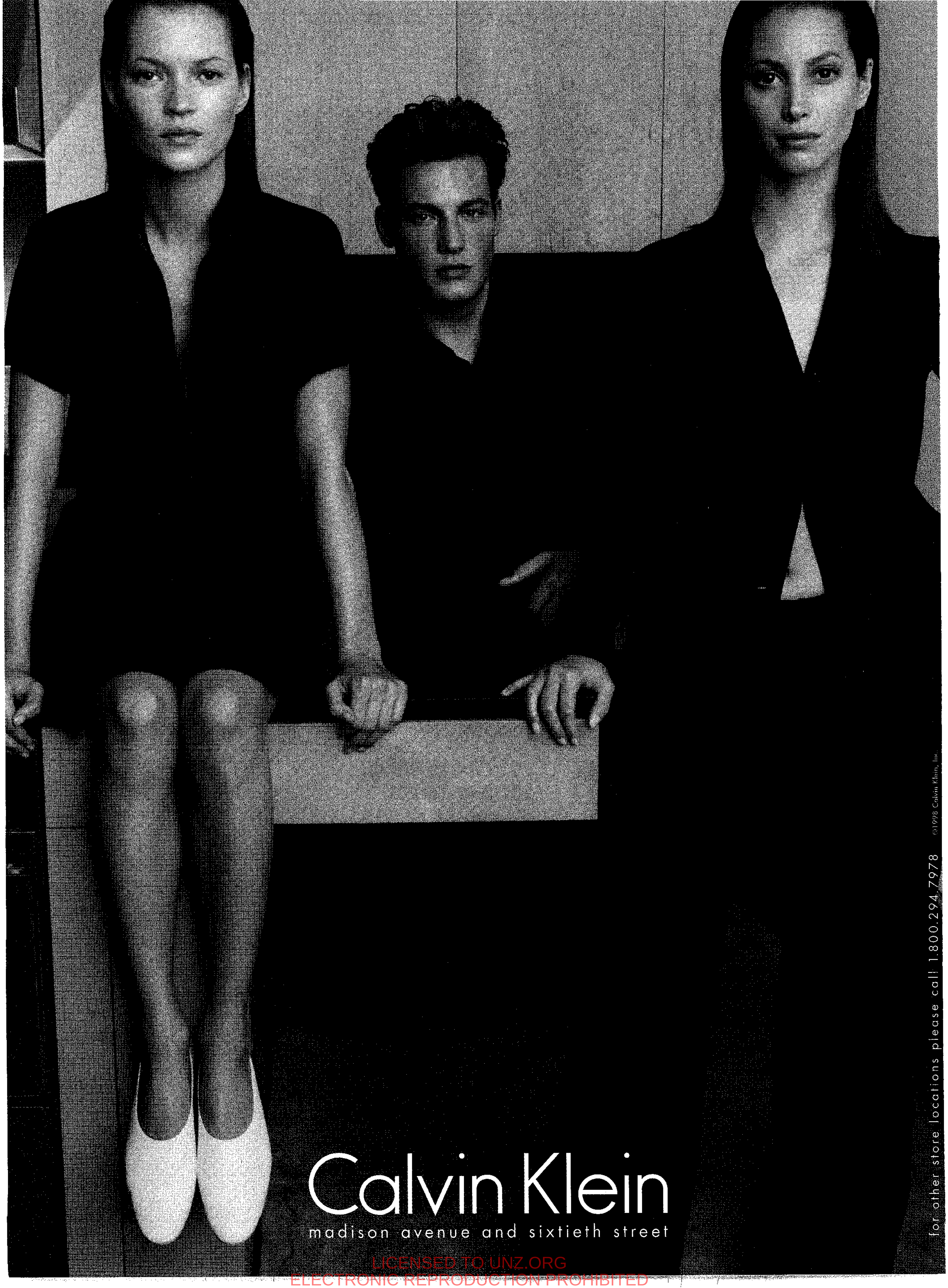
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

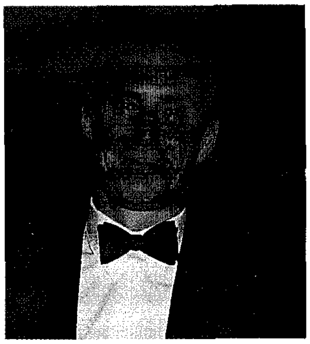
INTELLIGENCER

IS SHARING THE NEW INN THING?

New York hoteliers have no time for rest and relaxation these days. **Ian Schrager,** who's about to open two hotels in London and has just purchased a fourth New York outpost, now adds the Miramar, a 213-unit hotel near Santa Barbara, to his portfolio. Now it looks like he's restructuring his company. Industry sources say the former co-owner of Studio 54 and his backers are getting ready to offer a REIT (real-estate-investment trust), which could infuse his growing company with some serious megabucks. Meanwhile, real-estate developer **Philip Pilevsky,** a partner in the Royalton and the Paramount, is taking the opportunity to part ways with Schrager. Not a moment too soon: Pilevsky and **Brian McNally** are opening a hotel on 40th Street (a mere four blocks from Schrager's Royalton) and another in Miami (near Schrager's Delano), and they're making plans for a third, having acquired the Astor Place building that houses a Starbucks. In that space, they plan to open a 170-room hotel, the first of its size in the Village. Neither Schrager nor Pilevsky would comment.

CARLOS GOMEZ'S *QUEST* FOR LUXURY

Federal officials may be investigating 39-year-old Wall Street banker **Carlos Gomez** for allegedly bilking Citibank out of millions, but what Upper East Siders really want to know is what his apartment looks like. In *Quest*'s March issue, the magazine features a layout on the Park Avenue apartment of Gomez and his interior-designer wife, **Alison Spear.** "The feature was under way for two months," explains editor **Kristina Stewart.** "It is meant to portray Alison's work, and it is unrelated to the situation with Carlos." The editors did have enough leeway before press time to make a brief reference to "embattled banker Carlos Gomez, who is currently charged with defrauding Citibank of $10 million." The article then moves on to glowing accounts of the apartment ("filled with surprises") and its details ("the master bath is the kind that breeds envy in most New Yorkers"). After all that, it's hard to disagree with the writer's conclusion that "no amount of change can alter the fact that Park Avenue is as much a state of mind as an address of choice."



Ian Schrager: The REIT stuff?

DELONAS'S SAINTS OF CIRCUMSTANCE

The public may rank journalists down there with lawyers and politicians these days, but the editors at the New York *Post* are saints as far as **Sean Delonas** is concerned. "Page Six" cartoonist Delonas, who recently finished painting a triptych for Saint Agnes Church on East 43rd Street, followed the tradition of his Renaissance predecessors, finding models for his saints among friends and acquaintances. Saint Ignatius, for example, bears an uncanny likeness to *Post* editor **Ken Chandler.** "There is some resemblance," says Chandler. "But unlike me, the guy in the picture has no gray hair, and he's about 30 pounds thinner." Some even see *Post* music critic (and Delonas officemate) **Dan Aquilante** in the face of Saint Augustine, and Saint Christopher is a dead ringer for the paper's managing editor, **Joe Robinowitz.** Standing before his masterpiece, Delonas refused to disclose all his sources of inspiration, although he did point out his wife, **Judi** (Saint Felicity), and his son, **Ryan** (the cherub pulling on Saint Nick's gown). "Actually, I also put myself in," Delonas added, pointing to the frog below Saint Christopher.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS NO JOY FOR HBO

HBO's latest film, *Gia*, starring **Angelina Jolie,** may turn out to be as controversial as the woman it's based on. Supermodel Gia Carangi's dramatic rise and fall—she died of AIDS at 26 after becoming a heroin addict—was first given prominence in **Stephen Fried**'s 1993 book *Thing of Beauty*. *Gia*'s co-writers, **Jay McInerney** and **Michael Cristofer** (who's also the director), insist their script in no way drew upon Fried's work. Now it seems Fried begs to differ. "We are evaluating Mr. Fried's rights and remedies regarding copyright infringement involved in the film," says his attorney, **Stephen Rohde.** Fried is concerned that *Gia* makes use of the book's content, format, and framework and plagiarizes his copyrighted expression of the facts. An HBO spokesperson responds, "We are in discussions with Mr. Fried regarding issues in that arena, but it's preliminary, factual, and exploratory."

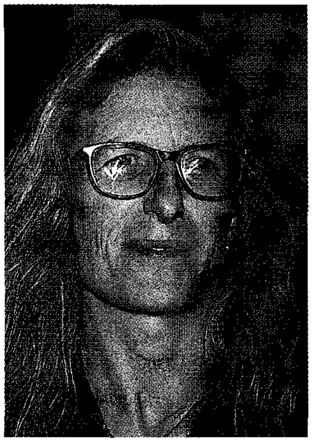
Jolie: Well-suited for *Gia*?

SLY GETS OVER HIS OEDIPUS COMPLEX

It was a long time coming, but **Sylvester Stallone** has finally ended another rocky relationship. Stallone has at last let go of a 1978 Francis Bacon painting titled *Oedipus Rex and the Sphinx, After Ingres*. Stallone had come close to unloading the painting to a group of dealers in 1990 after receiving nearly $2.1 million for it. But when Stallone changed his mind after com-

Photographs: top to bottom, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Larry Watson/HBO.

Sylvester Stallone:
Parts with art

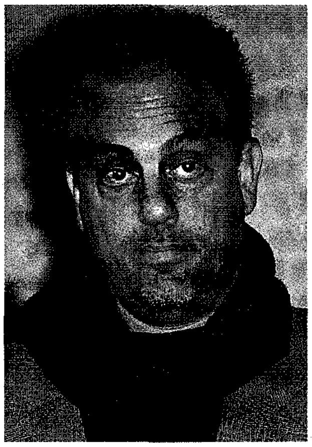


Leibovitz:
Annie Klein too?

plications stalled the painting's delivery, the would-be buyers sued, and Stallone ultimately kept the work and returned the cash. Now **Roger Bevan** reports in the newsletter *The Baer Faxt* that Stallone recently sold the piece to London dealer **Ivor Braka,** who has loaned it to London's Hayward Gallery for its Bacon exhibition. Art insiders say Stallone probably got around $2 million in the current sale, but neither Stallone nor Braka would comment on the transaction. Maybe Stallone should have held on to his investment just a little bit longer: A biopic on Bacon called *Love Is the Devil* will debut at Cannes this year, no doubt increasing interest in the artist's works.

CONTOS: BACK IN THE GAME

She may have been left at the altar, but **Nicole Contos** has not given up on the singles scene. The jilted bride, whose aborted November wedding was tabloid fodder for days, is re-entering the dating world just in time for Valentine's Day. On February 12, she'll appear in a live version of *The Dating Game* at Caroline's Comedy Nation, posing questions to three New York–based comedian bachelors. " 'How do I know you'll show up for our date?' is definitely a good question to ask," Contos says good-naturedly. The lucky bachelor will get to escort Contos to dinner and a show at Caroline's on the 14th, assuming he doesn't get cold feet.



Billy Joel:
Popping mad

DRUDGE CUT OFF; ANNIE'S NEW CLICK

DRUDGE WORK: Just as cybercolumnist **Matt Drudge** was becoming a talking head, his own television service in Los Angeles was cut off. "I owe 60 bucks, and now I've got to cough up," he explains. America Online pays Drudge $3,000 a month to carry his famous report, and the columnist says that's pretty much the sum of his income. Now Drudge is fighting to move **Sidney Blumenthal's** $30 million defamation suit against him from D.C. to L.A., "just because I can't afford to keep traveling back and forth." Blumenthal's lawyer, **William McDaniel,** is fighting the change of venue, arguing that "it's equally expensive and inconvenient for the Blumenthals." Drudge protests, "I'm the poorest famous person in America!"

SIGNIFICANT OTHERS: Could this be the Gap ad for the new millennium? If the designers behind the Anne Klein label have their way, appearing in one of their new magazine ads will soon have a similar cachet. The label is being relaunched with a campaign entitled "Significant Women," featuring noteworthy femmes photographed by **Annie Leibovitz.** "This isn't about pretty faces—it's about reality," says the label's co-designer **Isaac Franco.** Not that some of the posers won't be beauties: *Chicago* star **Bebe Neuwirth** is one who's already said yes. Klein's designers are now asking women ranging from **Anna Quindlen** and **Toni Morrison** to **Dee Dee Myers** and **Marcia Clark.**

PAS DE DEUX: For seventeen years, **Kay Mazzo** has taught at the School of American Ballet, training ground for New York City Ballet stars like **Suzanne Farrell.** But she's also the wife of the chairman of the school's board, **Albert Bellas,** so her recent promotion to faculty co-chairman raised a pointed question. Mazzo was at the January 27 meeting when president **Larry Alan Smith** announced her appointment. "It was suddenly presented to us, and there she was, sitting there," says a board member, who calls it "a shock." Another member expressed concern about appearances; the board's lawyer quickly answered that Bellas was not involved in any decisions about his wife's job or salary. Smith says that it's clear "that there were no conflicts of interest."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

VH1 KEEPS THE FAITH WITH BILLY JOEL

Billy Joel flipped his lid when he got the *Pop-Up Video* treatment. VH1's hit show has been airing its version of Joel's 1984 video "Keeping the Faith," complete with requisite snipes at the performer's style ("The white shoes were Billy's idea"), his dancing ("The choreographer says *Grease* was his inspiration. But Michael Jackson 'Beat It' by two years"), and his ex-wife **Christie Brinkley** ("It's rumored Christie didn't keep the faith with Billy"). The video's teaser was particularly dramatic, indelicately asking a question about Joel's medical history. Late last month, Joel called VH1 president **John Sykes** to complain, according to a station source. "His kid was being teased at school," adds the insider. Sykes obligingly pulled the entire episode. A VH1 spokesman confirms that the episode was yanked to please Joel: "He's a friend of the channel. It's a very rare thing when this sort of objection comes up, but when it does, if it's warranted, we will listen." *Pop-Up* co-creator **Tad Low** refused to discuss the incident except to say, "We just make sure that everything's absolutely true in the show; it's up to VH1 to decide what they want to put on their air." But Joel's spokeswoman insists that the segment had "misinformation" that "hurt his child," so he asked Sykes to fix or pull that segment; Joel has laughed off pop-ups in the past.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Richard Chambury/Globe Photos; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

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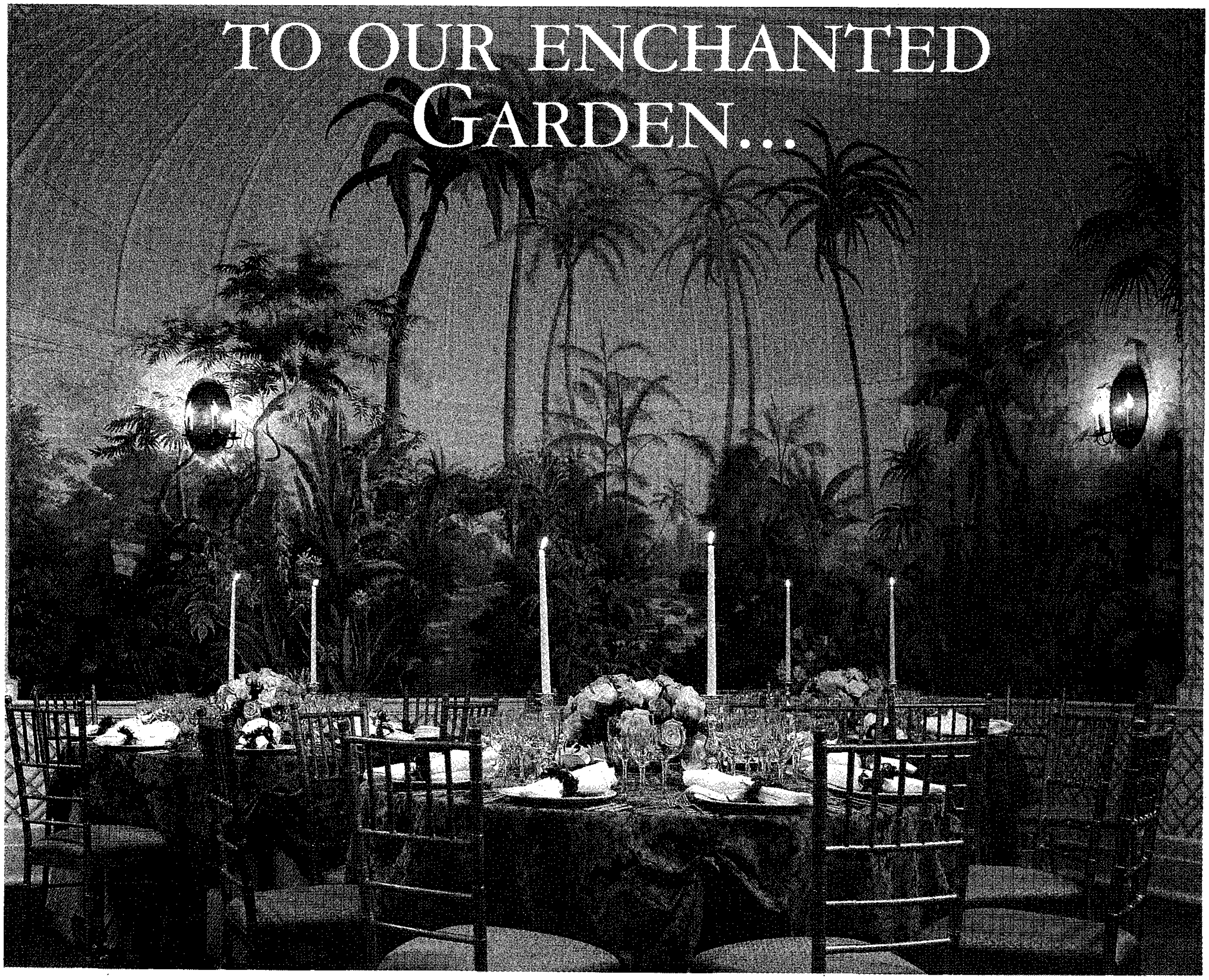

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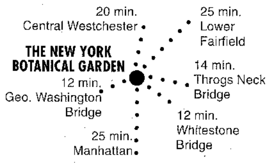

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25 min.
Lower
Fairfield
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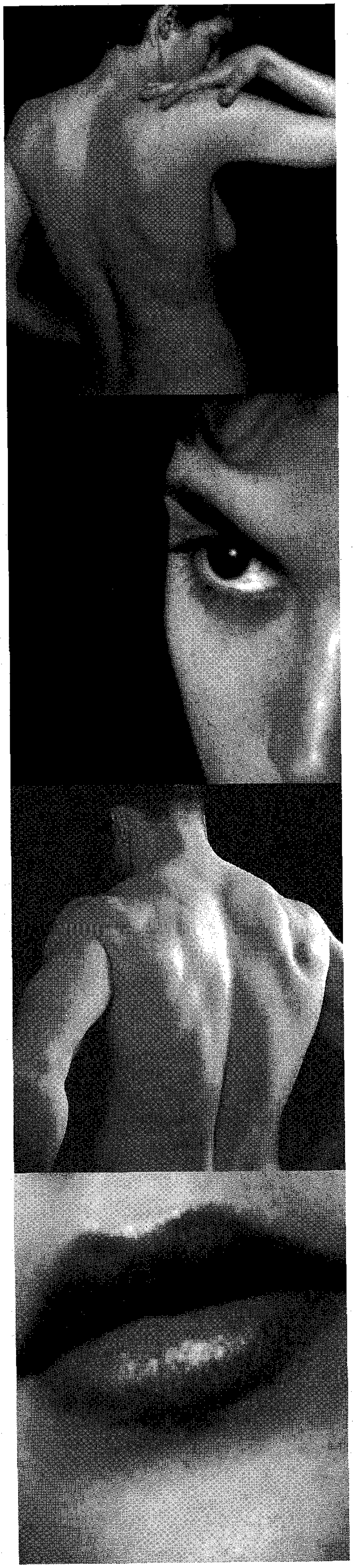

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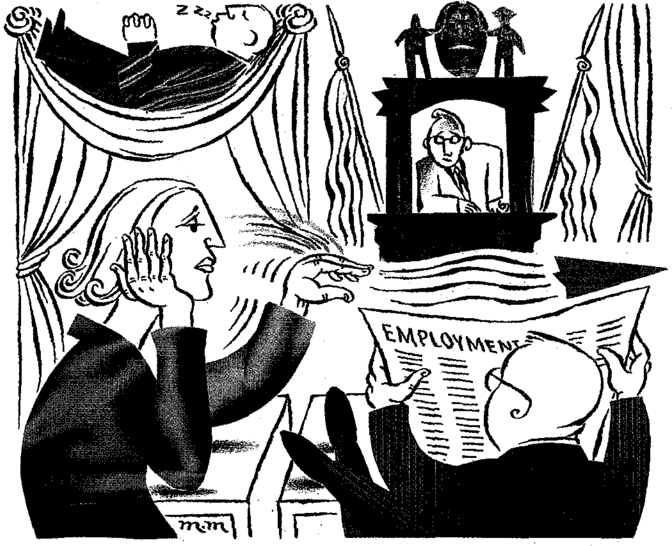
A TERRIBLE MEATGRINDER—*HERMAN WOUK*

GOTHAM

Senior Slump

Term limits make it mighty hard for the City Council to stay focused.



When New York City Council Speaker Peter Vallone announced last month that his office would be collecting 500 Ralph Lauren blankets and 1,000 used coats to distribute to the needy, it might have seemed like a typical act of goodwill by a city politician. Except for the fact that the needy in question were in Watertown, New York, 25 miles from the Canadian border.

Vallone is running for governor, so a little politicking outside the five boroughs can be excused. But moments like this are becoming standard practice at the City Council these days, where nearly everybody is job-hunting—if they aren't counting the days to retirement.

As a result of the 1993 law limiting elected officials in New York to two terms in office, 40 out of the 51 current council members will automatically be kicked out in 2001. Opponents of the law argued that it would be disruptive and deter good candidates from running, but nobody thought it would happen this quickly. With an evacuation date four years away, the council already looks like the American Embassy three days before the fall of Saigon—everyone's trying to find a way out. "I hadn't been in office in the new term for more than three days when this chorus began: 'What are you doing next? What are you doing next?' " says Andrew Eristoff of Manhattan (who has enrolled in an NYU course in information technology just in case). Says another council member, "There are people sidling up to industries looking for jobs; people using the City Council to run for another office; and this whole other group that's going to retire, so they're asleep at the wheel."

It all started last month when Vallone delivered his State of the City address, which was, in the words of one member, "more like a manifesto on state-government politics." Since then, Vallone has called for things like a statewide abortion-clinic-access bill, which the city hardly needs, having already passed one of its own. "I would say the council's a bit adrift," says another member. "As a body, we're not exactly focused on anything other than what is perceived to be useful to the Speaker for running for governor."

It's not just Vallone. Everyone seems to be running for something else. Two relatively obscure members, Kenneth Fisher of Brooklyn and Thomas Ognibene of Queens, have already

(continued on page 13)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Elementary, Watson

- "The Yankees continued to explore trade talks for Chuck Knoblauch, Minnesota's All-Star second baseman."
  —*New York* Times

- "The Twins have been asking for . . . top prospects in return for Knoblauch."
  —*Associated Press*

- "[Yankees] general manager Bob Watson . . . has expressed no inclination to trade any of the talented youngsters."
  —*Gannett News Service*

- "The Knoblauch trade talks . . . were the final clash between Watson and Yankees owner George Steinbrenner."
  —USA Today

- "I've enjoyed my stay here to the extent one can enjoy it."
  —*Bob Watson*

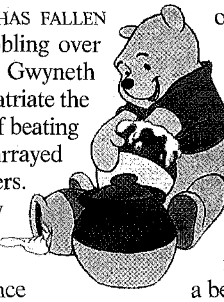
- "The Yankees, who were hesitant to include [their prospects] . . . decided that the opportunity to land Knoblauch was too good."
  —Newsday

- "He gives the Yankees the perfect double play partner for Derek Jeter."
  —*New York* Post

- "[Knoblauch] is a gamer . . . but he will go to a lot of dinners by himself."
  —*David West, Twins pitcher and ex-teammate of Knoblauch*

CAMEO

The Unbearable Truth



It's a sure sign an empire has fallen when its leaders start squabbling over children's toys. British M.P. Gwyneth Dunwoody's campaign to repatriate the original Pooh has no chance of beating the phalanx of librarians arrayed against her, but it hardly matters. Pooh's imprisonment in a display case at the New York Public Library is a slight offense compared to the humiliating presence of that beefy imposter Disney parades around. The one who hangs out on the coast, taking meetings with animators, doing lunch with Eisner at the Grill. He'd just as soon forget the humble doll whose name he usurped, or that Milquetoast of a sidekick—Christopher something, wasn't it? Why does anyone care about that old bear, he wonders between sips of mineral water. But he can't be bothered; he's a bear on the go. Just show him the honey.

Illustrations: top, Matthew Martin; bottom, Walt Disney Company/Everett Collection.

Council *continued from page 13*

appeared on NY1 discussing their mayoral ambitions—46 months before the next election. And council members Tom Duane, Anthony Weiner, Noach Dear, and Martin Malave-Dilan are pursuing other elected offices, though you can still usually find them in the council chambers. "They're going to be there because that's where they get the press for now," says a staff member who predicts they'll become scarce when their campaigns heat up.

Allen Roth, the executive director of New Yorkers for Term Limits, doesn't believe the council's work habits have been affected. "These people always had other things to distract them," says Roth. "It's a part-time job. What they're afraid of is change. They're not guaranteed a job for life anymore."

About the only members who aren't panicking are the ones who claim they were planning to retire anyway. Asked about his plans for the future, 69-year-old Archie Spigner of Queens muses, "How about sitting on a beach? That's an option." A half-dozen more are expected to ride into the sunset, as well.

Meanwhile, new council members are a little awestruck at the power that will soon be theirs. In four years, the most senior elected official in New York City is going to be the now-28-year-old councilman Gifford Miller, elected in the middle of last term and therefore eligible to run again in 2001. "He's moving up fast—you got to hand it to him," says a former colleague. "But this is just ridiculous."

It's not the Gifford Millers who'll really be in charge, though. The general lack of experience on the council is more likely to distort the balance of power in favor of the next mayor, whoever that may be. "I don't have the expertise that the older people have, and that's just the sad truth," says Margarita Lopez, who recently took over Antonio Pagan's old seat. "The mayor is going to have a ball in the sense that he can implement policies that are maybe even illegal because some of us may not even realize it. Honestly, this is going to be hell." RUTH G. DAVIS

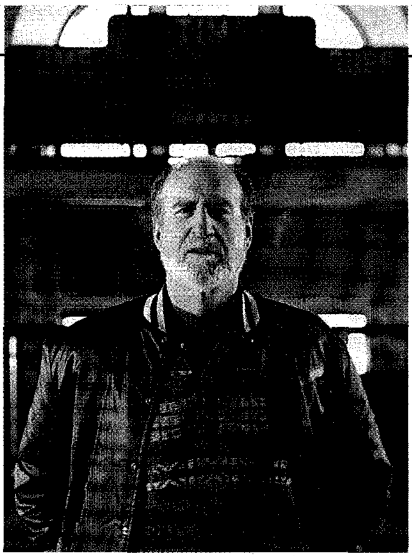
PUBLISHING

Basketball Diary

A real-life scandal retold as a tall tale.

IT WAS THE HEIGHT OF THE Cold War, the time of the McCarthy witch hunts and the Korean conflict. But for Charley Rosen, growing up in the Bronx, there was only one story worth following: the college-basketball point-shaving scandal. It broke in January 1951, ricocheting from Manhattan College to CCNY, from LIU to St. John's. By the time the dust settled two years later, young lives had been ruined, City College's days as a basketball powerhouse were over—and Rosen would have the subject matter for two books, including his latest novel, *Barney Polan's Game.*

"The scandals saved the NBA," says Rosen, now 57, on a visit to the old Wingate Gymnasium at City College, where he led his Hunter College team to a narrow victory one night in 1959. "Nobody cared about the NBA—it was bush-league. College basketball was it. But once the college game was disgraced, what else could the fan turn to?"



Coach-cum-novelist Charley Rosen.

Rosen himself has been turning to basketball for most of his life—as a star center at Hunter, as a minor-league player, and, after a detour to complete a master's thesis on Chaucer, as an assistant to his friend Phil Jackson, who was then coaching the Albany Patroons in the Continental Basketball Association. Rosen went on to be a CBA head coach himself, living a nomad's existence he describes in his 1992 novel *The Cockroach Basketball League.* He routinely led the league in technical fouls. "Too bad I didn't learn to curse the refs in Middle English," he says. "It would've saved me a lot of money."

You can still sense Rosen's anger whenever he talks about "the scandals," though he doesn't go as far as one sportswriter of the era who recommended boiling the point shavers in oil. As a teenager, Rosen ended up playing against some of them in midnight scrimmages at Bronx community centers. "They were such total innocents, most of them, and the culture crucified them," Rosen says of the more than 30 players who were finally apprehended. Some of the ones who got away had connections in high places and legal support from their schools. Others, he hints, escaped into the NBA.

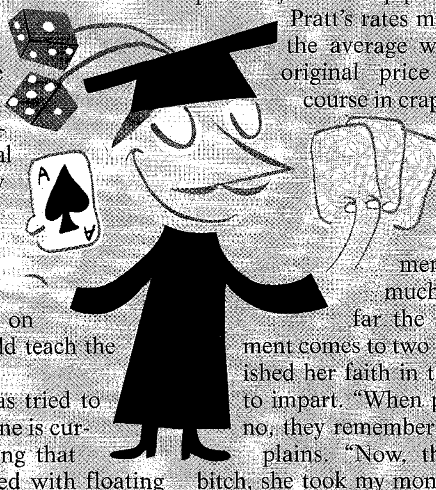
For Rosen, whose last novel, *The House of Moses All-Stars,* featured a barnstorming Jewish basketball team in the thirties, *Barney Polan's Game* provides another view of America through the hoop. Which is why McCarthy and Korea are never too far from his characters' minds. "You were either a pinko or you weren't," he says of the period. "Justice was simple. Morality was simple. In fact, that's not the case." MATTHEW FLAMM

GAMBLING

Semester at Sea

ON BROOKLYN'S SHEEPSHEAD BAY ROAD, the Casino School, Inc., storefront blends right in with the commercial blandness of the cut-rate shops and Russian delis. But its founder, Roe Pratt, sounds more like a proselytizer than like a small-business proprietor. "Our goal is to help the residents of New York," says the 34-year-old Pratt, who worked for five years as a card dealer in Atlantic City. "I could've gone to work here on the boats, but then who would teach the people?"

Though Mayor Giuliani has tried to deter gambling ships—only one is currently sailing—Pratt is betting that soon the harbor will be filled with floating casinos, creating a market for her services and, she says, improving society, too. "Gaming," she says, avoiding the word *gambling,* which she believes connotes addiction, "will provide jobs to help people off welfare."



Pratt's rates might be a bit steep for the average welfare recipient. Her original price for an eight-week course in craps was $1,500, though it was lowered to $300 when she learned that only schools licensed by the Education Department could charge that much. And the fact that so far the school's total enrollment comes to two students hasn't diminished her faith in the lessons she wishes to impart. "When players leave the casino, they remember the dealer," Pratt explains. "Now, they could say, 'That bitch, she took my money,' or they could say, 'She was so nice. It was a shame I lost money.' You get the difference?" JUDY RICHHEIMER

Photograph by Michael Kenneth Lopez. Illustration by David Sheldon.

YELLOW JOURNALISM

THE TAXICAB REPORT

The Mini Vanguard

Your chariot awaits: one of the new Chevy Venture taxicabs.

TED STRAUEL SR., THE PRESident of Long Island's Team Systems taxi garage, fondly recalls the days when people like him ruled the industry—when "you could fill a ballroom with fleet owners." He points to a picture on his office wall, a black-and-white panorama of the 1943 War Bond Drive Taxi Industry Dinner Dance.

Since those golden days, the Checker cab has been consigned to memory, and the power of most fleet owners has been replaced by that of taxi brokers. But Team Systems itself is still a driving force. Next week, it will roll out the newest batch of cabs to hit the street: 25 big, yellow Chevy Venture minivans.

Their arrival is likely to be a major boon to the aging fleet, which now comprises mostly Chevy Caprices, which are sturdy but obsolete, or Ford Crown Victorias, which are just too small. Though the Taxi and Limousine Commission has acknowledged the need to upgrade the industry standard, it was left to the fleets to work out the particulars.

The first new model Team Systems tried was the Chevy Lumina, but that wasn't big enough, either, and political concerns quashed it. "Giuliani didn't want to be known as the mayor who shrunk the city's cabs," says one garage owner.

Next up were minivans, which didn't fare any better. The Honda Odyssey proved too fragile for potholed streets. Dodge wouldn't modify its Caravans in the ways that the fleet owners demanded. Independent drivers still maintain fifteen Ford Explorer 4x4s, but the fleets won't touch them. "No legroom," says Team Systems vice-president Ted Strauel Jr. "You have to sit in the backseat like Charlie Chaplin."

Strauels Jr. and Sr. have high hopes, however, for the Ventures. Thanks to a customizer in Indiana, they'll all have hinges on the sliding doors, and air-conditioner-and-heat controls that are within reach of the passengers. (A more comfortable ride usually means bigger tips for the drivers.) They get great mileage, too. But can even such improvements as these overcome the public's longing for the old Checkers? "The minivan is safe—Checkers weren't safe at all; passengers were always flying into one another," says Strauel. "The concept of bringing back the Checker is not only a joke, it's pathetic."

MANNY HOWARD

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART XV

Just when Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur searching New York for a Jewish bride, decided to head home (and even gave his landlord notice), he met the perfect girl.

● A neighbor brought him to brunch with six Jewish women. Over a bagel with eggs and lox, he became smitten. "She was not neon," he says of the 28-year-old marketing executive. "She was just right."

● After they went out for tapas, Jay delayed booking his return flight. Now he's hoping to take her out for Valentine's Day—"something mellow, dinner and a movie." Though he's trying to remain calm, he adds, "I'd commute from Alaska to date a woman like this."

THE SCENE

Boy Power

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin celebrate Skitch Henderson's 80th birthday at the Plaza.

Hugo Boss and his models at his fashion show, held at the New York Public Library.

Calvin Klein and Tommy Hilfiger at the party *Esquire* threw to kick off Men's Fashion Week.

Valeria Mazza and Tricia Helfer at the Plaza for the Victoria's Secret fashion show.

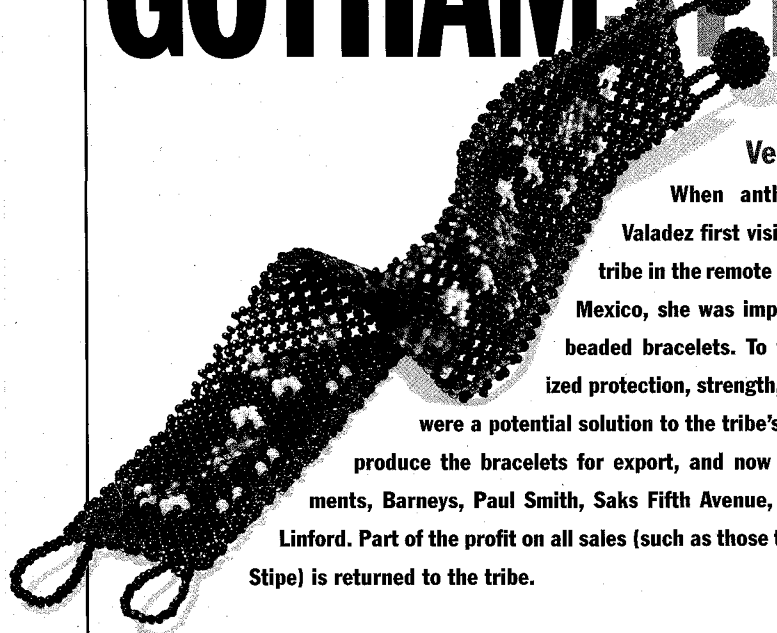
Chris Cuomo, Kenneth Cole, and JFK Jr. at Cole's first fashion show.

Eartha Kitt with newlyweds Pamela Gross and Jimmy Finklestein at their wedding reception, held at Le Cirque 2000.

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

GOTHAM STYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY



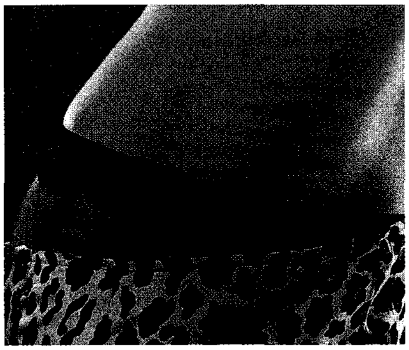
Venerable Beads

When anthropologist Susana Eger Valadez first visited the Huichol Indians, a tribe in the remote Jalisco mountain region of Mexico, she was impressed by their intricately beaded bracelets. To the Huichol, they symbolized protection, strength, and luck; to Valadez, they were a potential solution to the tribe's poverty. She helped them produce the bracelets for export, and now they're available at Fragments, Barneys, Paul Smith, Saks Fifth Avenue, Henri Bendel, and Adrien Linford. Part of the profit on all sales (such as those to Rene Russo and Michael Stipe) is returned to the tribe.

Beth Landman

How Low Can You Go?

Though hip-hugger pants have become ubiquitous, hosiery designers have done little to accommodate the low-slung waistlines—leaving people to fold down the tops of their stockings or hide them under sweaters and such. Calvin Klein's No Seam stockings, which don't come up quite as far as most, have provided an interim solution. But at last, Wolford has brought out an item tailor-made to the situation: the Fatal Hipster, $40 a pair.

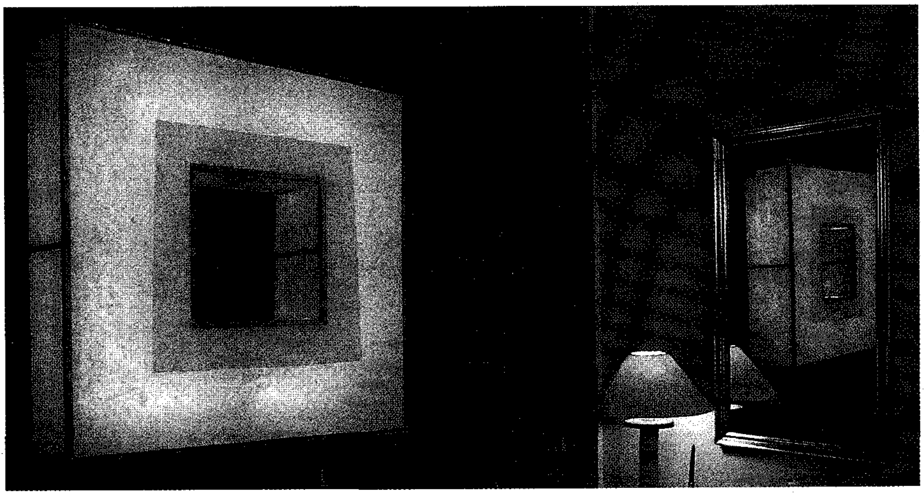


BODY TYPE

Reddish or Not

● Bottle-redheads have always faced a cruel paradox: Red is the color that loses its brilliance the quickest, but also the one that lingers—faded and dull—the longest. Schwarzkopf has launched two in-salon products to address just such woes: Igora Modulat Color Corrector, which completely removes the traces of red dye jobs past, without any damaging chemicals; and Igora Royal Red Booster, which restores faded copper-tops to their just-dyed glory by saturating hair with pigment. Those who seek to go red on their own (heedless of Ginger Spice's bad example) can find many new options on the shelves of drugstores. L'Oreal just launched the Les Rouges Romantiques collection, devoted to "intense" reds, and Clairol is introducing four new red shades. "Ten years ago, red meant Lucille Ball. Now it's mainstream," says Joel Warren of the Warren-Tricomi salon, who notes a trend toward gold-based reds, away from "that severe eggplant look."

Kate Coyne



In the Limelight

Artist John Wigmore, a 27-year-old light sculptor, has recently installed his work in such fashionable locales as Moomba and Riodizio, as well as the homes of Gwyneth Paltrow, Val Kilmer, Ross Bleckner, and Peter Jennings. The pieces, constructed out of handmade paper and steel rods, are designed to do more than brighten dark corners. "Light is a very powerful substance," says Wigmore. "I like to work with it so that you feel the presence of light inhabiting the space." The effect, which is quite subtle, has the added benefit of casting its inhabitants in a most flattering glow.

Lucia Engstrom

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Steve Wisbauer; Spencer Gordon; courtesy of John Wigmore; Greg Miller.

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CITYSIDE MARK JACOBSON

Demolitioned Man

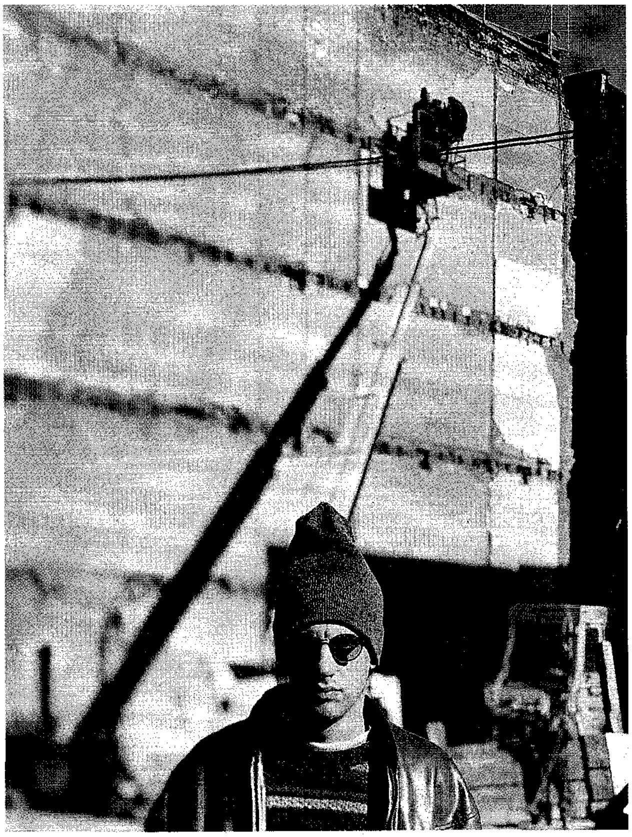
Downtown chronicler Mark Zero was not surprised to see his tenement raining bricks, but he never expected the city to so hastily destroy all his worldly possessions.

MARK ZERO, WELL-RESPECTed street video artist and filmmaker, was asleep at his girlfriend Nancy Jones's house in Williamsburg two Saturday mornings ago when the call came from Rockets Redglare, noted downtown personage. Redglare said something "really bad" was happening at 172 Stanton Street, the 100-year-old Lower East Side tenement where Mark Zero has resided for the better part of the past decade. The place was swarming with cops—firemen too. Bricks were falling; people were being evacuated.

This didn't seem particularly abnormal to Mark Zero (the nom de art de Marc S. Friedlander). Something was always wrong at 172 Stanton Street. The place was a dump. But when you live the Art Life and rent cheap, the occasional rough edge is to be expected. Indeed, Mark Zero, 35, whose father wanted him to be a doctor or a lawyer when he was growing up near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, thought he'd be happy enough to live the rest of his life in the tenement at the corner of Stanton and Clinton Streets. "It was home, if you can understand that," he says.

Before Mark Zero arrived at Stanton Street that morning, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani had already been there and gone. Discounting the sky-is-falling mentality pervading the city these days, the mayor assured everybody that the situation at 172 Stanton Street, though difficult, was well in hand. To Mark Zero's practiced eyes, however, this did not appear to be the case. Many of his longtime and (mostly) well-loved neighbors—the elderly Mr. Kleinkopf, for twenty years a waiter at Ratner's on Delancey Street; the Bangladeshi family downstairs; the Spanish people down the hall—were standing out on the street, some on the verge of tears. Officials from the City Department of Buildings had been inside the building and issued a "vacate order" declaring it an unsafe structure.

Years of shoddy maintenance (residents claim there were more than 90 violations pending against the building, though the city has only two on record from last year) and the previous night's two and a half inches of rain had taken their toll. Former home to untold numbers of Lower East Side immigrants (the address is noted in Jacob Riis's famous tome of the dispossessed, *How the Other Half Lives*), 172 Stanton Street had seen its last sunrise. No more matzo balls would be boiled here, no more plantains fried, no more TV sets stolen by junkies. The tenement was slated to be torn down that very day; demolition crews were already on the scene.



A whole lot of nothing: Mark Zero next to where his building once stood.

Still, Mark Zero, detailing the scene in his modulated baritone, says he didn't freak right away. City officials had told residents they would be allowed to retrieve their possessions and pets. Then, suddenly, the city's position changed. Officials announced they would "very gently" take 172 Stanton apart," piece by piece." Which is when Mark Zero lost it.

"I mean, how would you feel?" he says. "Everything I had was in that apartment. My archives, fifteen years of video and film shot on streets of New York—I'm a compulsive shooter. The high and low, from the Bellevue's Men's Shelter to fashion. It was all in there, unedited documentaries, all my paintings, screenplays, a thousand songs I've written, hundreds and hundreds of files. My entire life's work."

Mark Zero made up his mind and slipped past the police guard and entered his soon-to-be-ex-building. "I had this big duffel bag, but I knew it could only hold so much," he says. "Top priority was the edit masters of my most recent work and my cameras. Except when I got into the apartment, it got to me—out of a life's work, what do you save?"

"And then: *bam!* The floor was shaking. They hit the building with the crane. I couldn't tell if they were actually knocking the place down or if it was just a test shot. I was terrified, but calm. I can really keep a cool head in situations like that. I figured I had two choices: I could keep quiet so they wouldn't see me, and then I could get out more of the work. On the other hand, I didn't want to die. So I went to the window and said, "Hey, I'm in here!"

A few hours after Mark Zero was hauled over to the 7th Precinct on Pitt

Photograph by Michael Kenneth Lopez.

Street (a lot of the cops said if they were him, they'd have done the same thing) on criminal-trespass charges, 172 Stanton Street came down. Demolition crews worked through the snowy yet strangely thunder-and-lightning-filled Saturday night. Lit by huge vapor lamps, plumes of water arching across the narrow street (to keep down the dust), it was quite a sight, in a Dresdenesque sort of way. Apartment after apartment in the five-story tenement was chewed open by a low-slung pronged device called "the rake" (a fireman called it "the building-eating thingee"). Bathroom ceilings were crashed through, toilet bowls shattered to dust in the jaws of the crane. Grayish walls bearing dozens of coats of paint and crucifixes tumbled. Then the machinery got to the fourth floor, in the back, where the plaster was painted electric green, purple, and orange. This was Mark Zero's apartment, I would later find out. The several paintings hung there were scooped up with the rest, tossed into a massive Dumpster truck, and hauled off to a landfill project on Varick Avenue in Brooklyn.

> *"Footage of Times Square before they tore it down, Stiv Bators's last concert. All that gone.* **If only I'd gotten another ten minutes inside the apartment, I'd be a happy camper.** *This could be the final death of Mark Zero."*

TWO DAYS LATER, 172 STANTON STREET IS A fenced-off vacant lot. Splayed out on the street like a low-rent thieves' bazaar is a pile of "recovered" items: a few pairs of pants, a policeman's uniform (from the 7th Precinct), a crushed cassette player, a 1993 *Playboy* calendar, some waterlogged issues of *Cue* magazine from the late seventies. Mr. Kleinkopf's canceled checks flutter away in the breeze. Meanwhile, at the Lotus Club, a cordial beatnik coffee shop catercorner from where his onetime home stood, Mark Zero sits sucking on a Winston Light. Making clear that he isn't comparing the severity of his situation to the loss suffered by the many poor, now-homeless families of 172 Stanton, the artist reports himself to be "totally devastated, emotionally and physically, absolutely in a daze."

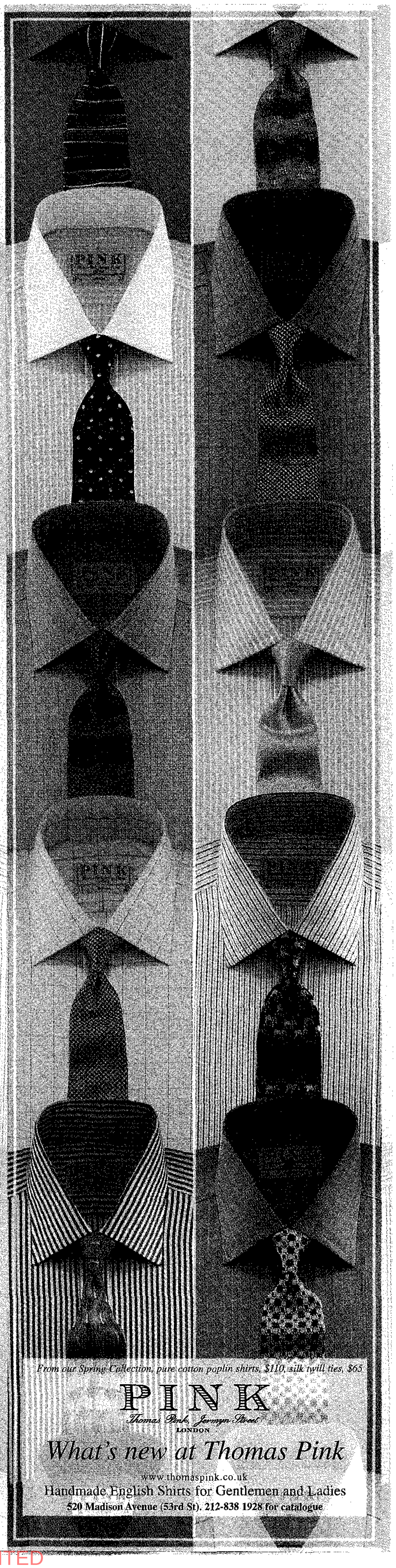
He is also angry. "All over the news they were saying 'another building collapse,' " he says, "as if it just keeled over and died. You saw what they had to go through to flatten that place. There were guys up on the roof all day long with sledgehammers, when it was supposed to be so unsafe. I was in there; it didn't seem any worse than usual to me. That building did not fall down; it was dragged down."

This being the Lower East Side, there has been a lot of inflammatory talk about who will eventually be held responsible for the dismantling of 172 Stanton Street; for sure, someone's going to get sued. But Mark Zero says no settlement, however big, will make up for his loss: "I'm a collector; I kept everything, even the old tapes off my answering machine, like 'Hello, how are you, asshole.' What's that worth?"

Every other minute, he winces, remembering another thing he'll never be able to replace: "My letter of recommendation from Allen Ginsberg. My signed copy of *Tulsa.* Albums full of family photographs of old Nazis I found in Europe. Footage of Times Square before they tore it down. The wedding I shot in Santa Fe. Stiv Bators's last concert. Photos of coroners joking around with dead bodies during autopsies. Fuck. All that, gone. If only I'd gotten another ten minutes inside the apartment. All the things I could have gotten. I'd be a happy camper today." He takes a drag on his cigarette. "This could be the final death of Mark Zero."

Still, there's a bright side. Running back into that building might just have been his greatest artistic testament. "Shows what I'll do," he says with mournful pride. The fact that he was able to rescue his video cameras provides a glimmer of hope for the future. Looking at the plaster-encrusted back wall of the now-missing 172 Stanton Street, he suggests that it might make an excellent canvas for a video installation. Some footage of Rudolph Giuliani "with flames around his head" might fill the space nicely.

Whatever. Mark Zero decides he needs some more Winston Lights, so he gets up and moves toward the Lotus Club door, heading for the bodega across the street, just the way he always has. "Shit," he says, stopping. The bodega, open very late, used to be so convenient, right there on the ground floor of 172 Stanton Street. Now that's gone, too.■



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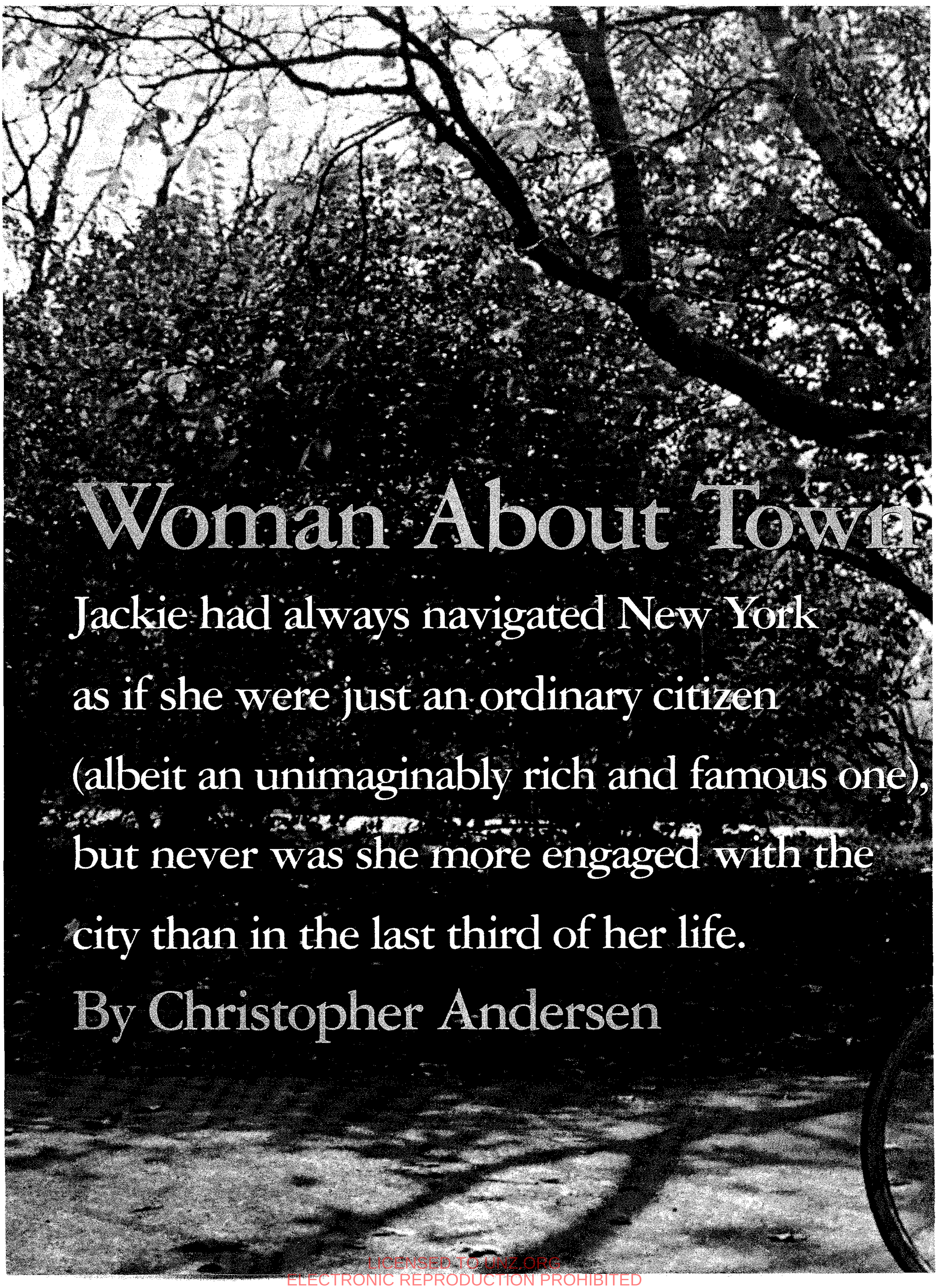
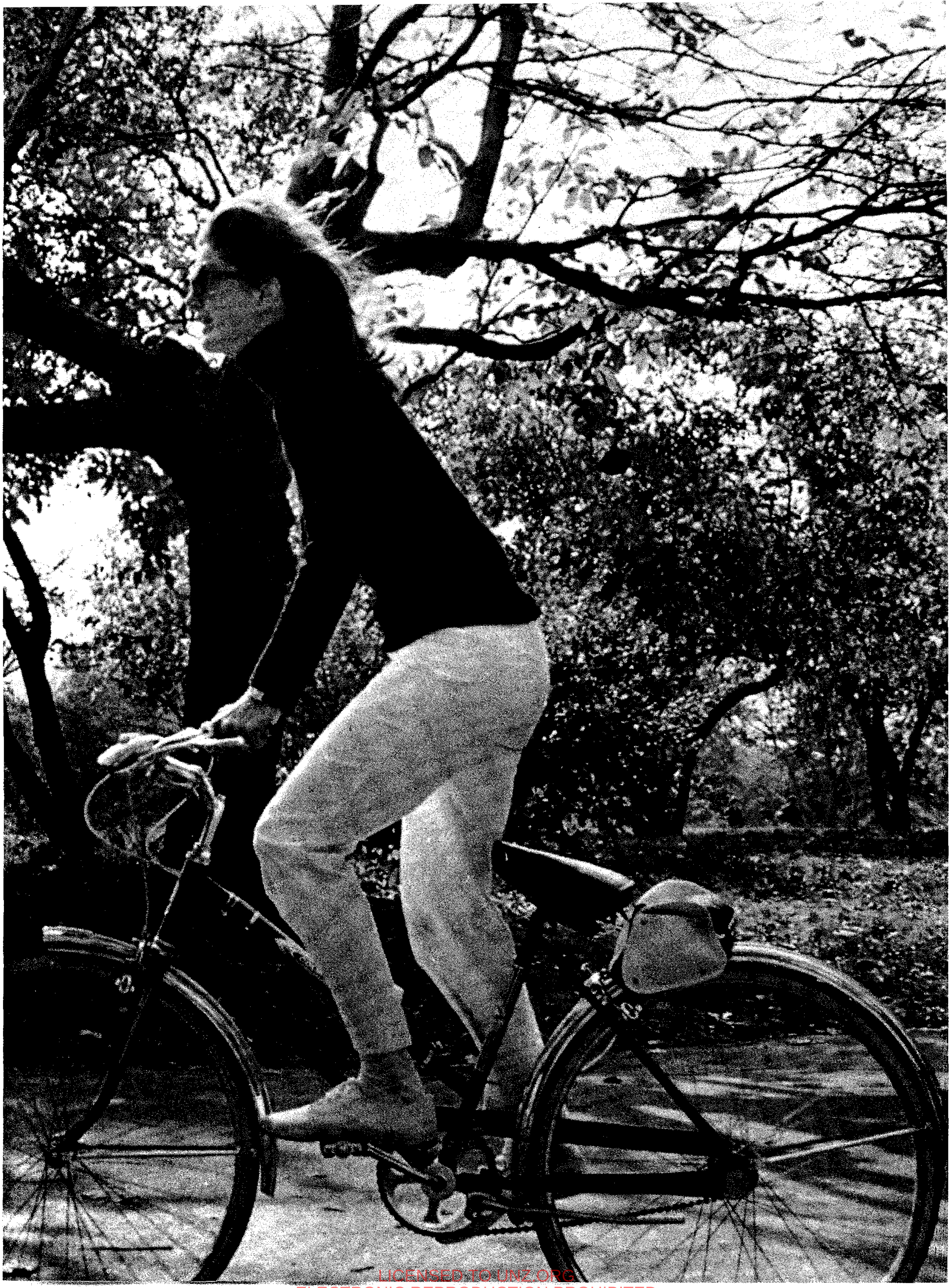


Woman About Town

Jackie had always navigated New York as if she were just an ordinary citizen (albeit an unimaginably rich and famous one), but never was she more engaged with the city than in the last third of her life.

By Christopher Andersen



AS SHE TURNED 46 IN 1975, THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WOMAN—PERHAPS the world's most famous *person*—was growing restless. Once again single in New York, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had settled into a too-predictable routine: up around 9 A.M., late-morning speed walks around the Central Park reservoir in her torn blue jogging suit and scuffed white running shoes, afternoon bike rides through the park, and thrice-weekly workouts at the Vertical Club. Four times a week she visited her psychoanalyst; then there were sessions with her shiatsu-acupuncturist, Lillian Biko, and weekly trips to her hairdresser, Kenneth. ■ On a typical day, Jackie might shop at Bloomingdale's, browse through the Madison Avenue Bookshop, or sit alone at the counter at Leo's coffee shop and, with all eyes upon her, devour a hamburger with unselfconscious glee. She still favored P.J. Clarke's and Serendipity, where she always ordered the same thing—an omelette with caviar and sour cream, followed by a hot-fudge sundae. For John, too, who usually went with her, the order never varied: a foot-long hot dog with chili and onions, washed down with a frozen-apricot slush.

"Everyone thinks that I'm living it up all the time, but nothing could be further from the truth," Jackie said of the months following Aristotle Onassis's death. "I'm just trying to lead the normal life of any other American mother and be with my children."

On one of Jackie's jogs through the park in mid-June of that year, a reporter stopped her and asked for an interview. Seizing an opportunity to counter the adverse publicity surrounding Ari's death, she sat down on the lawn and, chewing on a blade of grass, tried to persuade the young journalist that all of the stories about her were exaggerated. "My life is very dull right now," she insisted. "I'm doing just very ordinary, everyday things. Really, my life at the moment would make very uninteresting reading. Do you think it would be of much interest for anyone to know that I go shopping at the local A&P?"

Indeed, a certain ennui was setting in. With money not an issue, and with Caroline college-bound and John about to leave for boarding school, Jackie was at loose ends. "When she telephoned friends to chat," said social chronicler Stephen Birmingham, "she seemed to have little to chat about."

One of these friends, Tish Baldrige, suggested she get a job. "Who, me work?" was her first, dumbfounded reaction. Vast segments of the public had never forgiven her for marrying Onassis, and she was routinely depicted in the press as a gold digger with a passion for spending. Gradually, Jackie came to realize that employment might be one avenue toward rehabilitating her image.

The Viking Press was Baldrige's publisher at the time. "I said to her, 'Look, you know Tom Guinzburg—why don't you talk to him?' " says Baldrige.

Guinzburg, Viking's publisher and an acquaintance of Jackie's for nearly twenty years, says he was "thunderstruck" when Jackie mentioned the idea over lunch at Le Perigord. Jackie's presence would, of course, add an undeniable cachet to the house. It was also difficult to imagine anyone in the New York publishing world with more connections, access, or clout. What author could not be lured to Viking by the promise of having Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis as his or her editor? What newspaper or magazine would ignore a book that Jackie had edited, or fail to cover a publishing party for one of her books? And although no mention was ever made of Jackie's actually writing a book herself, it would be a major coup for Viking if she did. "I was not unmindful," concedes Guinzburg, "of all these things."

For the moment, it was sufficient merely to announce to the world that Jackie had been hired as a "consulting editor" at Viking at an annual salary of $10,000—her first job since quitting as the Washington *Times-Herald*'s $42-a-week Inquiring Camera Girl in 1953 to marry Senator John F. Kennedy.

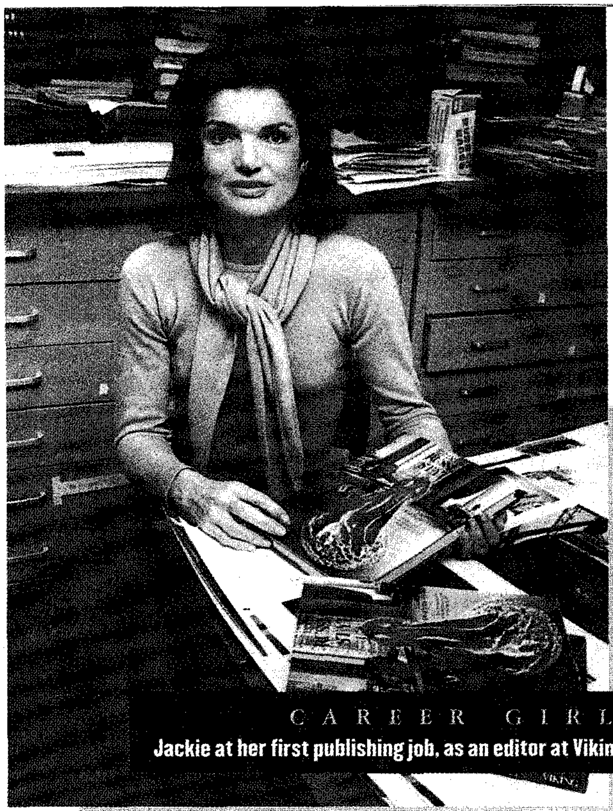
On September 16, 1975, she was to report to work at Viking's offices at 625 Madison Avenue. Instead, she spent most of her first week on the payroll trying on Valentino's couture line. When she finally did start coming in toward the end of September, Jackie and the rest of Viking's 250 employees had to run the gauntlet of televi-

"That's why I always wear my dark glasses. None of them can ever tell which ones I'm looking back at."

F A M I L I A R F A C E

Jackie crossing Fifth Avenue a few months before her death.

Copyright © 1998 by Christopher Andersen. From Jackie After Jack: Portrait of the Lady *(William Morrow).*



CAREER GIRL

Jackie at her first publishing job, as an editor at Viking Press, in 1977.

sion crews, photographers, and garden-variety groupies. The crank phone calls and fan mail would continue unabated, but after a time, the press and public stopped keeping vigil.

Four mornings a week, Jackie would arrive by taxi between 9:30 and 10. Once, a cabdriver asked, "Lady, you work and you don't *have* to?"

"Yes," she answered.

The cabbie studied her in the rearview mirror for a few seconds. "I think that's great!" he boomed.

Deposited in front of Viking, Jackie would make her way to a spartan office with a small desk, typewriter, filing cabinets, and two chairs. Her working attire varied little: slacks, sweater, no jewelry. In other words, said her assistant, Rebecca Singleton, "she dressed just like the rest of us, except somehow she managed to do it a little better."

Jackie handled her own files, placed her own phone calls, did her own typing, made her own instant coffee, and stood in line at the Xerox machine. She told everyone to call her Jackie and insisted she was there "to work, not to play." Gradually, she learned the nuts and bolts of the job—how to write introductions and jacket copy, supply captions, and edit text. As for those who persisted in dismissing her as a rank amateur, Jackie countered that she was "not the worst choice for this position. It's not as if I've never done anything *interesting*."

Dismissed by some as an amateur, Jackie countered, "It's not as if I've never done anything *interesting*."

ON OCTOBER 14, 1977, JACKIE RESIGNED FROM VIKING OVER ITS PUBlication of the Jeffrey Archer thriller Shall We Tell the President?, *about an assassination attempt on the life of newly elected "president" Ted Kennedy. Four months later she joined Doubleday.*

JACKIE WOULD FIND THE INITIAL RECEPTION AT DOUBLEDAY CHILLIER than it had been at Viking. "Everyone was twittering and fluttering about," remarks one of Doubleday's authors. "Some people thought she was out of her depth at the beginning," said then–Doubleday art director Alex Gotfryd, "but she was really just shy." Sandy Richardson, who was then editor-in-chief, remembered that when she was to present her titles to the assembled editors for the first time, "she turned to the person next to her and, in that famous little-girl whisper, asked what she was supposed to do. It did strike me as odd, because she'd presumably been doing pretty much the same thing at Viking for years." Another Doubleday editor is less charitable. "For the first six months she was there," she says, "the woman didn't have a clue."

The simple fact remained that, no matter how self-effacing she tried to be, Jackie was too much a part of everyone's collective consciousness ever to be treated as a mere mortal, much less a peer.

Paul Bresnick, then an editor at Doubleday, recalls the day Jackie materialized at his door with a cigarette and asked whether he had a light. He fished a matchbook out of his desk drawer and handed it to her. At that moment, he realized ("to my horror") that John F. Kennedy's face was on the matchbook cover: "There was the tiniest flicker of recognition on her face as she looked down at the matchbook, but nothing more than that. I just thought, God, this must happen to her all the time. Even the most quotidian human interaction is necessarily *fraught*."

One Doubleday author was standing with Alex Gotfryd going over the cover design for a biography of the actress Susan Hayward when Jackie suddenly appeared, dressed head-to-toe in black. The author thought this must be what it was always like for Doubleday employees: "You're totally absorbed in what you're doing, and suddenly there's Mount Rushmore standing in the doorway."

Jackie leaned over and studied the sexy photograph of Hayward on the book jacket for a moment. "My," she said, "she was really something, wasn't she?"

Once, after a visiting author beat a hasty retreat, Jackie asked Gotfryd, "Why do they all run like scared bunnies?" Without waiting for him to answer, she continued, "I can't blame them. When I think of my life, I have a hard time believing it. It seems like it all happened to someone else."

But Jackie had never been happier. No longer defined by the man at her side, she was beginning to enjoy her own fame. Over lunch, the conductor André Previn asked whether it bothered her that she was being stared at. "That's why I always wear my dark glasses," she explained. "It may be that they're looking at me, but none of them can ever tell which ones I'm looking back at. That way I can have fun with it!" (A Doubleday editor in desperate need of a pencil once opened Jackie's desk drawer and found it filled with sunglasses.)

Another time, Jackie and Doubleday executive Bill Barry rushed to catch the shuttle to Washington and managed to board at the last minute. The plane was full, and as they made their way to their seats in the back, people began to crane their necks and peer over their headrests. They turned to see all eyes on them, and Jackie said to her traveling companion, "Oh, Bill, they all know you!"

OVER THE YEARS, JACKIE HAD MAINTAINED, AS her cousin the novelist Louis Auchincloss puts it, "an ambivalent attitude toward the press, which had brought her both fame and pain." Not long after her marriage to Onassis, she told her friend the gossip columnist Aileen "Suzy" Mehle, "Once I read that I stood on the deck of the *Christina,* laughing as I tossed jewelry overboard! After that, I stopped reading anything about me."

In truth, she devoured every syllable, going so far as to instruct her maid to purchase tabloids like the *National Enquirer* and the *Star.* Jackie methodically circled all references to herself in red. At times, she scrawled her own editorial comments in the margins—

Photographs: previous pages, Archive Photos; this page, AP/Wide World Photos; opposite, Marcel Thomas/Sipa.

UNDER MY SKIN

Jackie and Sinatra, arriving at '21' in 1975, would meet late at night.

most often HA!, REALLY?, or a bold exclamation point.

"You should see that woman!" Lee Radziwill said of her sister. "She wakes up in the morning and goes through all the newspapers looking for her name, and if she doesn't find it, she just throws them all away, and when she sees her name, she cuts it out immediately!"

The truth is, Jackie was no less interested in what was said and written about others. "She was very malicious," said Gore Vidal, a relative by marriage, "but in the most enchanting, life-enhancing way."

The first time she read about Woody Allen's scandalous affair with Mia Farrow's adopted daughter Soon-Yi Previn, said Marian Ronan, one of Jackie's maids, "she put her hand to her mouth to try to stifle her laughter." Later, she would bombard Farrow with letters and phone calls in an attempt to get her to tell her side of the story in a Doubleday book.

Sinatra recognized in Jackie one who had also endured much at the Kennedys' hands—and survived.

According to Vidal, Jackie was, "like all celebrities, celebrity-mad." During the debut of the Australian Ballet at Lincoln Center in 1977, Jackie and Elizabeth Taylor came face-to-face in the VIP lounge. "The ladies just stared at each other," public-relations executive James Mitchell recalled, "so I introduced them. Taylor seemed curious, but neither of them said anything. Superstars rarely do."

In fact, Jackie was the curious one. She knew Andy Warhol had made a cameo appearance in the film *The Driver's Seat* with Taylor, and later on she asked him, in her breathless voice, "So, Andy, what's Liz *really* like?"

Glenn Bernbaum, owner of Mortimer's, remembered the day Claudette Colbert was leaving the restaurant and Jackie got up from her table and went over to him. "Was that Claudette Colbert?" she asked. Told it was, Jackie bounded out onto the sidewalk and introduced herself. "Miss Colbert," she gushed, "my name is Jacqueline Onassis, and I just wanted to say I am a tremendous fan of your work." Even the 90-year-old Colbert was impressed.

Greta Garbo was another of Jackie's celebrity obsessions. "I saw her today again!" she would tell her longtime confidante Nancy Tuckerman. "Just walking by herself. She's so mysterious! This time, I followed her for ten blocks before she finally lost me."

IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, THE FACES OF JACKIE'S ESCORTS were familiar: Peter Duchin, Felix Rohatyn, Mike Nichols, Saudi tycoon Adnan Khashoggi, Thomas Hoving, heart surgeon Christian Barnard, George Plimpton, even George McGovern. No one noticed that, largely out of public view, Jackie was carrying on a romance with one of the towering entertainment figures of the century.

Jack and Bobby Kennedy had been suspicious of Frank Sinatra's intentions toward Jackie, and Ari had wrongly suspected her of having an affair with him in 1972. After Onassis's death, however, Sinatra took Jackie out on a few low-key dates—only to be ambushed by waiting paparazzi. Subsequently, they devised a plan to keep their budding relationship a secret. Jackie and Sinatra met in the early-morning hours at various watering holes around New York—Jimmy Weston's, P.J. Clarke's, and '21' among them. Occasionally, Jackie would go to the theater or the ballet on the arm of one decoy escort only to "bump into" Sinatra at a prearranged restaurant or nightclub.

The ploy worked. While newspapers speculated about the nature of her relationships with Barnard, McGovern, and others, Jackie and Sinatra quietly pursued their behind-the-scenes courtship. But among those who knew them, rumors flew. "I remember seeing them go into her apartment quite late at night," author and friend Doris Lilly said, "but it didn't really surprise me. Everybody was talking about it."

There is little doubt that Sinatra persisted in his hatred of the Kennedys; in Jackie he must have recognized someone who had also endured much at their hands and managed to survive. "I suppose they reminded each other of happier times, and they were both single," said Nancy Dickerson, who knew both Jack and Jackie. "A dalliance, if you will, seemed logical."

In 1976, Frank married Zeppo Marx's ex-wife Barbara. Years later, while sitting at the bar of a private men's club in Manhattan, Sinatra became emotional as he discussed his feelings for Jackie. "The lady is one class act," he said. "Look at all the crap she has had to put up with in life, and still she can laugh . . . I was in love with her once."

Whatever feelings Sinatra and Jackie may have shared for each other, she had reached a crossroads. "She was simply no longer willing," Baldrige says, "to be dependent on an older man." Jack had been twelve years older than Jackie; Ari, 29 years older. Nearly all the other men she had leaned on to varying degrees over the years—Andre Meyer, Roswell Gilpatric, Lord Harlech—were also many years her senior. Sinatra was simply too old for her now.

By this point in her life, Truman Capote said, "Jackie had lost her taste for domineering older men. She didn't need any more sugar daddies in her life telling her what to do. She wanted to be the one to call the shots for a change, and so she started looking around for some young stuff."

The manner in which Jackie selected her escorts was rather Byzantine. "People would get a signal," author David Halberstam says, "that she might be interested in going out with a particular person, and then word was relayed to you by her friends and you'd call her up and you'd go out."

One of the most highly publicized of these relationships was with New York *Daily News* columnist Pete Hamill, who at 42 was five years her junior. When they began going out in mid-December 1976, it was a shock to the woman Hamill had been living with for seven years, Shirley MacLaine. Just

Photographs: this page, AP/Wide World Photos; opposite, IPOL.

seven months earlier, Jackie, escorted by Peter Duchin, had been all smiles at the star-studded opening of MacLaine's one-woman show at Broadway's Palace Theater.

Hamill and MacLaine were apparently on the verge of splitting before Jackie came on the scene. He had wanted to marry the sole female member of Sinatra's Rat Pack, and she preferred the status quo. She saw no reason to end her transpacific open marriage to Tokyo-based producer Steve Parker, her husband since 1964 and the father of her daughter, Sachi.

At first, Hamill was careful to date Jackie only when MacLaine was out of town. "I like Jackie and she likes me," he conceded. "There's nothing clandestine about it. It doesn't alter my relationship with Shirley—things are still the same between us. She knows I'm taking Jackie out."

But as the dates became more and more frequent and the intimate nature of their "friendship" became evident, it was clear that the Hamill-MacLaine arrangement was in peril. For the next several months, Jackie and the journalist were virtually inseparable, popping up at Elaine's, P.J. Clarke's, and the Top of the Tower. In addition to his youth and energy, Hamill gave Jackie a pipeline to a number of exciting young writers who might be persuaded to write a book. Hamill's own proven talents as a writer added to the attraction—although, in an odd twist of fate, they would prove to be his undoing.

Hamill had been working for the *Daily News*'s chief competitor, the New York *Post*, back when Jackie wed Aristotle Onassis. He had written a piece about the marriage but decided it was perhaps too caustic and wrote something else instead. The column was filed away. Now that Hamill and Jackie were having a very public affair, however, the *Post*'s publisher, Rupert Murdoch, decided it was the perfect time to run parts of it in "Page Six," its widely read gossip section. The excerpts ran for four days under the headline WHO WROTE THIS?

"It is outrageous to think," Hamill railed in one installment, "that someone will spend $120,000 a year on clothing in a world where so few people have more than the clothes on their back. It is obscene that a woman would have more money in a month to use on applying paste to her face and spray to her hair than the average citizen of Latin America could earn in 100 years."

The *Post* ran a photograph of Jackie and Hamill on the fifth day and pointed out that it was Jackie's new boyfriend—and rumored soon-to-be Mr. Jackie No. 3—who wrote of her that "no courtesan ever sold herself for more."

The moment the first excerpt hit the stands, Hamill was on the phone to Jackie with apologies and explanations. She told him she understood and focused her considerable wrath instead on "that loathsome Rupert Murdoch." Such reassurances notwithstanding, her romance with Hamill cooled almost immediately.

"IF YOU BUNGLE RAISING YOUR children," Jackie observed, "I don't think whatever else you do well matters very much." Accordingly, she took firm control of both Caroline's and John's lives—particularly John's. She backed his decision to attend Brown University instead of Harvard, where she thought he would be "submerged" in the Kennedy myth.

AT BROWN, JOHN CHAFED UNDER JACKIE'S IRON-fisted authority. "His mother would come up and visit, and it was obvious they had a very warm relationship," says a classmate of John's who became a well-known journalist. "It was also obvious that she ran the show, and he was not always happy about that. There was a lot of friction under the surface that people just don't know about. He wanted her to take him seriously, to treat him like an adult, the way she treated Caroline. But she didn't. Jackie was a stern taskmaster."

During this time, John, like so many of his classmates, sampled drugs. Pot was his drug of choice, but he did experiment for a time with stronger substances. At one party, John was present when his friends allegedly passed around a tiny silver straw and an ashtray filled with cocaine. Each time someone took a hit, a little more of the design on the bottom of the ashtray was revealed. As it was finally handed to John, everyone shuddered at what they saw on the bottom of the ashtray—the face of John F. Kennedy staring up at them, with the years 1917–1963 printed below. There was a pause—Jackie with the JFK matchbook all over again—before John, according to one witness, "saw what was on the ashtray and took it anyway."

"Despite those experiences and the reckless seam that ran deep through the Kennedy nature," said John's biographer Wendy Leigh, "he had a powerful inner compass that ultimately steered him away from excess."

"One of the big decisions Jackie made in her life was to get her children the hell out of Hyannis Port and away from the Kennedys," Jackie's close friend Peter Duchin says. "The cousins were left to their own devices, and she knew it could only spell trouble. It was something she worried about all the time. I remember one summer Jackie sent John on a diving expedition to Micronesia just to keep him away from the Kennedy kids. She said to me, 'Do you think that's far enough away?' "

The children were a topic of most of Jackie's sessions with her analyst, but so was the one event in her life that friends say she never

When Jackie and Hamill started dating, it shocked the woman he was living with, Shirley MacLaine.

COURTING THE PRESS

The affair with Pete Hamill cooled over something he'd written.

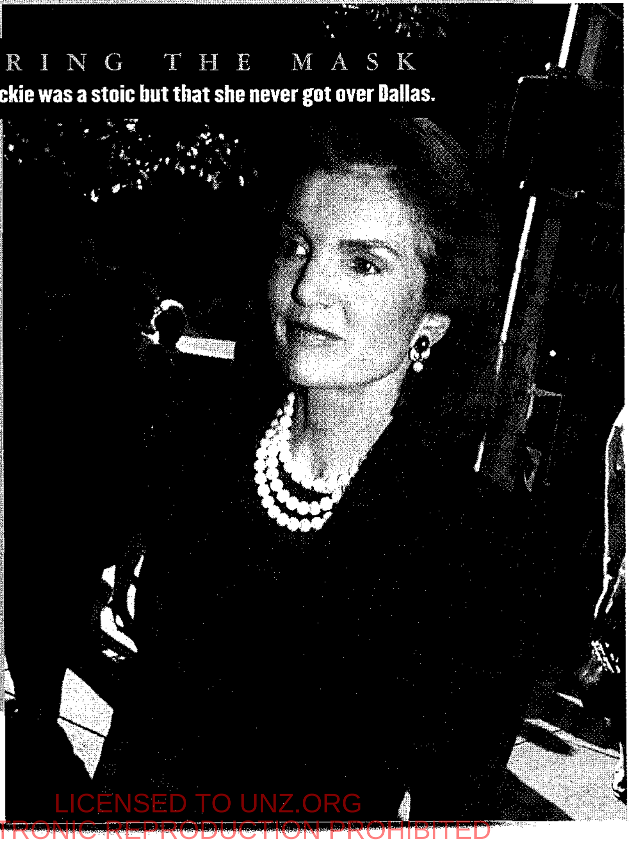
got over—Jack's murder. "Twenty-five years after Dallas," says an intimate who remains close to Caroline and John, "Jackie told me she was *still* having nightmares about the assassination."

Peter Duchin doubts that "anyone could have completely gotten over the kind of horror she went through. She recovered from the loss of Jack, but the assassination itself was such a *searing* experience that I think Jackie was always haunted by it to a certain extent. Part of it had to do with the fact that it was all so public. People have tragedy in their lives, but they're not reminded of it on a more or less constant basis the way Jackie was."

IN 1982, JACKIE WAS PROMOTED TO SENIOR EDITOR AT Doubleday and moved into an office with a window. Her salary would rise to $50,000—barely enough to cover the taxes on her Martha's Vineyard summer home. Still, Jackie found it hard to imagine that any job could be more rewarding—and it showed. "She was much more like the girl I first knew who had a great sense of fun and enthusiasm," Plimpton says. Baldrige described her as "radiant."

Her job did have its frustrations—not the least of which was the fact that the impossibly well-connected Jackie had found it nearly impossible to lure any major celebrities to Doubleday. She was ill prepared for the stone wall of resistance she encountered every time she tried to sign up a megastar. Over time, she was turned down by, among others, Greta Garbo, Elizabeth Taylor, Brigitte Bardot, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Barbara Walters, Prince, Ted Turner, and even her old friends Rudolf Nureyev and Sinatra. Yet Jackie did not appear to see the irony in the world's most private famous person's trying to persuade other celebrities to, as she quipped more than once, "spill their guts." She persisted, watching television talk shows, quizzing her children on the new crop of stars she had never heard of, perusing the gossip columns in search of leads. In the fall of 1983, Jackie set out to snag what was then the biggest celebrity of them all. Along with fellow Doubleday editor Shaye Areheart, she flew to Los Angeles to meet with Michael Jackson.

Jackie's opinion of Princess Diana underwent a gradual change from admiration to sympathy to disapproval.



WEARING THE MASK

Friends say Jackie was a stoic but that she never got over Dallas.

Still riding high on the phenomenal success of *Thriller,* Michael actually stood Jackie up at the restaurant where they were to have their first meeting. (The next day, he invited her and Areheart to Hayvenhurst, the Jackson-family compound in Encino.) After months of negotiations, it was announced that Doubleday had paid $300,000 for his memoirs. Michael celebrated by taking Jackie on a guided tour of Disneyland.

Shortly before the publication of *Moonwalk* in the spring of 1988, Michael kicked off the U.S. portion of his world tour in Kansas City and invited Jackie and Caroline to be in the audience. When illness kept them both home in New York, Michael arranged for a special phone hookup so they could listen to the concert live. Whenever there was a break, he would dash into the wings and shout "How'm I doing?" into the phone.

In the end, Jackie was as curious as everyone else when it came to Michael's peculiar habits (masks, a single glove, makeup, plastic surgery, bizarre getups, a strange fondness for chimpanzees). More particularly, she wondered aloud about his sexual preferences. Book designer J. C. Suares, who worked on *Moonwalk* and accompanied Jackie to meetings with Michael at Hayvenhurst, claimed Jackie "couldn't figure out what made him tick. She kept asking me if he was gay. We would get in the car and she'd say, 'Well, do you think he likes girls?' She was really fascinated by his sexual orientation."

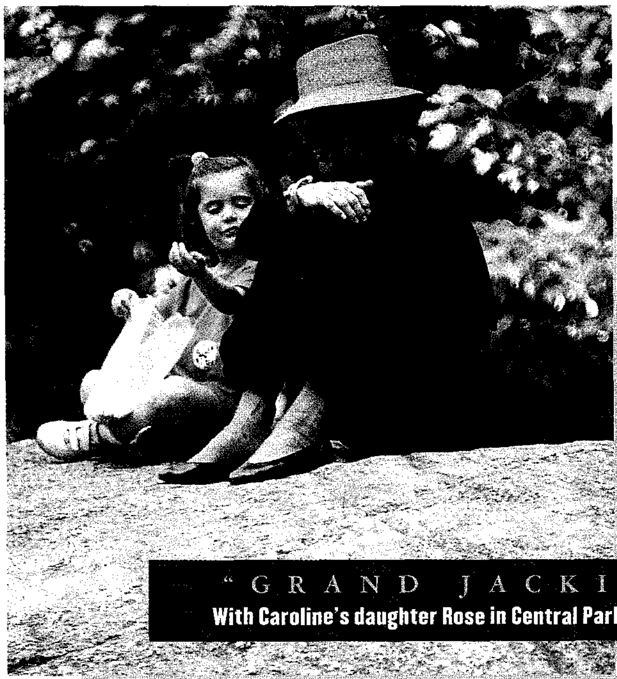
Moonwalk reached No. 1 on the New York *Times* best-seller list. It marked Jackie's biggest commercial success to date—and the beginning of a bizarre friendship between the former First Lady and the self-described King of Pop. Soon, Michael was imitating Jackie's little-girl whisper and wearing sunglasses at night. Jackie, who by now religiously practiced yoga and meditated between 7 and 7:30 each evening, was sharing health tips with her emotionally fragile author. The air of wide-eyed, breathless innocence Jackson and Jackie shared served as their armor against the ever-intrusive world. Michael's childlike persona also masked a dimension of his psyche that Jackie found troubling. At Hayvenhurst and later at Jackson's spectacular Neverland ranch in the mist-shrouded foothills east of Santa Barbara, Jackie had commented on the young boys who always surrounded Michael. "Doesn't it strike you as, well, *odd?*" she asked a colleague. When molestation charges sent Jackson to the brink of a nervous breakdown, only Elizabeth Taylor among Michael's many famous friends rushed to his defense. Most conspicuously absent was Jackie. Facing a possible prison sentence, a frantic Michael placed several calls from Neverland to Jackie at Doubleday. Mrs. Onassis, conveniently, was never there to take his calls.

There was only one way for Jackie to top the success of *Moonwalk,* and that was to land the only woman who could claim to be as famous as she was: Diana, Princess of Wales.

Even before Di's wedding to Prince Charles in July 1981, Jackie had been bombarding her contacts in London with requests for a meeting. It was not easy for Jackie, who had been rudely rebuffed by both Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of Windsor when she approached them on behalf of Viking in 1976.

"Jackie admired Diana at first. She saw something of her younger self in the princess," says Jackie's half-brother, Jamie Auchincloss. "Both women were very young when they were thrust center stage and, despite difficult marriages, grew into their roles. But Jackie was much brighter than Diana—more intellectual, certainly better educated."

(The two women shared a visceral fear of the press they so skillfully manipulated. One night after she left Maxim's, Onassis's limousine led photographers on a high-speed chase through the streets of Paris. Like Diana, neither Jackie nor Ari wore a seatbelt. But Jackie told Ari to order his driver to slow down. "A few pictures," she said, "aren't worth getting killed over.")



"GRAND JACKIE"

With Caroline's daughter Rose in Central Park, 1992.

"I'm thankful to have once again seen our world through their eyes," Jackie wrote of her grandchildren.

Once again, Jackie's request for a meeting with Diana to discuss a possible book project was rejected by the princess's handlers at Buckingham Palace. It is doubtful she was ever shown the correspondence from Jackie. As time passed and the soap opera that was Diana's marriage unfolded, Jackie's opinion of the princess underwent a gradual change from admiration to sympathy to disapproval.

Early on, "Jackie respected Diana for rising to the occasion after her marriage," a publishing colleague says. "She thought Di was beautiful, elegant, charming, very stylish, and a wonderful mother. Diana and Jackie also shared the problem of having to cope with powerful, philandering husbands. In their approach to this, they differed greatly."

Diana's dissatisfaction had been written on her face for years before she took the unprecedented action of airing her marital woes in the press. In contrast, Jackie felt her marriage to Jack was sacrosanct. "She wore a mask," Tish Baldrige says.

The Kennedys' longtime friend Oleg Cassini believes Jackie's "natural dignity" prevented her from taking her personal problems outside the family: "She was a woman of great pride. If she and Jack had had a fight ten minutes before, she *never* would have shown it." Cassini says Jackie was turned off by the spectacle of Diana's "disemboweling herself in public—Mrs. Kennedy would never have done that. Jackie was of sterner stuff made." Aileen Mehle agrees that Jackie "loved gossip but hated it when people whined about their problems. She just didn't think it was very classy. I never once heard Jackie complain, not even after all that happened to her!"

After Diana's ritual "disemboweling," Jackie turned her attention to Charles's longtime mistress, Camilla Parker Bowles. As Diana marshaled more and more public sympathy, Jackie wondered what story Camilla had to tell. In part because Camilla had maintained a dignified silence—and also because Jackie herself had by then been "the other woman" for married diamond mogul Maurice Tempelsman for more than fourteen years—she began courting Di's nemesis. In March 1993, Camilla, still the soul of discretion, turned down Jackie's $2 million book offer.

BY 1992, JACKIE WAS SAVORING HER NEW ROLE AS GRANDMOTHER to Caroline's daughters, Rose and Tatiana. They called her "Grand Jackie." At 63, she now seemed to crave anonymity. That summer, Jamie Auchincloss was sitting in the Plaza Theater watching *Howard's End* when he "felt her presence in the room," he says. "When the movie was over and the lights went on, she stood up a few rows ahead of me. No one recognized her. She turned and saw me and there was the strangest look in her eyes. She was looking at me as if to say, 'Don't say, "Hi, Jackie"; *do not* draw attention to me.' She was terrified at the thought of the crowd mobbing her. Then she walked out of the theater and up the street and never looked back. We never spoke."

MAURICE TEMPELSMAN AND Jackie went on their first date in 1975, to the Broadway opening of Chicago. *In 1983, he moved into her apartment at 1040 Fifth Avenue. The last movie they saw together, just weeks before her death from non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, was* Schindler's List. *On April 14, 1994, Jackie collapsed at her apartment and was rushed to New York Hospital.*

WHETHER JACKIE WAS MAKING HER WAY to the park or to the ladies' room at the hospital, Maurice was a constant, comforting presence. Unlike Jack, he had always been demonstrative in public—but never more than now. When he wasn't holding her hand, he had his arm around her or gently stroked her back. "He was there for her," says Mehle, "every second of every day."

"She was so sure, she was so strong, and she was carrying on as if this were just a minor nuisance," said a former Doubleday colleague, Scott Moyers. Jackie scribbled a note to Louis Auchincloss on her blue stationery. "All will be well," she wrote. "I promise."

The brave front was just that. "She's suffering," Maurice confided to a friend. "You don't know how she's suffering." While her mind was still sharp, she sat down and wrote notes to the children. They were to be opened and read only after her death.

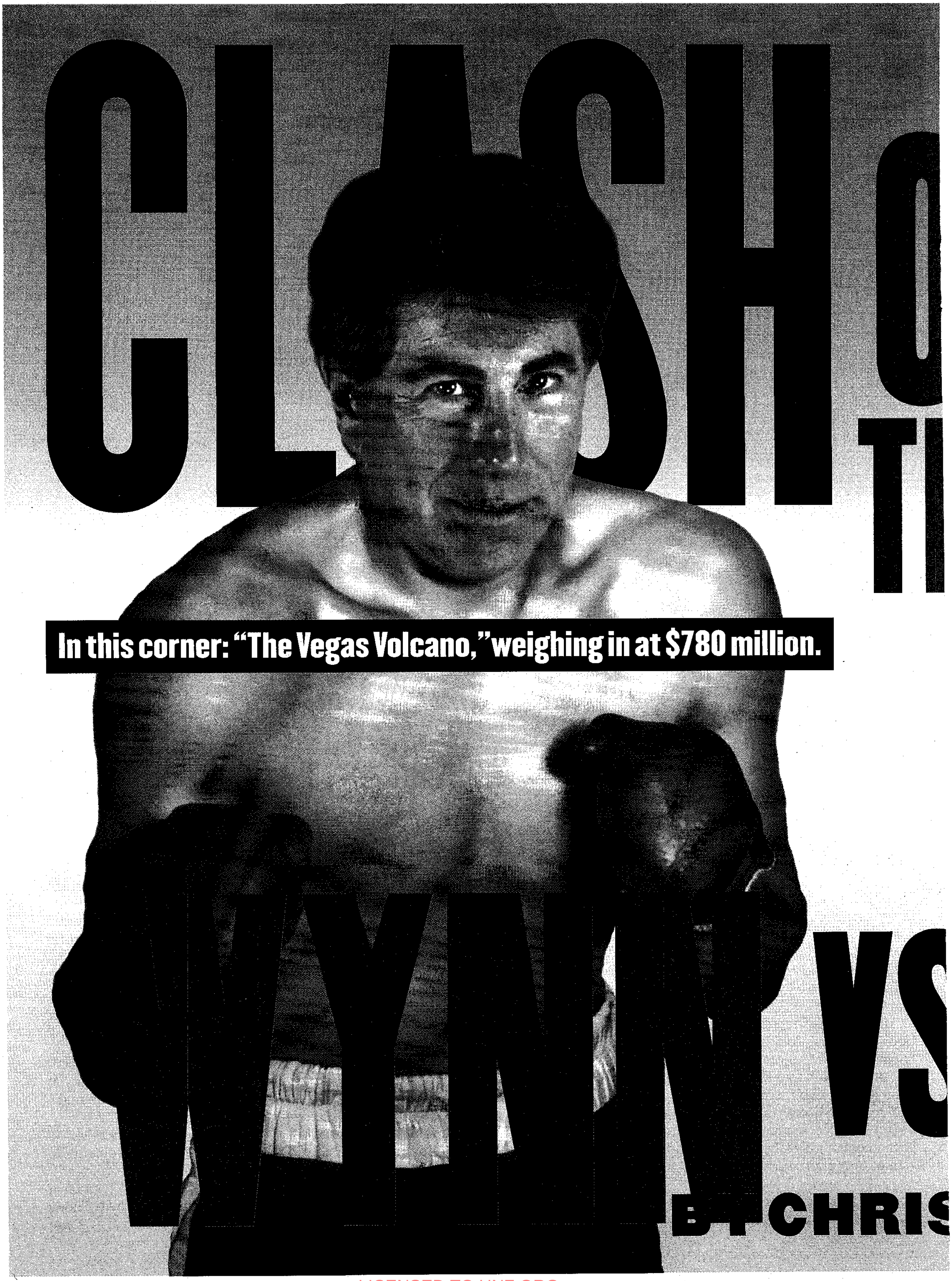
To Caroline, she wrote: "The children have been a wonderful gift to me and I'm thankful to have once again seen our world through their eyes. They restore my faith in the family's future. You and Ed have been so wonderful to share them with me so unselfishly."

In her note to John, Jackie made it clear that he was to be Camelot's standard-bearer. "I understand the pressure you'll forever have to endure as a Kennedy, even though we brought you into this world as an innocent," she wrote. "You, especially, have a place in history. No matter what course in life you choose, all I can ask is that you and Caroline continue to make me, the Kennedy family and yourself proud.

"Stay loyal to those who love you. Especially Maurice. He's a decent man with an abundance of common sense. You will do well to seek his advice."

Jackie died at home on May 19, 1994. It had all happened with mind-spinning swiftness. Only four months had passed since the public had heard of her illness. ■

Photographs: this page, Keith Butler/Rex USA; opposite, John Barrett/Globe Photos.



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In this corner: "The Vegas Volcano," weighing in at $780 million.

WYNN VS

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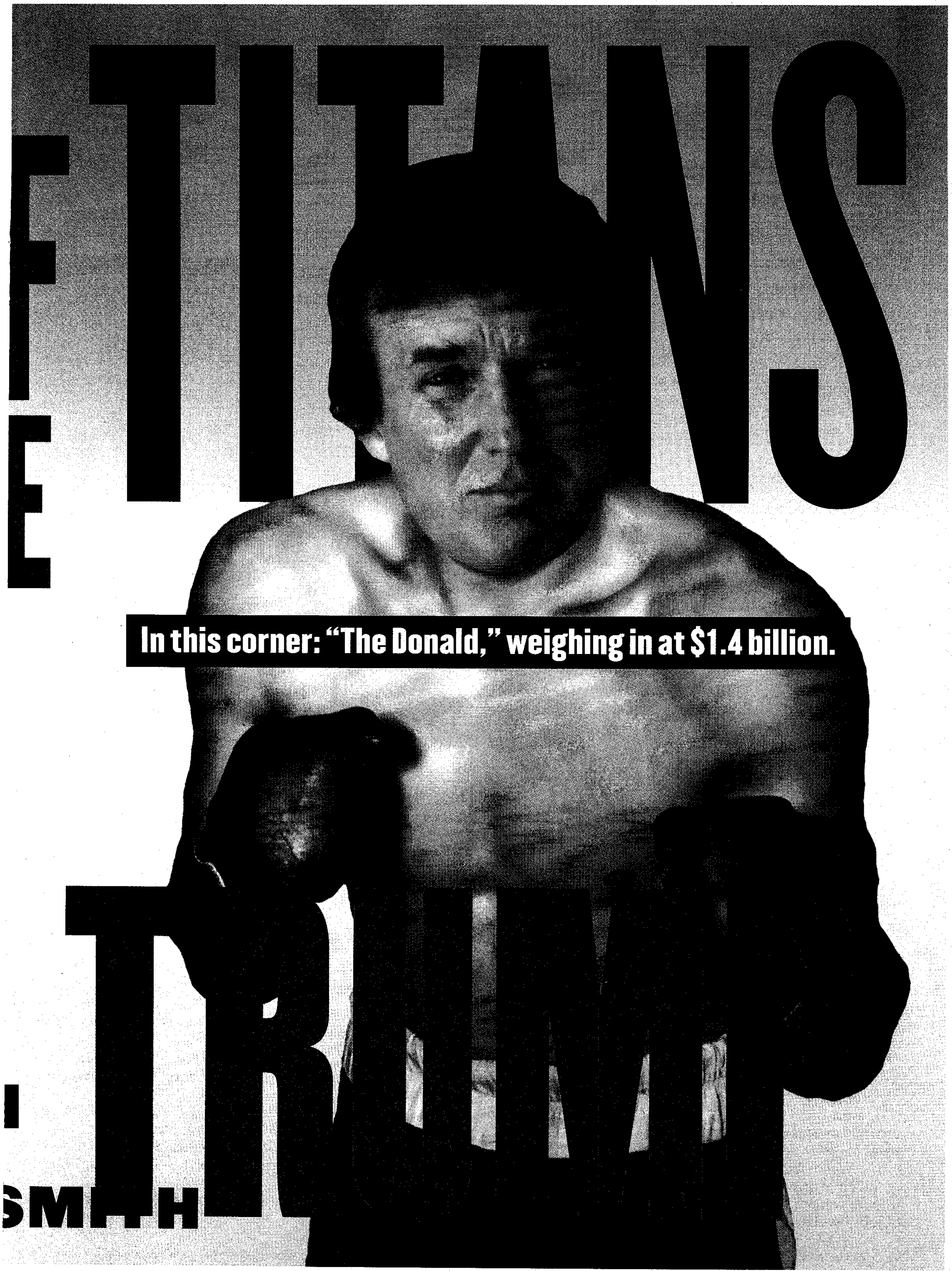


In this corner: "The Donald," weighing in at $1.4 billion.

TRUMP

SMITH

THREE MILES OUTSIDE ATLANTIC CITY, DONALD TRUMP comes into view. At first there's just a fuzzy glow of neon against the night sky as the two narrow lanes of the Atlantic City Expressway churn relentlessly, straight ahead, across a dull expanse of marsh. Then huge letters come blazing into focus above the flat, unobstructed landscape: TRUMP MARINA. TRUMP TAJ MAHAL. TRUMP PLAZA. It feels as if the very horizon is branded. ■ Right about here, at the 0.5-mile marker of the expressway, a new piece of road will soon rise, leading to Le Jardin, florid centerpiece of a gargantuan new casino complex planned for Atlantic City's marina district. The project is a partnership between the state of New Jersey and Nevada's preeminent resort mogul, Steve Wynn, a man routinely lauded as a "visionary" for reinventing the Las Vegas Strip as a family-friendly fun house that just happens to have gambling on the side. Wanting to be helpful, Wynn had his architects draw up a design for the expressway interchange. It was a clever piece of engineering. It would whisk cars and buses to the marina, where Wynn plans a $1.5 billion habitat for slot machines and baccarat tables. And with a ramp and a bridge soaring 25 feet in the air, Wynn's massive heap of concrete and asphalt would completely obliterate any glimpse of Donald Trump in the distance. ■ A completely unintentional side effect, of course.

STEVE WYNN, 56, AND DONALD TRUMP, 52, HAVE BEEN SLUGGING IT out for more than a decade. Theirs is an especially colorful, spleenful contempt, all too rare in modern-day big business. Larry Ellison hates Bill Gates, but the chairman of Oracle doesn't run around calling the chairman of Microsoft "this scumbag," as Trump does Wynn.

For most of the ten years' war, the fighting has been long-distance and sporadic. Trump, from his Fifth Avenue headquarters, would occasionally poach one of Wynn's executives; Wynn, from behind his fake volcano in the desert, would mock Ivana's accent and occasionally sic a squadron of lawyers on Trump.

"Donald Trump is a soap opera; Steve Wynn is a Shakespearea

Now the brawl is raging at Columbus Circle's Coliseum, where Wynn proposes to plunk luxury condos down on the doorstep of Trump's brassy new International Hotel and Tower. And in Atlantic City, where Wynn's megalo-marina project—with its three acres of year-round-blooming flowers, its glistening streams, and its exotic performance troupes—will arrive in the backyard of Trump's weakest casino.

How bad is the blood? Trump and Wynn despise each other so much that they've aligned themselves with rival morning-radio proxies. "I do like Trump," Don Imus says, "but he's kind of a Howard Stern butt-boy now. Trump appeared on Howard's program as opposed to mine; therefore, his new book bombed. I was happy to see that."

The Wynn-Trump feud could easily be laughed off as a petty (albeit highly entertaining) game of Mine's Bigger—that is, if there weren't millions of tax dollars and tens of thousands of jobs involved. Trump, the self-proclaimed "biggest real-estate developer in New York," is finally building his enormous Riverside South project after dodging bankruptcy. Just as the health of Trump's empire is improving, Wynn has gone to federal court charging him with restraint of trade; if Trump, Atlantic City's largest employer, loses the $150 million suit, his casino license may be jeopardized. Even if Trump prevails, he'd better hope Wynn's new pleasure dome increases revenues across the Boardwalk. Trump, despite his impressive comeback, is still deeply leveraged, and casino cash is his lifeblood.

For Wynn, the stakes are equally high. Not only is building in Atlantic City important to the growth of his company—especially after Connecticut and Detroit rebuffed him in the past three years—but the marina project is likely to be the last major piece of construction Wynn will ever see. Retinitis pigmentosa, diagnosed when he was 29, is gradually robbing Wynn of his eyesight. In four years, when the doors of his long-awaited lido are scheduled to swing open, blindness will be closing in on Steve Wynn.

TAJ MAHAL
ATLANTIC CITY

A FEW THINGS DONALD TRUMP AND STEVE WYNN HAVE IN COMMON:

Military school—Trump, five years at New York Military Academy, at Cornwall-on-Hudson; Wynn, five years at Manlius Military Academy, near Syracuse.

Wharton School of Business—Trump, class of 1968; Wynn took courses there as a University of Pennsylvania undergraduate, class of 1963.

Alleged work done by cosmetic-surgeon-to-the-stars Steven Hoefflin—Trump, scalp-tightening; Wynn, face-lift.

Unlikely "close friends"—Trump, Monica Seles, Puff Daddy; Wynn, Ron (Pocket Fisherman) Popiel, Julius Erving. Both: Michael Jackson.

Number of marriages—Two apiece. Trump, to Ivana and Marla; Wynn, to Elaine—twice.

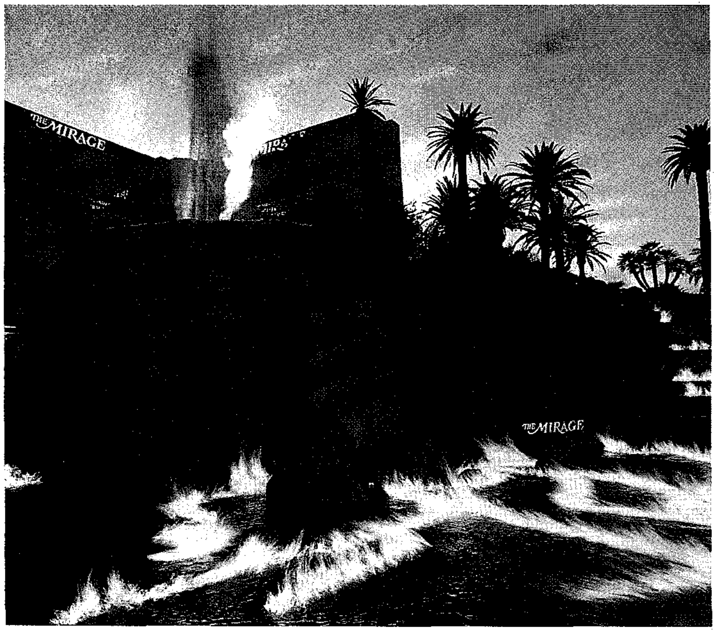
Photographs: previous page, torsos by Hulton Getty/Tony Stone; Trump head courtesy of the Trump Corporation; Wynn head by David Strick/Outline; this page, Peter Gridley/FPG.

DONALD TRUMP CALLS FOR SILENCE FROM HIS DINNER GUESTS at the Scheherazade, the most expensive restaurant inside Trump’s Taj Mahal Casino. At the head of a 50-foot-long table drowning in crystal, silver, and gilt, Trump beckons a nearby diner. The man grins awkwardly as Trump gets up and slings a fleshy arm around his slight shoulders. “This is the richest man in Argentina!” Trump shouts. “The richest! He flies up four times a year, gambles $6 million! And where does he gamble? Right here! The Taj Mahal! The richest man in Argentina!”

The man’s expression falls. “Actually, Donald,” he says quietly, “it’s Venezuela.”

Trump isn’t rattled. “Argentina! Venezuela! Whatever! It’s all the same! The point is, the richest man in Venezuela, he gambles with us!” Trump’s enthusiasm is so childlike and overwhelming, even the richest man from wherever dissolves in laughter.

It’s fight night at the Taj Mahal. Tubby old muffler salesman George Foreman is pitted against dreadlocked but punchless young heavyweight Shannon Briggs on this Saturday in early December. But the most entertaining show in town, as always, is Trump.



lay,” gushes Lou Toscano, a top aide to Atlantic City’s mayor.

Casinos royale: Opposite, size matters at Trump’s Taj Mahal. Above, the sidewalk volcano Wynn installed at the Mirage spouts hot jets of water—and hot air.

He’s flown in a fifteen-person entourage from New York by private jet. The group struggles to keep pace. When Trump pivots abruptly and dashes from the blackjack section to the poker tables, there’s a bejeweled pileup. Trump’s date, busty faded model Kara Young, crashes into the wife of Trump’s lawyer, who smacks into the chest of NBC talking head Stone Phillips, who collides with fashion photographer Patrick Demarchelier.

But Trump is already gone, into the high-stakes Pai Gow Poker room, where the minimum wager is $2,000. “It looks like Vietnam in here!” Trump cackles, glancing at the crowd of Asian gamblers. “People who don’t come down here don’t understand this—Atlantic City is hot! It’s the hottest! Atlantic City is the most underrated gaming jurisdiction in the entire world. It does more business than the Indian reservations—by far! It does more business than the entire Las Vegas strip! Atlantic City is a fucking monster. It’s huge! It’s tremendous! And people don’t write about it!”

Then Trump shakes his head, narrows his eyes, and says, out of the blue, “I don’t believe Wynn is really going to come in here.”

By *here,* Trump means Atlantic City. Enveloped as he is by the Taj Mahal carnival, Trump has Wynn on the brain. Later, back in his twenty-sixth-floor office atop Trump Tower, Trump snaps whenever his opponent’s name is mentioned.

“In Las Vegas, he’s building a very ugly new facility for $2 billion,” Trump says, trying to sound dryly analytical as his face turns crimson. “It’s one of the ugliest masses I’ve seen—and that’s my business. I’m hearing the [construction expense] numbers could be double what they anticipated. They’re way over budget in Biloxi [where Wynn is building another new casino], by hundreds of millions of dollars. It’s a real problem for them. To be honest, I don’t know if they’re coming to Atlantic City or not, because they have such problems with their construction costs. Perhaps they’ll have to refocus on constructing buildings rather than trying to steal land in Atlantic City.”

Nearly two years ago, Governor Christine Todd Whitman promised that New Jersey would spend $220 million building a tunnel and highway to Wynn’s marina-casino compound; Wynn is supposed to pitch in an additional $110 million. Without the new road, Wynn won’t come, because it’s quicker to drive straight ahead to the competing Boardwalk casinos. The state expects to mine political gold: 20,000 new jobs and “untold millions to the local economy and tax base,” says a wide-eyed state spokesman.

The price for the 170-acre casino site? One dollar. And thanks to a new law crafted by William Gormley, Atlantic City’s man in the State Senate, Wynn will be reimbursed for 75 percent of the cost of cleaning up whatever lurks in the underlying landfill.

Trump is still pushing his original, and strongest, argument—that New Jersey taxpayers are being looted to subsidize the wealthiest casino company in America. But that’s boring pocketbook rhetoric, and it has failed to hobble the deal. And while Trump has plenty to fear from Wynn on a pure business level, it’s his pride that has been more grievously assaulted. Granted, Trump has alienated numerous politicians and businessmen in Atlantic City, but he did stick it out in the early nineties, when the town was struggling. Without Trump’s presence, Atlantic City would be an economic disaster instead of merely a mess.

Now the city and state are begging Trump’s mortal enemy—a man who declared that he “wouldn’t go back to Atlantic City if they gave me a hotel for nothing”—to come to the rescue. And they’re rubbing Trump’s nose in unflattering comparisons: “Donald is a soap opera; Steve Wynn is a Shakespeare play,” gushes Lou Toscano, a top aide to Atlantic City’s mayor.

So now Trump is going for the big scare. If citizens in search of good, clean entertainment set foot in Wynn’s marina casino, Trump suggests, they’ll be risking their very lives! “Everybody knows about the content of what was dumped there,” he says. “It was industrial waste.”

And it isn’t just the casino customers who will be taking their fate into their hands if Wynn comes to town—every man, woman, and child in Atlantic City will be threatened merely by sipping a glass of municipal tap water! “If you start to fool around with that aquifer,” Trump claims, “the entire water supply in Atlantic City could be severely polluted—and may be destroyed.”

How could anyone propose such a dastardly scheme? Maybe, Trump suggests, it’s because Steve Wynn is out of his mind.

“You know, I think Steve’s got a lot of psychological problems,” Trump says. “I think he’s quite disturbed. That’s just my feeling. I think he’s a very disturbed person”—he pauses, groping for sincerity—“sadly.”

Photograph by Frank Cezus/FPG.

ON THIS LATE JANUARY NIGHT, STEVE WYNN SEEMS TO BE IN full command of his wits. He's the guest of honor at a hotel-industry awards ceremony. During the cocktail reception at the Hilton on Sixth Avenue, Wynn is in full schmooze, even as he keeps one arm wrapped around the younger of his two daughters, Gillian, who is subtly steering him through the obstacle course of 1,000 guests. Wynn greets Fran Reiter with a practiced, bone-white grin. Reiter, the former deputy mayor and City Hall insider, now runs the city's convention and visitors bureau. Wynn asks for an update on Mayor Giuliani's casino plans for Governors Island. "It's never going to happen," Reiter says confidently. "I don't know *what* he was thinking about." Wynn nods happily; that's one less competitor.

As Wynn glides through the small talk, looking tan and serene, you'd never suspect that hours earlier he'd ignited an enormous furor: Wynn suddenly announced he was dropping his partners in the Atlantic City project, the Circus Circus and Boyd Gaming companies, citing vague contractual loopholes.

Back in Las Vegas, his ex-collaborators were screaming. "Out of nowhere, we got a three-sentence letter on the fax machine," says a stunned Boyd executive. "This is incredible, incredible arrogance." Over at Circus Circus, the bosses were mulling lawsuits to enforce their signed agreement to build a hotel and casino on Wynn's marina land.

In New York, Wynn shrugs. "We're just expanding our development," he says calmly. "Instead of 2,000 hotel rooms, I'll build 4,000. It's going to be even more incredible! Today I was meeting with my architectural colleagues"—Wynn pauses, leans forward conspiratorially, and lowers his voice to an I'm-about-to-awe-you tone—"Philip Johnson and Frank Gehry. We've decided we need to build something breakaway if we're going to change the character of Atlantic City."

So trashing the deal with his two partners isn't a ploy to get them to pick up more of the construction costs? Wynn doesn't want to talk about that, instead turning to his daughter with a gleeful suggestion: "You should come with me to check out Bilbao next month!" They agree to fly to Spain to see Gehry's new Guggenheim. Then Wynn drifts off to the Grand Ballroom.

Minutes later, Wynn delivers his speech and goes out of his way to take a swipe at Trump—a reminder that Trump remains the real nemesis.

"You know, I think Steve's got a lot of psychological proble

In his office four blocks away, Trump is ecstatic, working the phone to spread his theory that Wynn is stretched too thin to build on schedule in Atlantic City. "Wynn just fucked Circus Circus and Boyd! It's total dissension!" Trump says. "The theory being they'll sue and they'll delay. He's looking for a delay. Think of it—New Jersey is gonna have a tunnel going to one hotel? That was not the deal! This will require a whole new filing, and a whole new everything. It's back to the drawing boards!"

EVEN ON THE BUSTLING, BLINKING LAS VEGAS STRIP, THE MIRAGE stands out: The windows of the three-winged, 30-story hotel have been coated to glimmer gold in the sun. Then there's that sidewalk volcano, belching flames and spouting steaming plumes of water 60 feet into the sky.

A dazzling 20,000-gallon aquarium, burbling with brilliantly colored fish and plants, is the backdrop for the hotel front desk. As a father props up his 5-year-old son for a better view, a couple of leopard sharks swim past. The tourists have no way of knowing that behind the tank are Wynn's offices.

Mirage's mastermind sits behind a stark, minimalist white desk, his back to a corner, like a gunslinger who doesn't want anyone sneaking up behind him. He's wearing a plush gray polo sweater, the top button rakishly undone, and understated, perfectly coordinated gray-and-black plaid pants.

Wynn rarely grants interviews, which is a shame: He has a stage actor's supple baritone, and he illustrates his points and stories with a range of funny accents. Astonishment comes with an aw-shucks southern drawl; anger sounds chillingly like Jack Nicholson. Simply by elongating a word, Wynn is able to convey his contempt for New Jersey's casino owners. "Trump builds *a-part-ment build-ings,*" Wynn says. "Office space! His big thing is, he hires an architect who comes up with a scheme that's bronze, or one that's silver." A slow shake of the head. "That's kid stuff. There's *nobody* in Atlantic City. There's such a lack of imaginative talent in that town."

With friends like these: Above, Wynn cracks open the champagne with Siegfried and Roy. Opposite, Trump tours the Taj with Michael Jackson.

Photograph by Lenox McLendon/AP/Wide World.

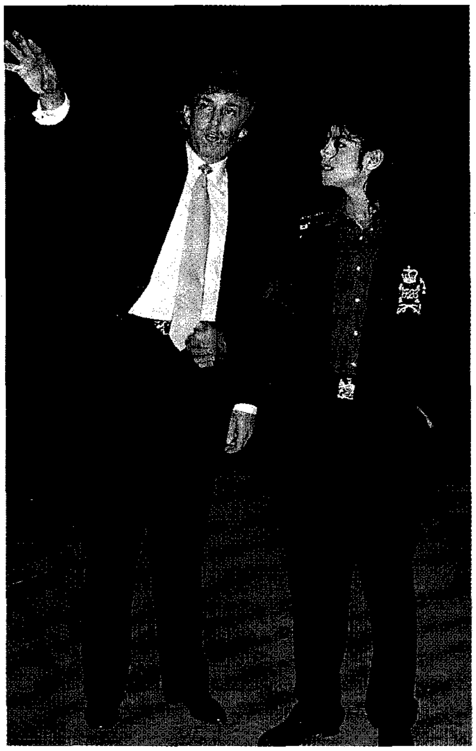
Wynn seduces with hilarious, intimate stories about traveling with his pally Frank Sinatra, and he teases with inside tales of mob payoffs in old-time Las Vegas. But Wynn's preoccupation these days is designing Le Jardin, his gift not just to Atlantic City but to the entire flair-deprived region. "I mean, you're on the East Coast—gray, nasty, ugly, squalid East Coast," Wynn says. "Yeah, there are moments of beauty in New York or Philadelphia, but you gotta go looking for 'em. But in this building, like Joel Grey says in *Cabaret,* 'ev'ry-ting eez beaut-ee-ful.' That's it. We don't have to rewrite history here. What we gotta do is exercise integrated, fanciful good taste." He's projecting a $200 million annual profit.

Wynn has seen gambling evolve from its shady past to the corporate-dominated, government-legitimized, orchid-scented present. He was literally born into the business. His father, Michael "Mickey" Weinberg, changed the family name to Wynn in 1936, eminently fitting for a man who came to run bingo parlors from Savannah to Syracuse.

Michael Wynn was himself a compulsive gambler (his bookie, Charlie Meyerson, today works for Steve Wynn as a casino host, coddling high-rollers). Wynn's father wasn't home much, but he provided well enough for Steve—who was born in New

Haven and raised primarily in Utica—to attend a military academy, summer at a lake resort in the Adirondacks, and graduate from the University of Pennsylvania. Father and son took one memorable trip together, when Steve was 11 years old, to Las Vegas, where Michael Wynn dreamed of opening a bingo parlor. Steve was enchanted by the raffish Vegas of 1953, where silk suits mingled with Stetsons.

It was during Steve's senior year at Penn that his father needed heart surgery. As Michael Wynn lay in his hospital bed awaiting the experimental operation, he dictated to Steve a list of his gambling debts. Michael Wynn died shortly after, at the age of 46, leaving his family $200,000 in the hole.



" Trump says. "I think he's a very disturbed person. Sadly."

Steve went to work running the family bingo joint in Maryland; he was so successful that he soon decided to test himself in Las Vegas. Wynn bought a small ownership stake in the Frontier Hotel and Casino, then sold out when the majority owners were exposed as Detroit gangsters. (Wynn wasn't implicated.) But he had managed to ingratiate himself with Las Vegas's most powerful banker, E. Parry Thomas, who directed him to a lucrative liquor distributorship and a quick profit on a real-estate deal. Several years later, Wynn reentered the casino business, this time for good, accumulating a controlling share of Golden Nugget stock by 1973. In 1980, he expanded into the new and thriving Atlantic City market, running a highly profitable Boardwalk version of the Golden Nugget for seven years before selling it and returning to Las Vegas to build the Mirage.

There's very little Wynn has allowed to stand in the way of his dreams. When wildlife laws interfered with plans for a live-dolphin attraction in the Mirage, Wynn flew to Washington and testified that the exhibit would be purely educational. So now school groups are herded past the slot machines to watch the bottle-nosed dolphins frolic.

By making nearly as much money from shows, food, and rooms as he does from gambling, Wynn has revolutionized the industry. Four years after opening the Mirage, Wynn concocted Treasure Island right next door. The newer casino-hotel features a curbside lagoon where actors stage a smoky sword fight between two full-scale ships. In the sliver of land between Mirage and Treasure Island crouches a 36-unit, two-story hotel, the Villa de Flores. Hotel owner Mike Flores refuses to sell Wynn the land. Now a colossal garage is going up on Wynn's property a few feet from the hotel's swimming pool—bulldozers, cement mixers, and cranes emit nonstop noise and dust. Not long ago, Flores arrived to find three 40-foot-long propane tanks stacked near his office window. "One spark," Flores says, "and I'm splattered against the wall of the Mirage."

Wynn says Flores is playing the victim to drive up the price of the land. But in his confrontation with rascally New York publisher Lyle Stuart, Wynn sees more malevolent forces at work.

For Stuart, issuing *The Anarchist Cookbook* and the racist *Turner Diaries* wasn't dangerous enough. In 1995, he published *Running Scared*, a compilation of every rumor and allegation ever hurled at Wynn. *Running Scared* was written by Las Vegas newspaperman John L. Smith, and the book is built on a tangle of accusations that Wynn had mob ties. Stuart, however, advertised the book as explaining "why a confidential Scotland Yard report calls Wynn a front man for the Genovese crime family."

Overstating Scotland Yard's conclusions could cost Stuart his company. Six months ago, Stuart lost a defamation suit filed by Wynn; Stuart says the $3 million judgment awarded to Wynn will bankrupt him. He's now appealing the decision.

Wynn boils at the mention of Stuart and Smith, whom he's suing in a separate libel action. "They knew the [Scotland Yard] report was false. It's the single most vicious and aggressive thing done to me," Wynn says. "Yup, I want to put Lyle Stuart out of business. Every law-enforcement agency has always vouched for me, that any suggestion of me and organized crime is preposterous. I know one thing: If anybody says any different, they're a fucking defendant."

Several months ago, as the 75-year-old Stuart was considering his next move, First Amendment lawyer Victor Kovner called Stuart to let him know an anonymous benefactor wanted to bankroll his appeal. Stuart may be a rogue, but he's no dummy. "Let me guess," Stuart said to Kovner. "Donald Trump?"

"Yesss," sighed Kovner.

Trump eventually wriggled out of the offer, telling Stuart it wasn't wise for him to show malice toward Wynn.

OVER THE YEARS, WYNN HAS LABELED TRUMP A "CARTOON," a "perverse exaggeration," and a "second-string adolescent." But now he says he's determined to stay out of the gutter. "No sane or rational guy would respond to Trump," Wynn says coolly. "His statements to people like you, whether they concern us and our projects or our motivations or his own reality or his own future or his own present, you have seen over the years have no relation to truth or fact. And if you need me to remind you of that, then we're both in trouble. He's a fool."

Still, even unworthy adversaries can be fun to humiliate. A pair of private detectives, one a former FBI agent, have been digging around in Trump's personal and business life, dredging up material for Wynn's legal team to use in the federal lawsuit. The prospect of his lawsuit surviving preliminary motions-to-dismiss has Wynn salivating. "You get past that, and Trump's in for a *baaad* time. Then we get full-scale discovery, and we will share that publicly with everybody—and it will be very embarrassing and damaging to Trump. Then we have a *real* good time for several months."

Wynn dismisses all talk of his being over budget on Bellagio and Biloxi. And there will be no delay in the marina: "We're irrevocably committed to this project." What of the imperiled water supply? Wynn guarantees there's no risk. "We've had extensive testing for several hundred thousand dollars," he says.

Photograph by Randy Bauer/Ron Galella Ltd.

"We've drilled about every twenty feet."

Even so, two years after Governor Whitman announced the signed marina agreement, Wynn's negotiators are still pushing for a better deal. When frustrated by state officials, Wynn's envoys have gone to local Atlantic City politicians for cheaper terms.

"There are so many goddamn back doors out of the agreement that Wynn created," says a member of New Jersey's team. "He truly is a master; I have the utmost respect for him on a business level. But working with him is hell. When you put all these pieces on the wall and look at it, you say, *I'm dealing with the devil himself here.* Steve Wynn controls every angle."

MARLA WAS IN EXILE. AFTER AN ARGUMENT WITH TRUMP, the not-yet-second-wife had split for California. Along the way, Maples took a side trip to Las Vegas. Arriving at Wynn's Mirage hotel, she was upgraded to a suite, with all her expenses on the house. An innocent courtesy for the girlfriend of a gambling-industry colleague? So says Wynn. But if he intended to irritate Trump, he succeeded, because the two Las Vegas newspapers soon received a Trump press release explaining that Donald was in and out of Vegas for "undisclosed purposes" and that he was being accompanied by Marla Maples. "It was a total bullshit ploy so people wouldn't think Wynn was screwing Marla," says Chuck Jones, the P.R. man turned Trump antagonist who says he wrote the press release at Trump's behest.

The feud, however, is rooted in real estate, not romance, and it was in Atlantic City, at the lonely edge of the marina district, that the Trump-Wynn co-dependency began. In 1985, the Hilton Corporation had nearly finished construction of a mammoth hotel and casino when it was stalled by licensing problems. Wynn and Trump both made offers to take the place off Hilton's hands. For $320 million, Trump won—or so it seemed at the time.

Wynn continued to run his Boardwalk Golden Nugget. He'd speed high-rollers from Manhattan to Atlantic City by helicopter for Sinatra and Diana Ross concerts. But Wynn was also enduring ugly headlines: New Jersey's annual casino relicensing hearings aired lurid rumors of cocaine use by Wynn. He vehemently denied them, and they've never been substantiated.

"There's *nobody* in Atlantic City," Steve Wynn says, dismiss

In 1986, a vice-president of the Golden Nugget, Mel Harris, was forced to quit when investigators learned of Harris's visits to Genovese-family crime boss "Fat Tony" Salerno. But no wiseguys have ever been connected to Wynn, and he's always been approved for gambling licenses. "I've never had one dissenting vote. They've investigated every deposit I've ever made in my checking account, every check I've ever written since I was 20 years old. How many people can say that?"

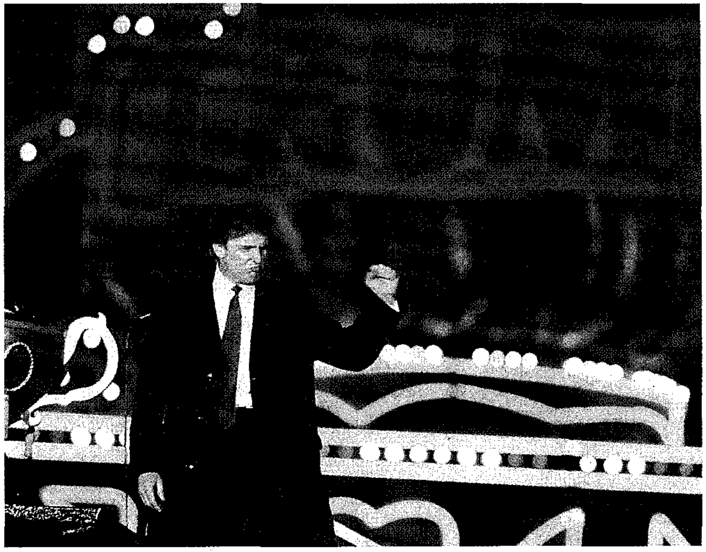
This treatment left Wynn bitter, and in the mood to sell. New Jersey, at the time, limited casino owners to three properties. Trump, who already owned two, was buying stock in Bally, which owned another Boardwalk casino. Bally, fearing a hostile takeover, offered Wynn a panic-inflated price of $440 million for the Nugget—thereby fending off Trump, since he couldn't buy the newly combined Bally's–Golden Nugget without exceeding the state limit. Bally then paid Trump $20 million to go away.

Wynn took his huge profit from the Golden Nugget sale and exited Atlantic City, calling it "the slum by the sea." He plowed the unexpected cash into Las Vegas expansion. The $630 million Mirage opened in November 1989.

Trump couldn't let Wynn go without a few parting shots. In his book *The Art of the Deal,* Trump claims that Barron Hilton took less money from Trump because Wynn was "anathema" to Hilton. Trump ridicules Wynn as "very slick and smooth . . . a very strange guy. . . . He's got a great act. He's a smooth talker, he's perfectly manicured, and he's invariably dressed to kill in $2,000 suits and $200 silk shirts. The problem with Wynn is that he tries too hard to look perfect and a lot of people are put off by him."

The financial intrigues of those years positioned Trump and Wynn for their current collision in the marina. To buy the Hilton, now called Trump's Marina, Trump, for the first time, personally guaranteed $320 million in loans. That deal initiated an orgy of debt that eventually left him on the hook for almost $1 billion and, in 1991, nearly bankrupted him. Trump now controls at least a third of the Atlantic City gambling market, and his weighty debt load is one of the things that's slowed the casino district's modernization.

Wynn also plays a pivotal role in the credit history of Atlantic City. His Boardwalk Golden Nugget was the casino that junk bonds built. In 1980, Wynn was the first client Michael Milken brought to Drexel, Burnham, and as such, Wynn got better terms than clients who came later. Following Wynn's lead, Atlantic City casino owners went to Milken and his imitators for piles and piles of junk. Ironically, if Atlantic City's casino industry needs rescuing today—and Trump hotly maintains it does not—it's in large measure because of the debt casino owners took on in Wynn's wake. And now Wynn is coming back to save the town.



WYNN MAY HAVE BEGUN HIS CAREER IN A BINGO HALL. BUT THESE days he considers himself an artist—the entertainmentplex his medium. All his life, he says, he's been in touch with deep creative and spiritual impulses, from his college readings of the Buddhist Upanishads ("Those ideas were very easy for me to handle") and James Joyce ("when I smoked a good joint") to his epiphany two weeks ago when buying a Georgia O'Keeffe painting ("This picture is sublime. It's got a soft gracefulness. It makes me feel good to be around it"). Wynn may have grown wealthy peddling Siegfried & Roy and their white tigers. But he's most inspired by Philip Johnson and Frank Gehry, the architects he's hired for Atlantic City.

"My friend Charlie Rose got me excited about working with Frank," Wynn says. "Charlie was sending me videotapes of Bilbao even before it opened and telling me I should really reconsider the architect for Atlantic City, if we were going to change the town. And it was Frank who brought in Philip Johnson. I'm not someone to think I need two architects."

In his Trump-centric worldview, Trump sees Johnson's hiring as being all about him. "He was my architect in Columbus Circle!" Trump says. "It's not hard to figure out."

Photograph by Ron Haviv/Saba.

As Wynn has been steadily increasing his presence in New York over the past three years, Trump's hostility has been intensifed. Wynn bought a $5 million apartment on Fifth Avenue and leased offices on the twelfth floor of the Barneys Madison Avenue building. He's friends with restaurateur Sirio Maccioni, whom he's talked into opening the first Le Cirque outside New York, in Wynn's Bellagio, a $1.6 billion bit of Tuscany on the Las Vegas Strip, scheduled to open in October.

With New York developer Jerry Speyer, Wynn has crafted plans for the Columbus Circle project. The renderings depict a soaring, double-pyramid-shaped structure with two towers of luxury apartments topping ground-level museum space. Wynn does nothing halfheartedly, so it's odd that he hasn't been more prominently pushing the proposal before the MTA, which owns the site.

"I don't expect him to be there and watch the bricks go up," says MTA board member Alan Friedberg, "but I do expect him to sit down with us. We're heavy-duty guys. Everybody else did—Speyer, Steve Ross, Bruce Ratner, and Daniel Brodsky. And, of course, the Donald."

y. "There's such a lack of imaginative talent in that town."

Is Atlantic City big enough for the both of them?

Opposite, the Taj opens in 1990, a triumph for Trump. Above, Wynn calls this moneymaker headquarters.

Wynn's lack of lobbying feeds the perception that the bid was just another way for him to mess with Trump, who owns the gold-skinned condo tower across the street. Trump, naturally, interprets Wynn's bid as location envy.

Nonsense, responds Wynn: "It's Jerry Speyer's thing. He's the one who's in charge of leading this. Jerry says that—I saw him just a week or so ago—this thing, as usual, is a political football. There's nothing important happening now. It's a circus. So we're just going to stay low."

Trump hasn't allowed Wynn to be as coy in Atlantic City. Besides filing lawsuits and railing against Whitman during the governor's race last fall, Trump donated money to a homeowners' group opposed to the marina project. Fed up, Wynn hired Tom Puccio and Robert Bork to slap a $150 million lawsuit on Trump, alleging he's committed a multitude of nefarious, anticompetitive acts. Wynn's suit points to Trump as the fund-raiser behind Donald Hurley, the president of Atlantic City's police union, who suddenly became a candidate against Wynn's favorite New Jersey state senator, William Gormley, the one who got the state to pay Wynn's landfill-cleanup costs. Another twist: Hurley's brother, Harry, is an Atlantic City radio-talk-show host who shills for Trump's casinos. Then there's the petition drive aimed at recalling Atlantic City's pro-Wynn mayor, James Whelan. Wynn sees Trump fingering those strings, too.

Incredible as it sounds, Trump claims that until very recently, he enjoyed hanging out with Wynn: "We used to be friendly. Had a good relationship, would play golf. Which was always a problem. I kicked his ass in golf. Twice. Once at Winged Foot, and once at his course, Shadow Creek. I shot 73 at Shadow Creek. He was practicing and practicing. He thinks he's a good golfer, but he's terrible. Not that I give a damn."

He doesn't? Each time Trump repeats the golf story—to *60 Minutes,* to *Fortune,* to the New York *Observer,* the *Atlantic City Press, Philadelphia* magazine—the thrashing gets worse. Never mind that when Wynn drops a vitamin A pill on the floor, his eyesight is so limited he has to crawl to find it.

Wynn, at curiously great length, explains that no, Trump never beat him in golf. The first time, Wynn says, they were teamed as partners and lost to Clint Eastwood and pro golfer Bill Glasson.

The second time, Wynn says, was days after a helicopter crash killed three Trump casino executives, two of whom had previously worked for Wynn. Wynn portrays Trump as a pitiable, broken man, desperate for help—not because Trump lost three friends but because Trump is clueless about how to run casinos. "Trump said to me, 'I'm devastated,' " Wynn recalls. " 'I don't know how to evaluate the people that work for me. I don't even know who's down there. What should I do?' "

Wynn takes a deep breath as he remembers the scene at the Winged Foot country club. He slows down his words as he reenacts what he told Trump, as if he were speaking to a child—a dim child: "I looked at him and I said, 'The only advice I can give you is, you just have to clear your schedule, go there, stay in the hotel, start meeting in your office with the key people, ask them to help you understand what's going on. You'll be amazed how fast you'll pick things up.' "

The golf, Wynn says, was an afterthought; score wasn't even kept. So he's mystified to see Trump crow about his glorious victory. "What is the matter with him?" Wynn asks. "How deeply is he disturbed? When he was a kid or growing up—who did this to him? I mean, a psychiatrist would know all this."

TRUMP, DESPITE ALL HIS BLUSTER, HAS LATELY SHOWN SIGNS OF trying to gracefully depart Atlantic City. Two weeks ago, he floated the idea that he'd consider selling his entire casino stake to a real-estate investment trust. Wynn is hoping Trump will stick around. "What the hell," he says, "he's soft competition!" Wynn laughs. It's the sound of a man who has his target in sight. "I think he's fine right . . . where . . . he . . . is."

Even if Trump left Atlantic City, the two would find a way to strafe each other. The rancor would still linger in the salt air. "This is going to sound funny," says John Smith, the Wynn biographer, "because you're talking about a guy, Steve Wynn, who is the industry leader. The movie stars hang around him. You would think Wynn wouldn't care. But there's nothing Steve likes better than revenge. And I truly believe that's the way he is with Trump."

Perhaps it's all attributable to a childish streak in both men, or the excesses of machismo. But that's cheap psychoanalysis. It must be nice to stroll through edifices bearing your name. And there must be some satisfaction in looking at a balance sheet and confirming that you have access to more money than a good-size European country. But these are two men who've made a phenomenal living by exploiting everybody's elemental desire for thrills. So what is one of the few things that still delivers an instant high?

Making your worst enemy squeal. ■

Photograph by Paul Harris/Outline.

PLAYMATES

Jon Robin Baitz, Nathan Lane, and Joe Mantello tout their latest collaboration, dish the New York critics, and cop to the fact that much of the country's best theater is now on TV. By Judith Stone

‘DID WE FIRST MEET AT A REhearsal of *Love! Valour! Compassion!*?” Nathan Lane asks director Joe Mantello. “Or was it when you called to tell me there was going to be a nudity clause in my contract?” Lane, Mantello, and playwright Jon Robin Baitz are talking with Judith Stone about past collaborations as they gear up for their latest—Baitz's new play *Mizlansky/Zilinsky or “schmucks.”* The history is rich: Baitz and Mantello have been a couple for eight years, and worked together on Baitz's *Three Hotels.* A decade ago, Lane starred in Baitz's first hit, *The Film Society.* Mantello, himself an actor, directed Lane in Terrence McNally's *Love! Valour! Compassion!*, a show that occasionally called for some exuberant exhibitionism. Recalls Lane, “I said to Terrence, ‘I cannot appear naked onstage. The Manhattan Theatre Club can't afford to lose more subscribers, children will weep, it's just going to be upsetting for everyone all around. Give me an apron and high heels!’ And that's what he did.”

Baitz's dark comedy, on the other hand, requires the baring of only the soul. “Two low-budget Hollywood producers are now selling tax shelters. It sounds—hey! Wacky!” says Lane. “But my character is more serious than that.” How serious? Says Baitz, “I think it's useful to think of him as a sort of Richard Nixon with Jewish timing.”

Q&A

***New York* Magazine:** *Nathan, do you remember the first time you met Robbie?*

Nathan Lane: I read his play *The Film Society,* thought it was an amazing play, and imagined the playwright to be a 50-year-old college professor. Then I met him, and he was, what, 22?

Jon Robin Baitz: Twenty-four.

Lane: I read some scenes, and he said, “I'd very much like you to do the play.” And I said, “Shouldn't we ask your parents first?”

Joe, how did you and Robbie meet?

Joe Mantello: I went to see a play at Naked Angels called *Chelsea Walls.* Robbie had a little role at the end.

Baitz: A literary editor.

Mantello: And he was wearing a purple suit—

Baitz: The store called it periwinkle. It made up for my lack of both acting ability and pheromonal heat.

Lane: [*To Mantello*] How could you help yourself? “Check out the guy in the periwinkle!”

Robbie, Mizlansky/Zilinsky *was your first play. Have you ever before gone back to an earlier work?*

Baitz: Never anything so cryogenically frozen.

What sent you back to the freezer?

Baitz: Last fall, the original producers of *Mizlansky/Zilinsky* wanted to do a radio version. It's easier to do radio than theater in L.A.—people are in the cars, and you have an audience actually. The old version of the play seemed somehow inadequate, so I rewrote it a bit. I missed the old L.A; all the old schleppers are going out like the dinosaurs. It drew me back in.

Nathan, how have people responded to the news that you're going to be doing a TV series, playing an opera singer turned vintner?

Lane: When I say I'm looking forward to it, they look at me like I've suggested I'm going on a killing spree. But these are writers and producers I've wanted to work with for a very long time. They do these little Noël Coward plays every week on *Frasier.*

People want to categorize you. If you're doing a movie, people say, “Have you abandoned the theater?” I say no, I just happen to be doing a movie right now. I could be home reading a book. Would that mean I've become . . . A Reader? That I've abandoned Going Out to Dinner?

Would you two work in TV?

Baitz: Absolutely. I've seen more intelligent writing and acting and directing on television than in most other places in the last year.

Mantello: I think people in New York have to underestimate TV to justify staying here. But I'm really interested in it now because I'm so tired of doing three months of work for one night. During the past couple of shows that I've done, I've thought, *Why am I doing all of this work?* I'm trying to grow, trying to work on things that are really challenging, but you really don't get any points for that. You don't. It's pass-fail.

Was it the product that made you unhappy, or its reception by critics and audiences?

Mantello: Probably all of the above. It's so tired to talk about the critics, but given the amount of time they have to write about a given project, there's no way it's going to equal the amount of energy and passion that has gone into it. It's always disappointing—it's a rave, and you think, *That's all they have to say?*

Baitz: I think there's a kind of tribalism at work in the New York theater, where one of the medicine men in the tribe comes to the top of the mountain, holds up the chicken, and if the entrails fall one way, people will dive into the ocean and drown themselves before the volcano comes up. That is an incredibly mixed metaphor.

Lane: I give that a 9.0. That was a beautiful thing! Ben Brantley with entrails flowing down.

Baitz: There's no one person—it's sort of a systemic weirdness.

Mantello: I think all three of us are [theater] addicts, or we wouldn't be here working for a buck-fifty. There's something so great about the tightrope act of having to go out and talk to those people in the dark every night.

Mantello: The people who are great are the people who keep going. Look at someone legendary like Julie Harris—I imagine that even she has experienced despair or felt, *What I do is not interesting to people.*

Lane: I just read an interview with Cherry Jones, and she said she'd told Julie Harris she was tired of theater and Julie Harris said, “You must never say that.” And slapped her or something. I love that kind of passion. “You must never say that.” Of course, Julie Harris was on *Knots Landing;* she must have gotten a *little* tired of theater. Deep down, she's right. We mustn't say that—otherwise they're going to close us down.

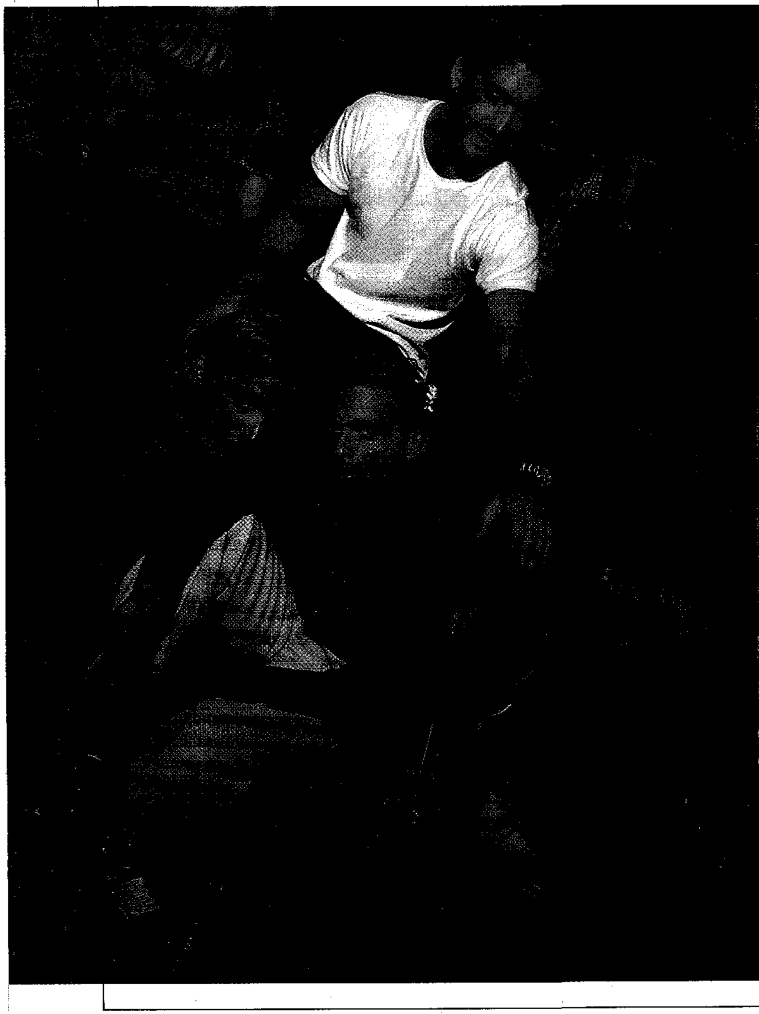
There's another reason that we do it—it is spiritual, it does fill the soul. Or fuel the soul. I don't know what I'm talking about now. Just slap me. Where's Julie Harris when you need her?

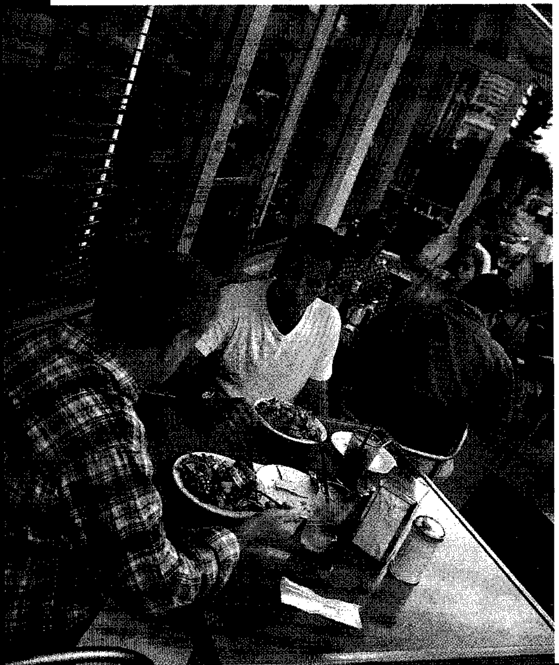
PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY/CPi

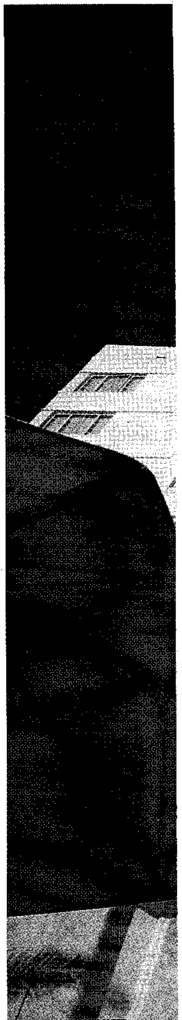
SHOWMEN: From left, Baitz, Lane, and Mantello.

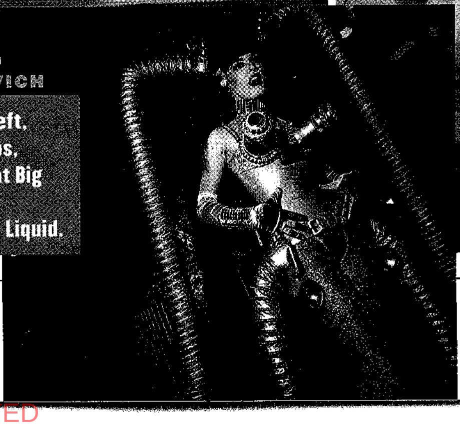
MIAMI'S n

Ocean Drive's been supplanted by Collins Avenue as the nexus of **SOUTH BEACH** cool. The burnished hip dine at Tantra; Goth night at Groove Jet is rave enough to wake the dead.







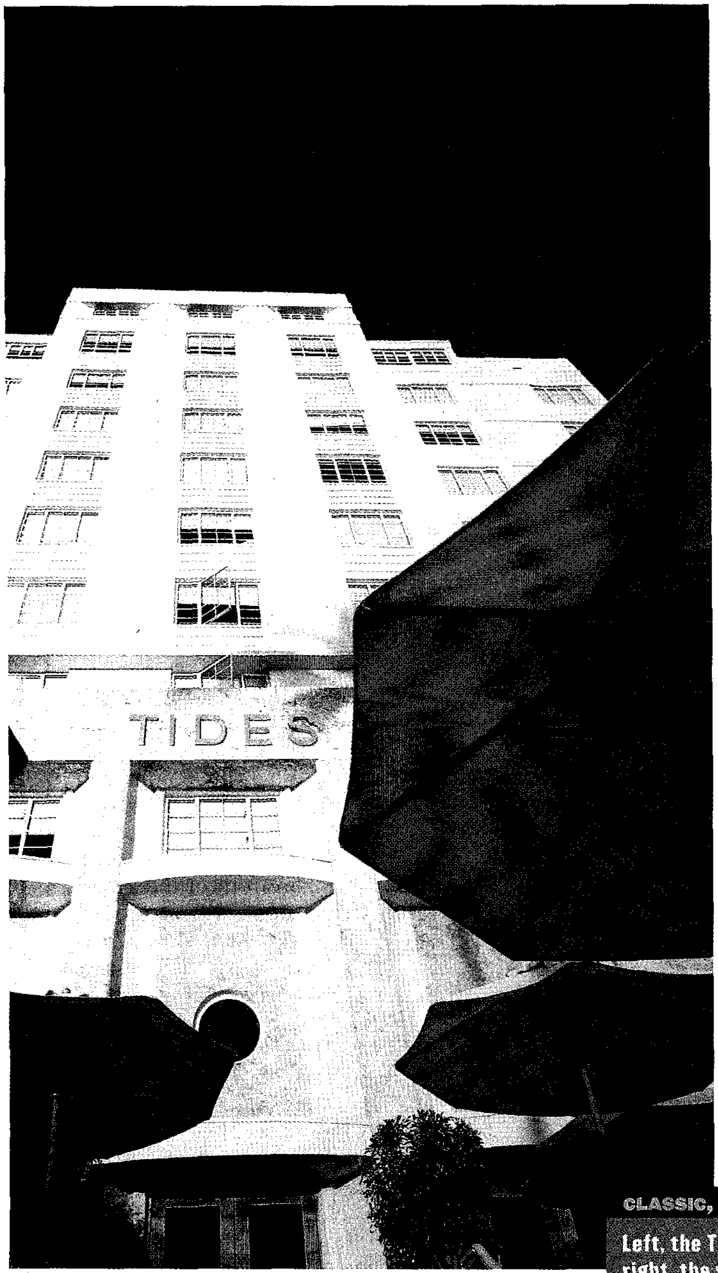


CLUB SANDWICH

Clockwise from left, crowding at Chaos, dining al fresco at Big Pink, attention-grabbing outside Liquid.

ew wave

BY RICK MARIN



LAST TIME I DROVE IN FROM MIAMI INTERNATIONAL Airport, it meant traveling in a bulletproof rental car with a loaded .45 in the glove compartment while keeping a gimlet eye on road signs to the beach or else risking going the way of those carjacked Germans and any other tourist who underestimated this city's predatory nature. Six years ago, South Beach was the renovated Raleigh Hotel, a couple of dingy nightclubs, and a lot of Art Deco crack houses. All that has changed now—the crack houses are swank hotels again—but the amazing thing about this sandy stretch of landfill is that whether you were here five years or five months ago, everything seems new *again.* Everything except that frisson of danger, the thrill you get from visiting a boomtown on the frontier of hip and hype, where every block is under construction and the air has the clean smell of new—or freshly laundered—money. "This is the most unprecedented phenomenon in real estate in the last hundred years," says SoHo developer Tony Goldman, who got in twelve years ago. Chris Paciello, one of the big club-owner prospectors, puts it more bluntly: "It's like the Wild West." There's an ocean somewhere around here, too.

Like its history, the geography of cool in South Beach is in constant flux. The parameters are tiny—three avenues deep and barely a dozen streets long, an area no bigger than Chelsea. Everything is a $5 cab ride away. Ocean Drive, with its blaring Bleecker Street–style tourist traps and rubberneckers videotaping themselves in front of Versace's house, is over. Collins, one back from the beachfront, is the new Ocean, dense with chic hotels like the Delano and retail meccas (Laundry Industry, Armani). Behind Collins is Washington, where Liquid and other clubs stop traffic every weekend. Lengthwise, the strip runs from 17th Street (the Raleigh) to 5th (China Grill). The wasteland south of 5th has just started to attract developers and already has a cutesy nickname, SoFi.

The exception to the Ocean Drive rule is the Tides, Chris Blackwell's luxe beachfront property. With its imposing, high bleached façade, it looks more like a nursing home

CLASSIC, NOT KITSCH

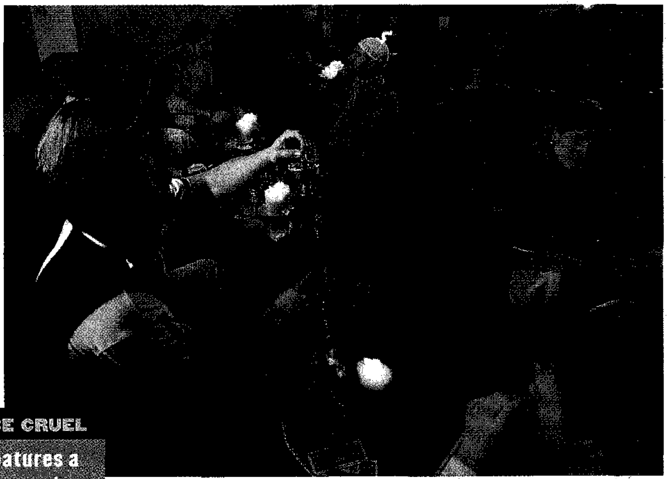
Left, the Tides hotel; right, the view from the Delano.

Photographed by Brian Smith

than like any of the retro-Deco hotels. The lobby and rooms have some of the same modern white-on-white Philippe Starckness as the Delano, but without the eccentric accessories.

When the bellman takes me up to the "Goldeneye" suite, I am both shaken and stirred by the expansive ocean view, the two baths, the Jacuzzi on the balcony, the telescope by the window. The Goldeneye goes for $800 a night in season, but the regular $350 rooms have almost all the same amenities, minus the Jacuzzi and extra bath. All have an ocean view. A horizontal mirror hung with a strategic view of the mahogany bed is more Austin Powers than 007, but why not? There is something voyeuristically shagadelic about South Beach. I immediately get down to work. Incredible how much detail one of these 'scopes can pick up. All the casual toplessness on the beach must be a function of the Euro invasion. That one looks French, maybe Italian . . . After a few hours of grueling reportage, I realize I'm late for a drink at Red Square. Trends arrive a little late in these parts; the wacky Soviet nostalgia craze that swept Manhattan a few years ago is just catching on. In protest, I order a French *vodka and wait for my local guides to* make contact.

Hardly anybody's here. Okay, 7:30 is early, especially in Miami, where savvy night creatures don't dine before eleven or club before two. A few blinis later, Jacquelynn Powers, social columnist for *Ocean Drive* magazine, shows up, followed by Michael Landau, a compact repository of information and cheerfulness. Both are New Yorkers. Powers is 25, Landau 26. In the *Logan's Run* world that is South Beach, nobody is over 30. We agree that Red Square is beat and head to Joia for dinner, where I receive my indoctrination in The Scene from Paciello. He, too, is a transplanted New Yorker: Brooklyn and Staten Island. Ethnically speaking, there are a lot more Tony Maneros than Tony Montanas in South Beach.



DON'T BE CRUEL
Tantra features a grass floor and food for lovers.

Now 26, Paciello started out as Ingrid Casares's partner in the club Liquid. They've just opened Joia. We're sitting in the back, the VIP zone. Paciello surveys the room. Sex, he explains, is the region's natural resource (though others will tell you it's the modeling and music industries), and your ability to enjoy or exude sex will pretty much define any lost weekend in South Beach.

Somebody at our table says South Beach is like the Love Boat. There are the regulars, and every week you get guest stars. No serious royalty on hand tonight, though Ingrid's pal Madonna is a likely future sighting. Among the luminaries, the editor of a local glossy magazine sits surrounded by models, or model wannabes. The unshaven ragheaded guy with them? "That's his pimp," Paciello says matter-of-factly, adding, "It's very forgiving down here."

A WALL OF LATINO MUSCLE stands between the entrance to Liquid and the sea of desperate humanity begging to get inside. Liquid is 23,000 square feet of chest-pounding techno, hip-hop, and loungecore. Liza Minnelli has likened it to Studio 54 because of the VIP bar's glass-walled view of the dance floor. Downstairs, in the mellower Liquid Lounge, club kids give way to club *adults. Liquid will open a New York* edition in the Flatiron district this year, if the neighbors allow it. I couldn't get out fast enough.

In Landau's black Land Rover, we make our way across town to Jimmy'z, which is on 41st Street but still considered part of the South Beach circuit. Everybody calls Jimmy'z "Regine's," after the legendary disco doyenne who took it over six months ago. It's members-only, but Landau has a "founders card," and any resourceful concierge should be able to get you in. With its disco balls and pure-seventies soundtrack, Regine's is a time warp favored by Eurotrash and Miami money.

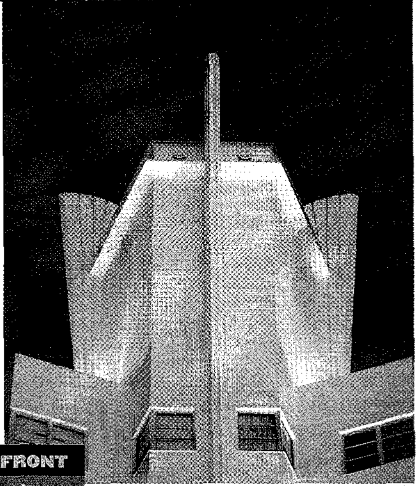
"This is a place for people who want to be pampered," says Shareef Malnik, Regine's partner. At 38, Malnik is one of the grand old men of the beach. "The mayor," his friend Paciello calls him, an interesting piece of local color, not merely because his real name happens to be Mark. (He changed it for his second wife, an Arab princess.) The suave, pencil-mustached young swell took over the family-owned restaurant, the Forge, and turned it around from a tired institution into a hot spot as popular with Michael Douglas as with Michael Jordan, not to mention the women drawn by such men. "There's, like, so much plastic surgery going on in there," says Jacquelynn Powers of the Forge on its hot night, Wednesday. "You've never seen so many fake breasts in your life."

At the moment, no breasts are on display because, at 2 A.M., the Forge is empty and dark. We sneak in through the "secret" hallway that adjoins Regine's and Malnik's restaurant. He flips on a few lights to show off his ornate, high-ceilinged main dining room. Without much prompting, he offers a tour of the wine cellar, where a bottle of 1822 Château Lafite-Rothschild lies *quietly awaiting the big-time oenophile* willing to part with $150,000. Tragically, Malnik can't find his key, so we don't actually get to see the antique Bordeaux. He apologetically offers a few X-rated tales of friends who have enjoyed the privacy of the cellar for purposes other than winetasting.

Al Capone called South Beach "the sunny Italy of the New World." He sat out the St. Valentine's Day Massacre here. This was a guy who understood the need for stress management. I resolve to take his cue. When my companion for the weekend arrives from New York, we make for the sea, a hundred yards in front of the Tides' front door. I crack open *Miami Beach: A History*, by Howard Kleinberg: "Motion pictures were being filmed amid the coconut trees of the young city and seaplanes carrying tourists were a regular sight flying overhead and landing in the ocean." That was 75 years ago. No more seaplanes, but motion pictures have returned—Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon, and Ben Stiller are shooting one at the moment—and Miami Beach is still as young as it was then. It's just been around longer.

And it keeps reinventing itself. Take Lincoln Road. A pedestrian thoroughfare just this side of 17th Street, Lincoln was rejuvenated when a couple of millionaire arts patrons shepherded some real estate into the hands of local artists, who paved the way for the gentrified mall of coffee houses, restaurants, and galleries it is today. There's a Lucky Cheng's but no Starbucks or Gap. We walk by Michael Caine's South Beach Brasserie, opting for a newer eatery at the other end of the beach: Big Pink.

It's a large, *Jetsons*-style diner on Collins's new frontier south of 5th. The outside tables at Big Pink are populated by affectless refugees from the fashion fringe. The "TV dinner" on the menu sounds too gross, but the polenta fries are addictive and the orange-and-beet salad is a juicy confection of citrus and savory. The place belongs to Myles Chefetz, who made Nemo one of the few successful combinations of scene and cuisine on the beach. After a pit stop at the new Cynthia Rowley store on 8th Street, we make our way back to the Tides to dress—or, as is the custom in these parts, undress—for dinner at Nemo.



OFF THE WATERFRONT
Right, the Delano hotel; above, brunch at the Leslie.

We've been invited to a party for High Voltage, an alarmingly cheerful trainer to the stars, in Nemo's pretty front courtyard, which sits under the protective sprawl of an 80-year-old pigeon plum tree. Frightened by Ms. Voltage's high-impact energy level, we retreat indoors to the soft yellow light of the illuminated ostrich eggs on the bar. "I felt there was a big void down here," Chefetz says. "The focus was all on hype. There weren't really a lot of food services. Prices were high, with a lot of attitude but no hospitality."

We end up sitting at a small table, away from La Voltage and her entourage, with Robert and Tanya Strong. They arrived from Dallas in September to open White, a salon in a beautiful little coral house on Collins formerly occupied by Oribe. "The service here sucks!" Robert laments. As if on cue, our busboy tries for the second time to remove Tanya's dinner plate prematurely. When one of us politely complains, the busboy-model turns on his heel and stage-whispers, "Whatever!" After dinner, we head outside for a cab and see an EMS truck and police car across the street. A woman is down, stabbed by a mugger, a sobering reminder that South Beach is wild in good ways and bad.

To recover from the trauma of the previous night—the stabbing, the busboy—we spend the next day drying out on Fisher Island (see sidebar) and the evening at Tantra, a sort of theme restaurant for the erotic gourmand. There's a grass floor—*real* grass, like, growing in the earth—and fiber-optic "stars" in the ceiling. A photographer named Evi table-hops with a camera, offering kinky photo shoots in a back room stocked with costumes—and a bed.

"There are only two activities that use all your senses at once: eating and making love," says co-owner Tim Hogle, who has been practicing dentistry and meditation for twenty years. "So we wanted to combine them." From 26-year-old chef Michael Jacobs's oyster appetizer to the flawlessly cooked steak and truffle mashed potatoes, this is the culinary climax of the trip, and a tough act to follow. A quick drink at the Delano doesn't live up: The lobby has a cheesy, touristy vibe. (I know I am one, but I don't want to be reminded of it.) Lucky 13, a dark, multiroom dance club–lounge in the basement of the Shelbourne, isn't much better. I sense a Causeway element, the local equivalent of Bridge & Tunnel, maybe sniffing around for a brush with co-owner Traci Lords. Chaos, a brand-new New York import with separate civilian and VIP entrances, is supposedly jammed much of the week: Tonight it's empty and smells vaguely of vomit.

I'd been told that all roads lead to Groove Jet, the latest of the late-night scenes, and it does not disappoint. Next to a gas station in the middle of nowhere, Groove is the flagship club from the people who brought you Jet Lounge and all the other assorted Manhattan and Hampton Jets. Sunday at Groove is the Church, a weekly party for "gravers"— Goth rave kids in flowing black Lestat getups and Elizabethan collars, exuding deep melancholia. Their enthusiasm, visible under even the most wan and pallid visage, is catching. The music, which the D.J. tells me is "classic alternative," is Sex Pistols, R.E.M., extremely danceable. If you have a Goth fetish, or even if you don't, this may be the most fun you can have without actually being dead.

For my last night, I move to the Hotel Astor, an immaculate hideaway tucked all the way back on Washington. You can see why celebs would dig this place. It's cool, efficient, inconspicuous but not too. I have a drink with Karim Masri, the urbane 25-year-old owner. By the pool outside the hotel's superb restaurant, this scion of an extremely wealthy Lebanese family tells me how "this young entrepreneurial culture doesn't exist anywhere else except Seattle and Silicon valley, only here it's not tech-based, it's real-estate-based." He reduced the number of rooms by a third and made them jewel boxes of earth-toned Deco-contempo design (at $295 for a junior suite, it's also cheaper than the Delano). "Everything's on dimmer," he adds, proud of the mood lighting his guests can enjoy. After four days with all your lights on, there are no more soothing words. ▬

little palm island

has no phones or TVs in its straw-topped bungalows; it's a snugglers' paradise (though you can also scuba-dive and kayak if you must).

IN RETROSPECT, THE PEARLY-WHITE stretch limo should have been a giveaway. Big as a houseboat and swank as Trump Tower, it was moored grandly at the curb when we arrived in Miami, ready to whisk us to Little Palm Island, a lush, exclusive resort 120 miles away. Our driver, Jim, a genial man nattily attired in white shorts and gleaming-white patent-leather shoes, assured me that the wife and I were in for the time of our lives. "You two lovebirds just relax," he purred as we sank into the cavernous backseat. A bottle of chilled Cristal was perched seductively on a console.

Little Palm is an island primarily designed for couples who are (a) rich, (b) in love, or (c) in heat. Sadly, Michelle and I fall short on all three counts. Michele is a 27-year-old crime reporter for the *Daily News* who proudly traces her pedigree back to an Alaskan trailer park. I'm a manic, slightly worse-for-wear editor at this magazine, and while I'm sure my mother still entertains some dim hope of a future Mrs. Roshan, my former colleagues at *Queer Week* would be rightly skeptical. Still, the idea of a three-day vacation on a remote island was irresistible, especially given the sorry state of our actual affairs.

The drive from Miami to Little Torch Key—where you catch a ferry to Little Palm—took three and a half grueling hours (next time, we vowed, the plane). Greeting us at the dock was Pat, the island's New Agey, New Jersey–born hostess. "Welcome to Paradise," she said.

ACTUALLY, LITTLE PALM ISLAND IS WHAT Gilligan's Island would look like if the Howells staged a coup and forced everyone else into servitude. In the forties and fifties, it was a vacation site for Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. In 1962, Warner Bros. used it as the setting for *PT 109*. Even now, there's a slightly artificial, stage-set feel about the place, with its swaying trees, too-blue water, and gaudy sunsets. The island covers just six acres, every inch of which is constantly being polished, pruned, and painted by roving groundskeepers (every few days, one of them goes around shooting up the Malayan palms, which require regular doses of penicillin to survive here).

Little Palm's rooms, which will run you from $400 to $725 per night, contain no televisions, telephones, or clocks. Guests who request a wake-up call are obliged by a bellboy who pounds on the door until there's a response. The sole pay phone on the island is hidden in a wooden kiosk that once served as Truman's outhouse. Despite the lack of amenities, Little Palm has become a choice destination for privacy-obsessed celebrities from Ivana Trump to Michael Jordan. Drew Barrymore recently sailed over with a dozen girlfriends, and a sobbing Kathie Lee escaped here with Frank to patch things up *après l'affaire.*

LUSH LIFE FDR and Harry Truman vacationed on Little Palm.

AFTER A QUICK DINNER, WE STUMBLED TO our room, eyed each other suspiciously, and rolled onto opposite sides of the bed. The next day, rising early, we bounded out to meet our fellow guests. They seemed less than eager to meet us. There were some two dozen people on the island, almost all of them coupled. The average age was about 40, though there were several twentyish honeymooners, a gaggle of rowdy Euro-retirees, and one mother-daughter team. No one talked to us at all. Desperate for entertainment, I came to rely on a musclebound Fabio type and his bowlegged, Barbiesque girlfriend, who kept bursting into obscene baby talk and groping her fella crudely in the sand.

Thirty straw-topped bungalows are artfully scattered about the island, shaded by lush Jamaican palms and named for local birds—the Tricolor Heron, the Reddish Egret, and the Osprey. Each of the "tikis" has an unobstructed view of the ocean. The wife and I are installed in Suite 15, the Woodpecker. Especially at night, when the trail is pitch-black, it's all too easy to mistake one bungalow for another (as I found out, to my mortification, not to mention that of the frisky elderly couple next door).

The whole setup is designed to coax even the most contentious couples into connubial bliss (or at least into the bed, which is decorated with leopard throw pillows and dramatically draped in yards of Mombasa mosquito netting). Every bungalow has a wraparound porch with a table and chairs, where you can sip coffee in the morning and dine by candlelight at night. In addition to a roomy Jacuzzi, there's an outdoor shower, where you can bathe naked under the stars while peeking at the neighbors through bamboo slats.

Actually, despite the island's small size, it's easy to avoid human contact, which is, for most who come here, exactly the point. The sole communal activity is sunbathing. Unlike most other areas of the keys, Little Palm Island has a white-sand beach dotted with deck chairs and a forest of azure umbrellas. Next to each umbrella is a tiny pink flag that guests raise to summon immediate service. During the three days we were there, most of our fellow guests were content to lounge on the beach, madly waving their flags, rising only to dip into the pool or to down another mai tai from the bar.

Not that there's any shortage of activities. In addition to snorkeling, kayaking, fishing, scuba diving, tours of the Keys, and the obligatory sunset cruise, Little Palm features a full-service spa where you can get a facial or a massage. But for most people, including us, the most taxing ac-

Photograph by Tom Burke/Rob Camarena.

tivity of the day was walking to and from the dining room.

The food at Little Palm is justifiably famous. Chef Michel Reymond has been serving up innovative French-Caribbean cuisine since the place opened ten years ago, and his handiwork with local seafood—keeping things simple to emphasize natural flavors—is clearly the reason why crowds make their way to the island just to dine.

Throughout our stay, Michele had to sign for things as Mrs. Maer Roshan, and soon enough I took to the charade as well. In the morning, we'd take short strolls along the beach. At night, we'd share intimate candlelit dinners by the sea. But then Michele became obsessed with our waiter, Jesse, and it was all over. "Is that any way to treat your *husband*?" I snapped bitterly, on our last evening, as the pianist played "Bolero" especially for us.

But as Michele wisely noted, it's a rare couple that can withstand three whole days together alone on a desert island, especially when there's no cable. "You know," she mused, as we limoed back to Miami the next morning. "Maybe we're just not cut out for paradise."

MAER ROSHAN

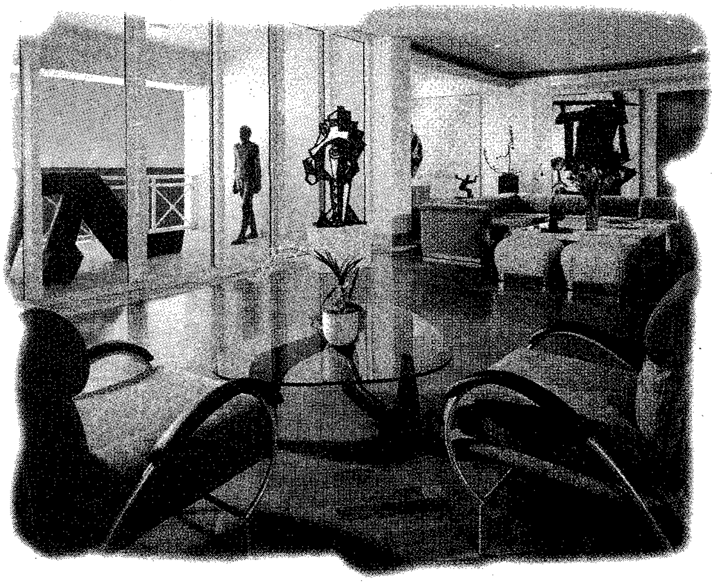
fisher island

is an exclusive playground where Vanderbilts once frolicked and the new rich can golf, swim, and mostly lounge in five-star luxury.

"NOBODY GETS ON THE ISland we don't want to get on," says Herb Pianin, manager of the hotel on Fisher Island, the ultraexclusive residential resort eight minutes by ferry from South Beach. But despite the vaunted maximum-security border guards, my girlfriend and I waltz on and off the ferry without anyone's so much as asking our names. When Pianin hears this news after picking us up at the dock in his golf cart, he says, "You've ruined my day," and promises heads will roll.

Welcome to Fantasy Island. The ultimate gated community, this former winter estate of W. K. Vanderbilt is a haven for people with too much money or too much fame and serious privacy issues. Oprah Winfrey has set up camp on its 216 acres with a 6,000-square-foot condo and a couple of satellite pads, one for her trainer and another for visiting members of her entourage. Jim Courier likes it for the ATP-quality tennis courts: hard, clay, *and* grass. This isn't Palm Beach. The money's so new here, they're practically minting it on the premises. If you're a generic rich person with $550,000 to $9 million to burn on a condo with views of the Miami sky-

"My friends think I chose Grand Bay Towers because of my art collection." "Actually I had another reason."



"Of course, such a large Key Biscayne condominium home — with high ceilings and magical ocean light — makes a wonderful setting.

"And the security of a private tower, set within a gated 44-acre island enclave, is also appealing.

"But what charmed me most was the amazing peace of mind I find here. It's like an intimate resort village by the sea, shared by a small group of friends.

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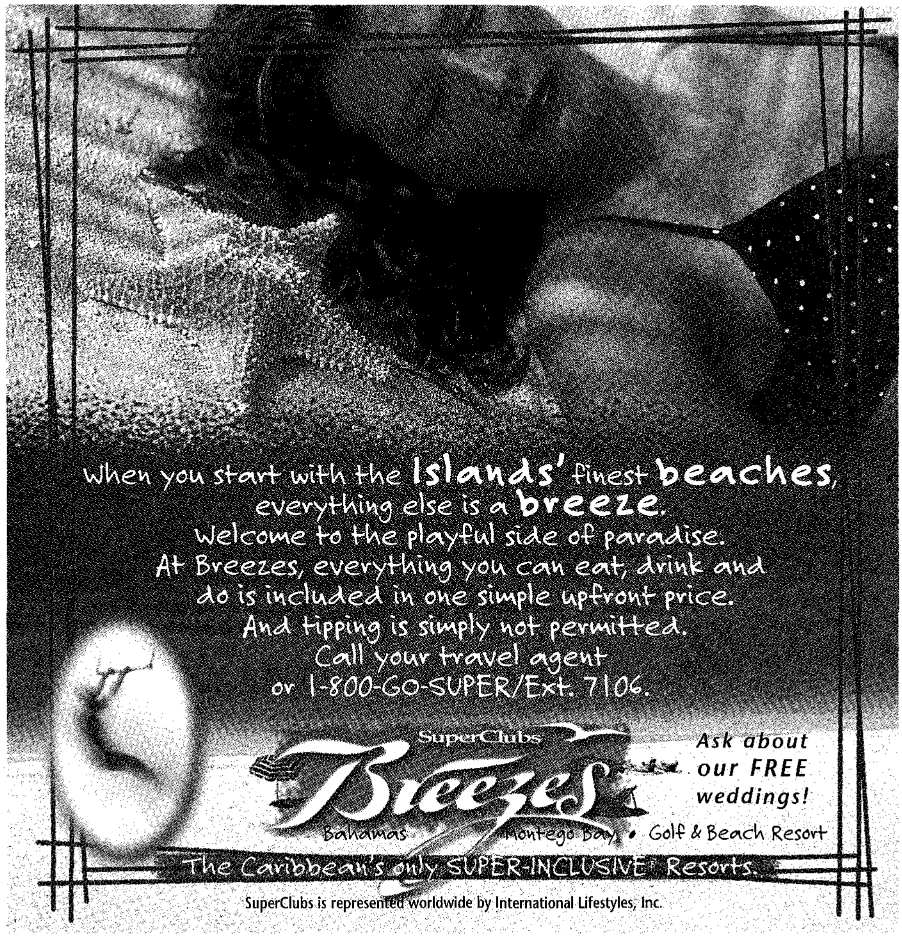
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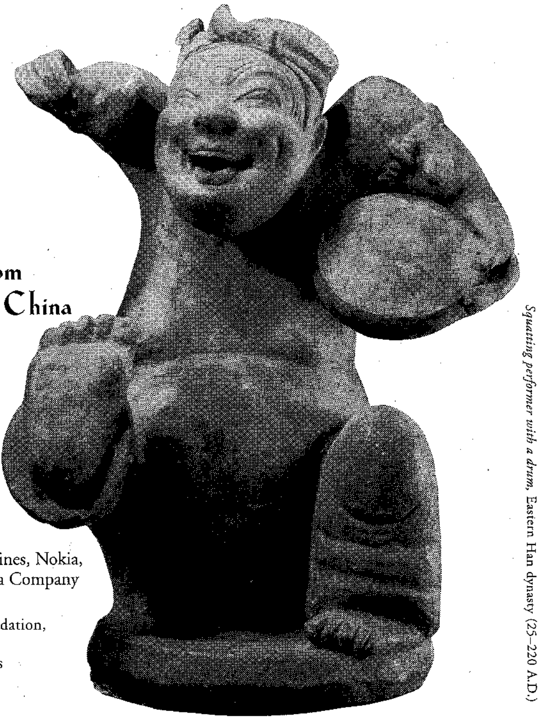
Squatting performer with a drum, Eastern Han dynasty (25–220 A.D.)

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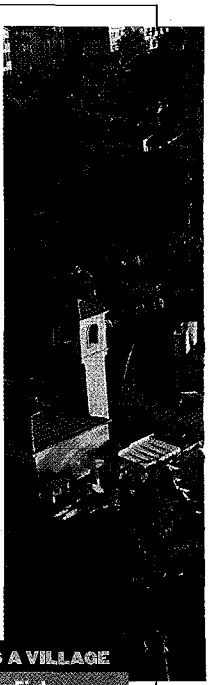
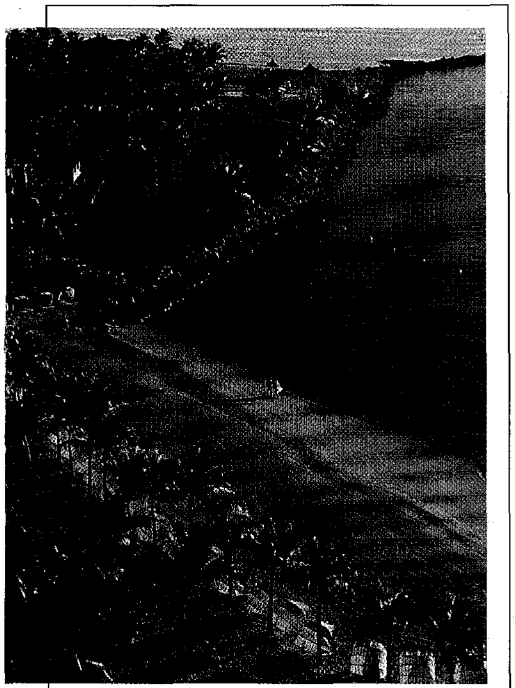

IT TAKES A VILLAGE
Hard time, Fisher Island-style.

line, this is the place.

Even if you're only modestly loaded, you can still get a piece of the Fisher action, because it's also a hotel. For the temporary guest, there are two ways to go. One is an apartment with two or three bedrooms ($610 to $1,450 a night), wraparound terraces, and mini-bar snacks in the kitchen. The quainter option is one of the $385-per-night bed-and-breakfasty cottages that Vanderbilt built off his mansion, a huge Spanish-style hacienda with a courtyard aviary still stocked with toucans, parrots, and peacocks perched on the old tile roof. (In the twenties, Vanderbilt traded the island to Miami Beach developer Carl Fisher in exchange for his yacht.) The accommodations are first-rate, but the real added value is outside the rooms themselves, in the five-star facilities available to guests and residents alike. The beach is a sheltered cove with yellow-and-white-striped cabanas and fine white sand imported from the Bahamas. The nine-hole P.B. Dye golf course has five tee difficulties, from ladies' to gold, for pro tournaments like the Merrill Lynch Shootout.

Unlike other high-end resorts, Fisher Island feels like a village. It's got a fire house, a post office, a crack EMS team guaranteed to arrive in less than three minutes. It happens to be a village where the locals ride in Bentleys, white stretch limos, and Mercedes golf carts. "These are well-heeled, high-profile individuals," says Pianin. Not just Americans easing into their golden years but Brazilians, Argentines, Italians, Germans, and anyone in his or her late forties to sixties belonging to what Pianin describes as "that certain niche of individual that doesn't care what they're spending."

A quick browse in the general store tells you the tax bracket of the average shopper. At the deli counter, a bottle of Dom Pérignon sits next to the cole slaw. There are entire displays of DP, Veuve Cliquot, Moët. Apparently, residents pick up cases of bubbly as if they were six-packs of beer. Asked if catering to this pampered class can be difficult, Pianin says, "I think we have



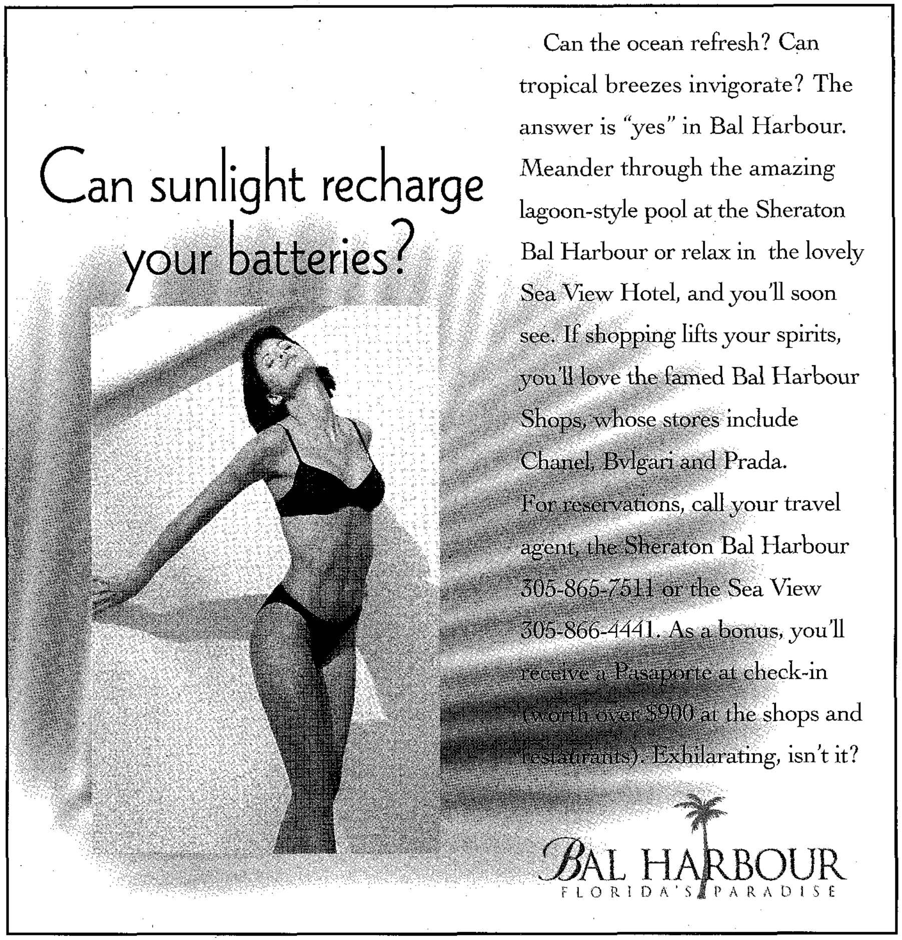
the biggest egos in the world here. They're accustomed to having everything *now.* If they want 24 hangers, they want them *now.*" And they get them. Given that there's a staff of 550, the ratio of irrepressibly friendly service people to guests is as extravagant as on a cruise ship.

At the Clubhouse restaurant overlooking the deep-water, fiberglass marina, where caviar is standard lunch fare, the waiters aren't out-of-work actors; they're pros in the European manner (ours was from Italy). A model walks serenely among the tables, displaying couture from the local boutique. These are the fringe benefits of hanging out with the superrich. The island's "strongest amenity," according to Pianin, is the Spa Internazionale. Its hard-core gym features the newest Cybex equipment and a relaxing harbor view. Spa treatments run from the standard Swedish massage to a thermal mud treatment to the trendy (and smelly) algae body mask. Another *La Dolce Vita* touch is the Roman shower, a cascade of 100-degree water that will loosen any Gordian shoulder knots that the massage didn't.

"Serenity now!," as George Costanza's father once exulted on *Seinfeld.* Tension-reduction-wise, they've thought of everything here. Aerobics on the beach. A kids' program from ten to four. ("You don't even see them," promises Pianin.) The symphony and ballet come for command performances. And if your tastes run to livelier action, South Beach is just a white-stretch-limo ride on the ferry away.

Rick Marin

Photograph courtesy of Fisher Island Club.


Can sunlight recharge your batteries?

Can the ocean refresh? Can tropical breezes invigorate? The answer is "yes" in Bal Harbour. Meander through the amazing lagoon-style pool at the Sheraton Bal Harbour or relax in the lovely Sea View Hotel, and you'll soon see. If shopping lifts your spirits, you'll love the famed Bal Harbour Shops, whose stores include Chanel, Bvlgari and Prada. For reservations, call your travel agent, the Sheraton Bal Harbour 305-865-7511 or the Sea View 305-866-4441. As a bonus, you'll receive a Pasaporte at check-in (worth over $900 at the shops and restaurants). Exhilarating, isn't it?

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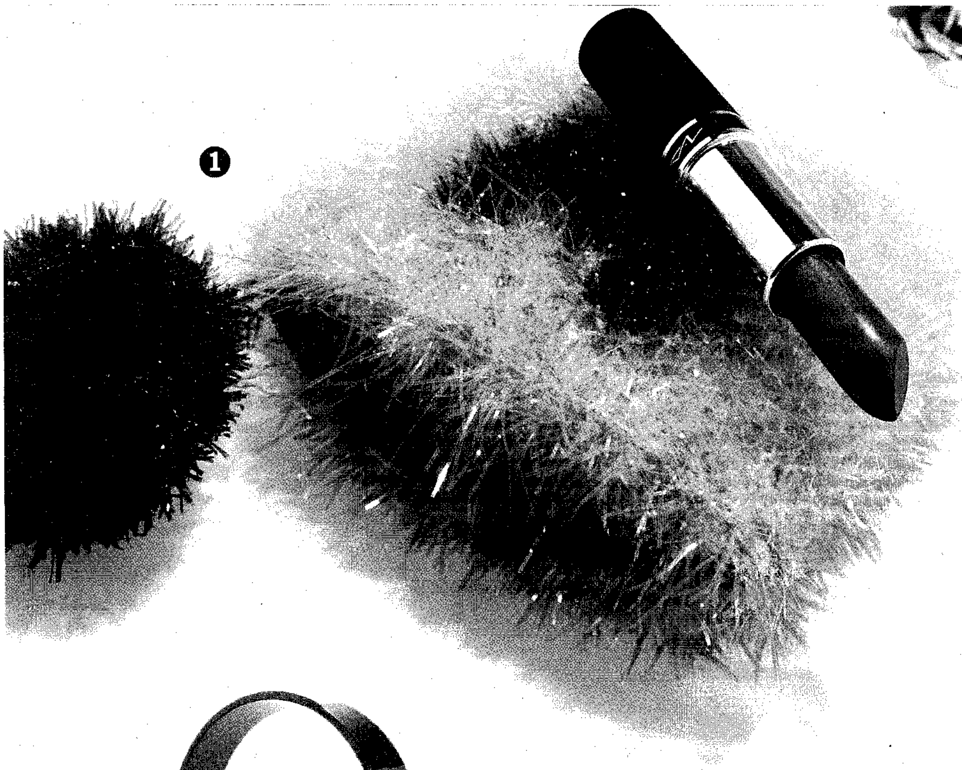

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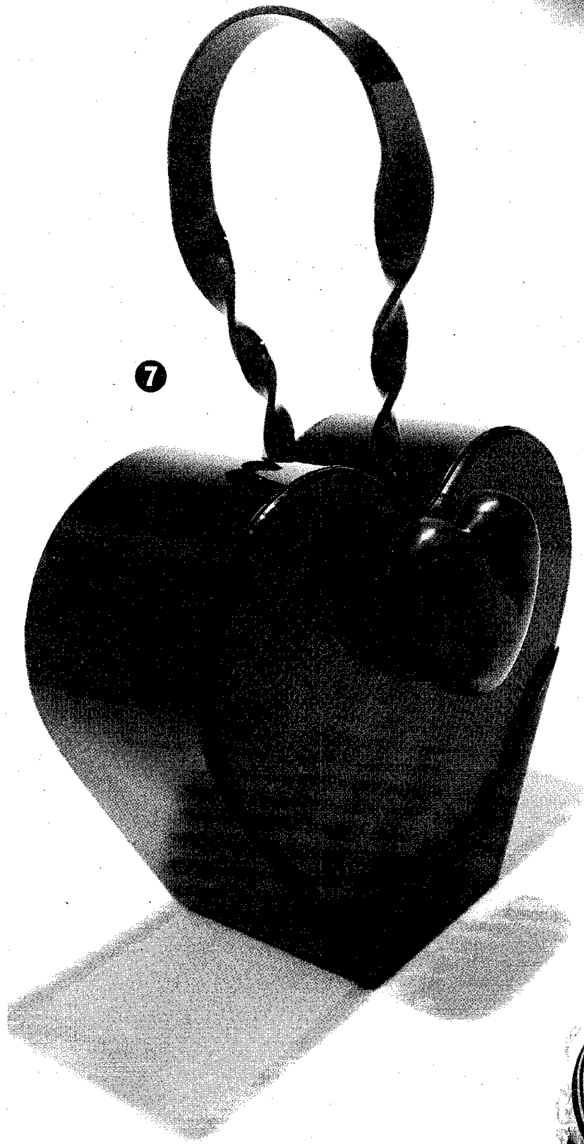

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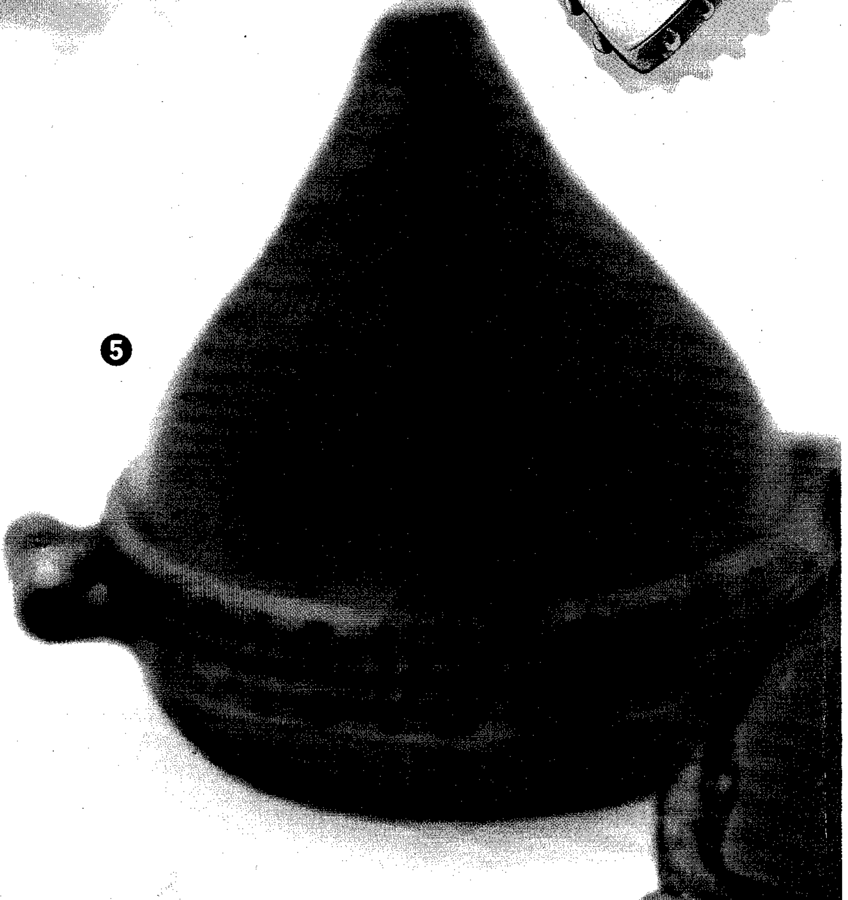

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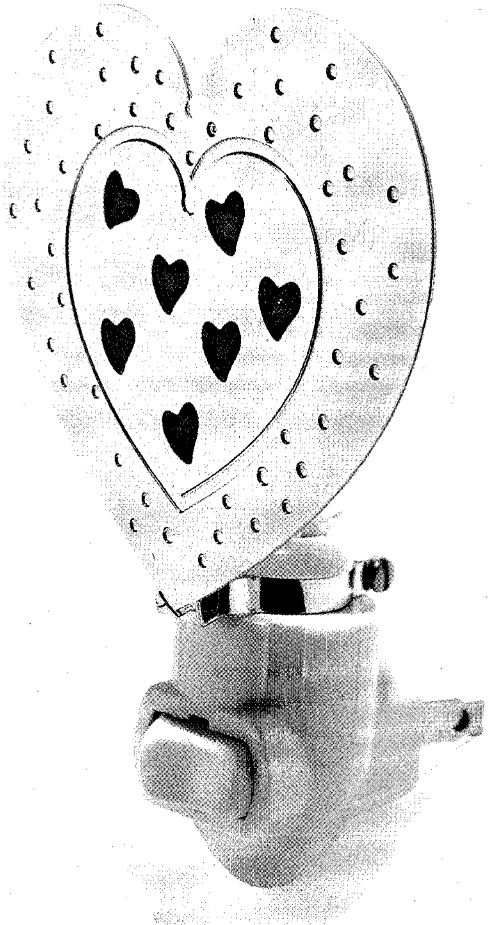
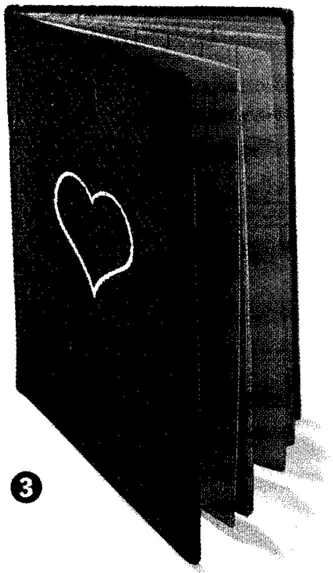
AOC
Neufchâtel
au lait cru
LANQUETOT
Coeur du Berry
Fromage de chèvre
Coeur

4





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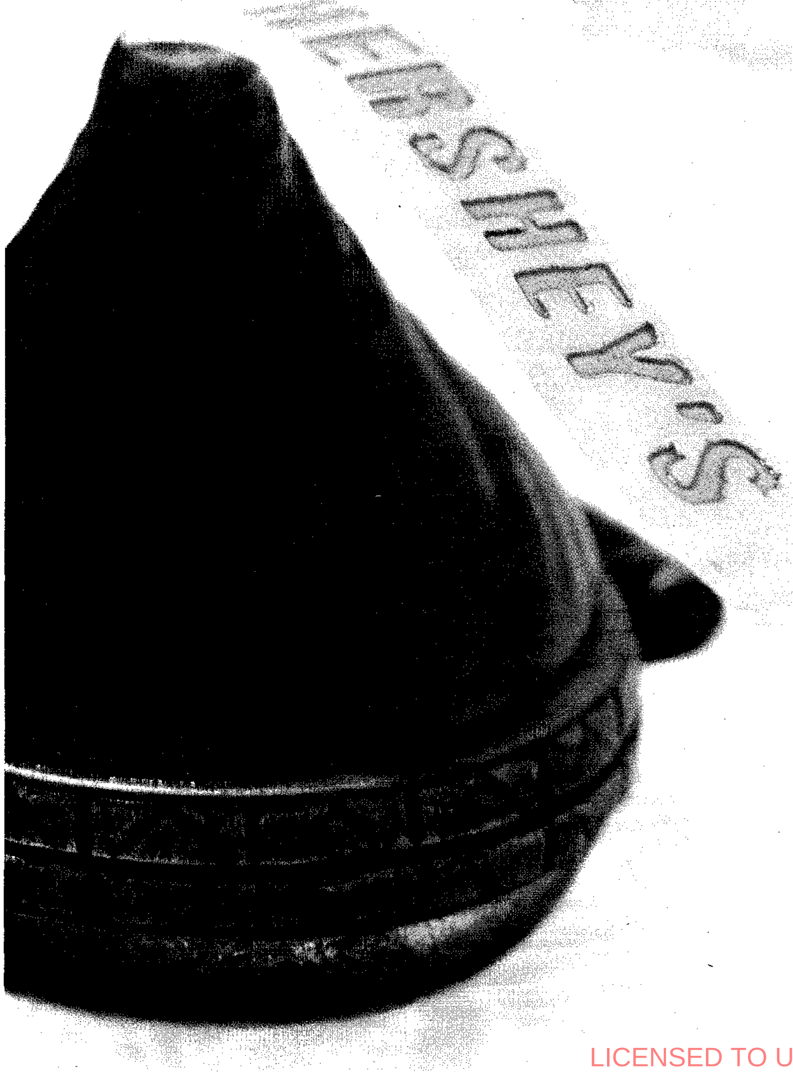


BEST BETS

Hearts, of course. But this Valentine's Day, they're as likely to be made of goat cheese or nickel as chocolate.

BY CORKY POLLAN

1. Lucky Wang nylon-tinsel makeup bag with M.A.C. Be My Valentine lipstick is $15 at M.A.C. (14 Christopher Street, 243-4150; and 113 Spring Street, 334-4641). **2.** Barbara Klar sterling-silver toggle necklace is $228 at Clear Metals (72 Thompson Street; 941-1800) and Fragments (107 Greene Street; 334-9588). **3.** Smythson of Bond Street credit-card-size leather telephone book is $18 on Barneys New York's second floor. **4.** Robinwood Home Collection nickel nightlight is $24.95 at Eclectic Home (224 Eighth Avenue, near 21st Street; 255-2373). **5.** Life-size Hershey's Kisses porcelain hinged boxes are $20 each at Serendipity (225 East 60th Street; 838-3531). **6.** Jacquin handmade hearts of Neufchâtel brie are $7.99 for six ounces; goat-cheese hearts are $6.99 for eight ounces, at the Vinegar Factory (431 East 91st Street; 987-0885). **7.** Loup Illumina acrylic handbag with hand-carved heart clasp is $380 at Serendipity.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCESCO MOSTO

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

What's in a Name?

Silly labels, solid savings: *Super-duper housewares at Mxyplyzyk; downtownish fashions—even for moms-to-be—from* **Pumpkin and Pixie.**

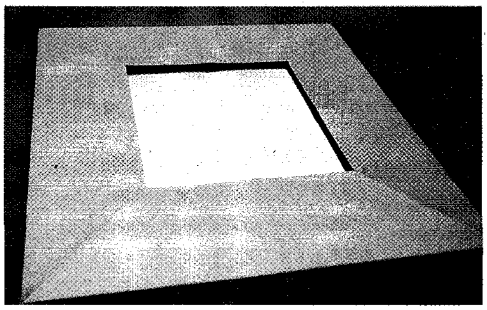
PUMPKIN AND PIXIE, BY VIRTUE OF their names alone, have good reason to hold a joint sale. But they have others too—they are friends and they're both talented young designers (Pumpkin makes maternity clothes in styles that one would want to wear even not pregnant, and Pixie designs hip garb that sells at places like Steven Alan in SoHo). Everything at the sample sale will be $20–$40. *Pixie Yates showroom, 225 Lafayette St., Room 707 (431-3150); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 11–6; 2/14.*

Sui Generous

"PRICED TO MOVE" IS AN ESPECIALLY ACCURATE phrase at Anna Sui's fall merchandise clearance. All of her jackets, dresses, blazers, shoes, and handbags will be 40 to 70 percent off. *Anna Sui, 113 Greene St. (941-8406); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11:30–7, Sun. 12–6; 2/14 while supplies last.*

Painting Pillows

VERDUNO—a home-accessories company that usually sells only to the trade—uses fabrics created by artists and architects like Evan Polenghi and Richard Bloch for its stuff. As a result, some of its pillows look more like a Mondrian painting than something you should actually lean on. But they are, in fact, extremely comfortable. Silk pillows, retail $310, here $79–$150; silk throws, retail $630–$650, here $199–$250; silk duvets and comforters, retail $925–$1,145, here $199–$600. *Frederic Williams Showroom, 200 Lexington Ave., nr. 33rd St., sixth floor; checks accepted; Wed.–Fri. 10–5; 2/11–2/13.*



Foiled again: Mxyplyzyk's gleaming mirrors (inset) and aluminum trike.

Perfectly Myxed

ONE OF OUR ALL-TIME FAVORITE WEST VILLAGE stores—Mxyplyzyk—is having its annual sale, with everything in the place 20 percent off. Metal wall mirrors, were $325, now $260; scented and striped candles, were $18, now $14.40; cast-aluminum tricycle, was $275, now $220. *Mxyplyzyk, 125 Greenwich Ave., at 13th St. (989-4300); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–5; 2/15–2/28.*

South of Houston

FOR MEXICAN AND LATIN AMERICAN HOME furnishings and folk art, check out Bazaar Sabado's large selection, including wrought-iron queen-size bed, was $1,200, now $1,020; trastero, was $995, now $796; pine chair, was $295, now $100. *Bazaar Sabado, 54 Greene St. (941-6152); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 11:30–6:30, Sun. 12–5:30; 2/9–2/28.*

Kiddie Lit

PICKING UP A COPY OF *FROM THE Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* made us remember how great this kids' book is—we became desperate to spend a couple of days and nights in the Metropolitan Museum paying for lunch with pennies from the fountain. All of the tried-and-true titles are on sale at BookSmart, as is its other merch. Hardcover *Madeline*, retail $16.99, here $12.75; Arthur plush toy, retail $26.95, now $18.85. Among grown-ups' books, *The Union Square Cookbook*, retail $30, now $22.50. *BookSmart, 27 W. 20th St., Room 506 (675-8677); A.E.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5; 2/9–2/13.*

Girls' Club

TO BUY FOR YOURSELF—OR PREFERABLY TO receive as a gift for Valentine's Day—John Barrett Salon is offering a special package. The "Barrett girl" gives you a haircut, manicure, pedicure, makeup application, and lipstick for $225 (valued at $282). *John Barrett Salon, Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Ave., nr. 58th St., ninth floor (872-2700); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9–6, Thurs. till 7:15; 2/9–2/21.*

Fresh Coats

A LOEHMANN'S WAREHOUSE SALE THAT OFfers coats and furs at 50 to 70 percent off makes this a perfect time to buy a new coat for next season. Designer wool pea coats, were $400, now $99; Italian designer long wool coats, were $730, now $149. *New York State Armory, 68 Lexington Ave., between 25th and 26th Sts.; M.C., V., checks; Fri., Sat., Mon. 9–9, Sun. 10–6; 2/13–2/16.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.

LUC SANTE

The Plot Dickens

Peter Carey's new novel echoes the work of a certain nineteenth-century British author, but 'Jack Maggs' is inventive enough to stand on its own.

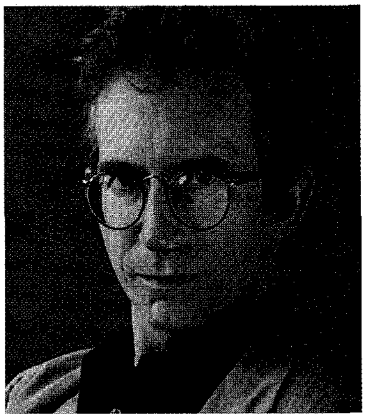
Jack Maggs
BY PETER CAREY
Knopf; 304 pages; $24

PETER CAREY'S LATEST BOOK IS A DICKENSIAN novel—but don't turn the page. Calling a novel Dickensian is ordinarily even worse than calling a movie Capraesque; not only is treacle implied but Ye Olde treacle at that. And pastiche novels of any description tend to have an evanescent shelf life. Even when they're more than merely clever, they are prone to the fate of those Vermeer forgeries from the late forties, which nowadays look like magazine illustrations of their own time.

Carey, though, has built a better mousetrap. *Jack Maggs* is a robust novel, set in London in the 1830s, that employs elements we associate with Dickens even as it stands resolutely on its own feet. It doesn't exactly pretend to have been written in the 1830s, although it burrows deep into the language and mode of thinking of that era. And while it is laden with the intertextual references that are the hallmark of the present, these are recessed, designed so that you won't notice them if you don't want to.

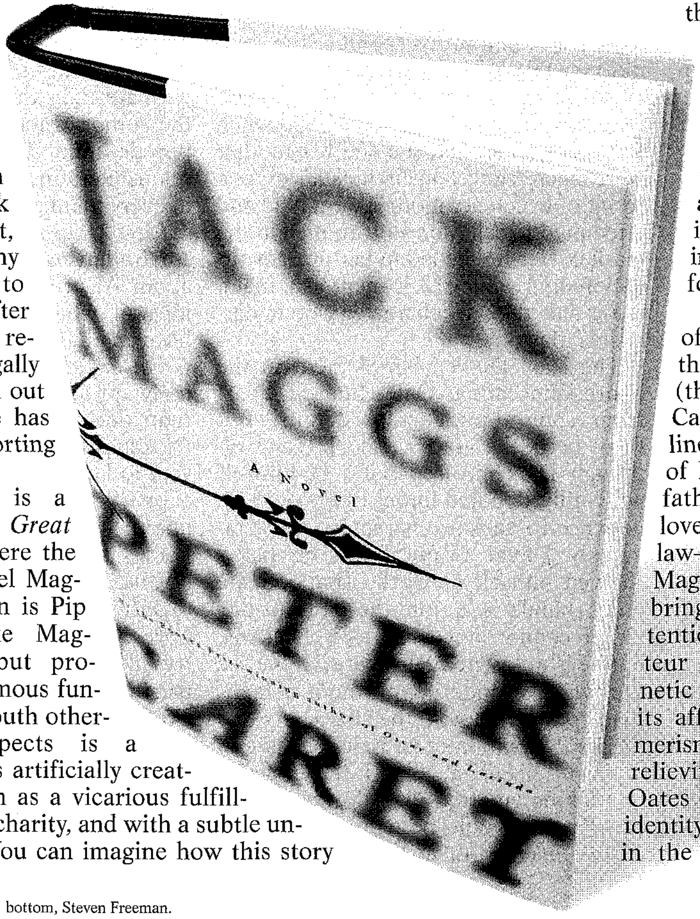
Accordingly, it wasn't until I had finished reading that the obvious allusion occurred to me. Jack Maggs is an ex-convict, transported to Botany Bay, who went on to prosper in Australia after his release. He has returned to England illegally and incognito, to seek out the orphan whom he has secretly been supporting over the years.

That, of course, is a prominent subplot of *Great Expectations,* only there the convict's name is Abel Magwitch and the orphan is Pip himself. Maggs, like Magwitch, is uncouth but profound, and his anonymous funneling of funds to a youth otherwise without prospects is a complex matter. He is artificially creating a gentleman, both as a vicarious fulfillment and as an act of charity, and with a subtle undertone of revenge. You can imagine how this story would sound to an Australian, especially an expatriate Australian like Peter Carey. If class-conscious Americans abroad (viz. Henry James) always feel they have something to prove, then are Australians ever allowed to forget they come from a nation settled by convicts? In that light, the tale of Magwitch is an archetype.



In this book, though, the favored orphan is nearly beside the point. For one thing, he is distinctly unworthy—he's a fop who'd rather die than admit the source of his wealth, even to himself. Maggs is like an obsessive lover in regard to this phantom ward, who for most of the action is absent from the house Maggs has bought and furnished for him. Through a fluke, Maggs, who cuts an unlikely figure as a servant, gets taken on as footman at the house next door, owned by a scholarly former grocer who himself can thank a peculiar legacy for his rise in the world. Maggs employs his Popeye-like strength to propel himself across the rooftops and slip into the empty house at night, where he sits and writes a memoir, in mirror script and invisible ink, intended for the tenant.

A greater beneficiary of Maggs's presence is the author Tobias Oates (the name is one of Carey's many little sideline jokes), who is sort of like Dickens—debtor father, upward mobility, love affair with sister-in-law—and sort of not. It is Maggs's unlikely job that brings him to Oates's attention. Oates is an amateur practitioner of magnetic healing as well as of its affiliated pursuit, mesmerism. Under the guise of relieving Maggs's pains, Oates is extracting his true identity, although his interest in the matter is strictly a



A better mousetrap: *Jack Maggs* is intricate, clever . . . and also purely entertaining.

Photographs: top, Marion Ettlinger; bottom, Steven Freeman.

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writer's, which is to say a voyeur's.

Oates is already well known, even to the hoi polloi, for his comic tale of "Captain Crumley" (I suppose this could stand for *The Pickwick Papers* if we're going to play the à clef game), but he is really at that point an uncertain and unformed writer—his great years lie ahead. Carey has a lot of fun showing him outracing his own pen as he makes one halting attempt after another at beginning the tale of Jack Maggs, sometimes while in the very thick of the action he wants to describe, like a painter trying to depict a car crash as it happens.

The really Dickensian writer is Maggs himself, in the ostensibly artless memoir he is setting down to instruct his beneficiary. He was himself an orphan, rescued from certain death by a Fagin, who apprenticed him in the art of house-breaking. The boy Maggs would slip in through chimneys to let in the gang, would then stagger for miles with a heavy load of silver on his back, would starve while his master feasted—the story nearly writes itself. And what Dickensian narrative would be lacking its heartbreaking tale of love between children? Maggs's memoir is the most glaring pastiche in the entire artifact, but it is emotionally affecting to the point of seeming the least contrived of the many elements. Carey, like a three-card-monte player, instead has you concentrate on Oates's contrivances.

MEANWHILE, ANOTHER DICKENSIAN BACK story is running counterpoint to the main plot: the tale of Mercy Larkin, who is also an unlikely servant in the house where Maggs is employed. Her father died when she was a child, and she and her mother were much reduced in circumstances, as a result of which her mother went mad and attempted to sell Mercy off to men in the market. Her rescue led to her present situation, and while she is inept as a maid, she is also the only character who understands Maggs.

The least Dickensian element in the entire landscape is Oates himself, apart from some biographical details. But then, he is the author, isn't he, and although Dickens used parts of himself willy-nilly, donated lumps of his own experience to various characters, most famously David Copperfield, he never showed himself at work. That, on the other hand, is a job the present-day writer cannot avoid. Oates is Dickens, but he is at least equally Carey. If we see the writer wandering through a landscape populated with the characters and scenes that will later be indelibly associated with his name, all of it fruit ripe for the taking, matter that if we are not scholars we would be tempted to imagine he invented or at least exaggerated, we experience a small feeling of fraudulence. We thought he was a mighty creator, and instead find he was merely recording! This realization, bastard offspring of *The Wizard of Oz* and Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, is the mark of the present era, and there is no turning back from it. The pastiche, once a lark, something done with the left hand for holiday issues of magazines, is now nearly inescapable, and has become quite serious, at least in the right hands.

IT STILL SUFFERS FROM THE TAINT OF ITS earlier association, though, and as affecting, subtle, and complex as *Jack Maggs* is, there are bound to be readers and even critics who will a priori consider it a mere display of cleverness. Peter Carey, with his teeming canvases, intricate plots, and riotous imagination, is among the most legitimately Dickensian of current writers, although he has never pretended to be seamless in that bygone way. In *Jack Maggs,* he is acknowledging that fiction has gone from being a mirror of society to a hall of mirrors, sure enough, but in doing so, he has broken up the mirrors into smaller and smaller fragments—who and where is the author?

Oates is the capital-A author, a prisoner of self-consciousness, ahead of his time in that way but impeded in his writing. The more accomplished authors within the framework of the story are Maggs and Mercy Larkin. They are the world, like the people we see on the subway, capable of delivering one enthralling narrative, the story of their own lives, told unadorned. Does that make them more legitimate than the neurotic scribbler? Is the author, whoever he or she is, a mere poseur amid the whirlwind of unconscious literature continuously unspooling in every mind all around?

Jack Maggs is also something of an Australian myth. I don't know enough about Australian literature to have any idea of what earlier uses might have been made of the Magwitch episode in *Great Expectations,* but it's an astonishingly apt found object. Carey does more than flesh it out with incidental para-Dickensian detail. In his hands, Maggs's visit to London is not the conclusion but a provisional beginning, the founding tale of a dynasty, as we find out in the book's last pages. The Australian and postmodern elements of the novel join together, quite movingly, to make up Carey's acknowledgement of his ancestry, like a crest split lengthwise with a pen on one side and a broken set of chains on the other.

Of course, you don't need to think about any of this as you read. The book also functions perfectly as accessory to a lap-robe and a mug of cocoa, if that's what you prefer. ■

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Troubled Waters

In 'The Capeman,' Paul Simon proves he doesn't know his salsa from his salsify; the only surprising thing about Mark Ravenhill's 'Shopping & Fucking' is the title.

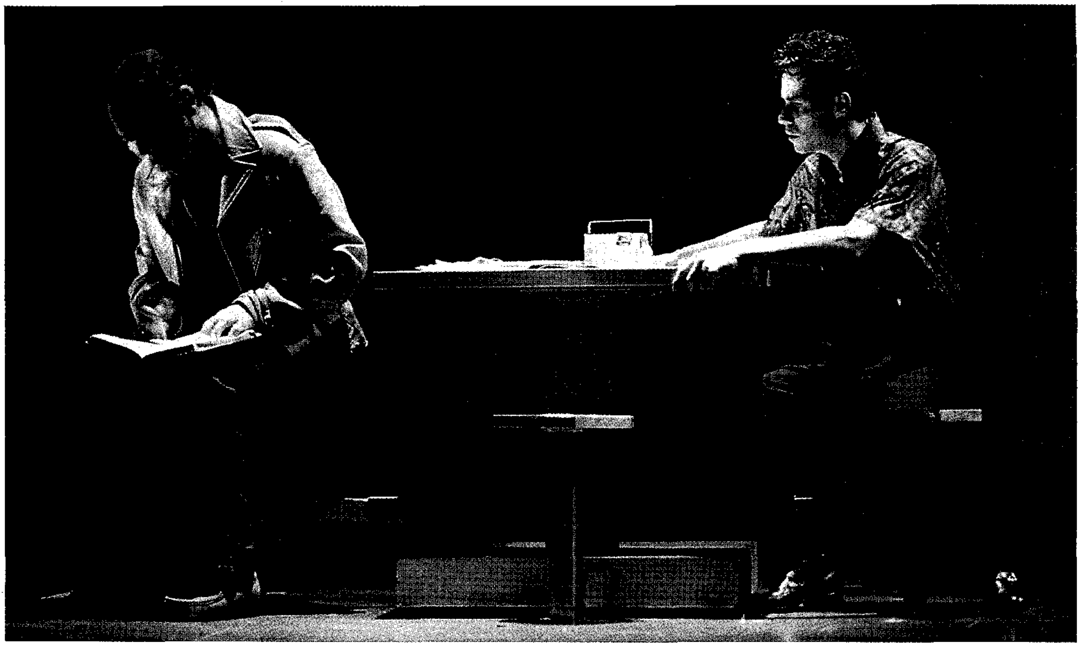
THE OUTLAW AS HERO IS A TICKLISH TOPIC. HE works best when he is an honest little guy greatly wronged by the ruling class, like Kleist's Michael Kohlhaas or his American cousin, Coalhouse Walker, who already loses something by his persecutors' being merely volunteer firemen. He may also score by robbing the rich to succor the poor, but Robin Hood gains a lot by being a medieval legend rather than a modern-day reality. Significantly, Billy the Kid comes off best in Eugene Loring's ballet, where the bullets are only notes in Aaron Copland's music.

But with Salvador Agrón, a.k.a. **The Capeman,** the problem intensifies. He is fact, not fiction; at age 16, he cold-bloodedly killed two young men he mistakenly thought were members of a rival gang: Apprehended, he spewed out words of ugly, remorseless defiance. True, he acquired education in jail and wrote a memoir, but in the seven years left to him after release, he accomplished nothing—not so much as a bird shelter or a volume of uplifting doggerel. The only reason Paul Simon could have chosen Agrón as subject for his putative conquest of Broadway is a befuddled liberal notion of seeing him as the hapless victim of a materialistic society. Moreover, Simon, known for his leanings toward exotic musical cultures (Africa, Brazil), here chose to embrace Puerto Rico.

Could anyone have escaped hearing about the legions of directors, choreographers, transient play doctors, and famous friends who had input into the musical *The Capeman,* whose protracted birth pangs far exceeded those required to produce real-life septuplets? Alas, Paul Simon and Derek Walcott's musical may well be the most ridiculous mouse ever birthed by parturient mountains. Or, rather, more sinister than ridiculous: *The Capeman* is as much a moral fiasco as an artistic failure.

Agrón and the Vampires, a street gang led by the Umbrella Man, are shown early on shoplifting threads in a comic scene in which the hard-sell storekeepers are portrayed as grotesque capitalists, whereas the thieving youths are fun-loving con artists, apotheosized when Sal raises his arms to reveal the scarlet lining of his stolen cape as if it were the rainbow of the Covenant encircling Mount Ararat. Conversely, as the *Times* critic complained, "the pivotal stabbing . . . almost passes unnoticed," but didn't he realize this was meant to minimize our hero's tragic flaw: What are two little slayings in the greater schema of an $11 million Paul Simon musical?

It might help, of course, if the show showed signs of talent. Paul Simon's Latino music, even crossbred with doo-wop, carries monotony to maniacal lengths, each song about as individual as a machine-chopped slice of chorizo. The lyrics seamlessly blend Paul Simon's pop and Derek Walcott's Homeric sensibilities; but then, why shouldn't the overinflated troubadour and the overrated laureate of p.c. mesh serendipitously? On the one hand, the relentlessly repeated "I was born in Puerto Rico," which is pure Simon; on the other, the no less gratingly reiterated "Time is an endless ocean of tears," which is profoundest Walcott. And either bard could have delivered himself of the divine distich "The barrio was just another reservation, / But the day of the revolution is coming fast" or the searing platitude "I wrote these pages not with ink but with blood."



Spanish fly: Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony in *The Capeman.*

The reference to the reservation is triggered by Salvador's epistolary prison romance with a desert-dwelling Indian hippie, a presumably fact-based but incoherent episode that the authors throw in like a tomahawk but that lands in their faces like a boomerang. Even the tired device of showing us three Agróns crisscrossing one another—the child Salvi, the youth Sal, and the man Salvador—is enough to give agronomy a bad name.

There is little a performer can do with such threadbare material. Two popular purveyors of Latin song, the salsa king Marc Anthony and Puerto Rico's "internationally

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

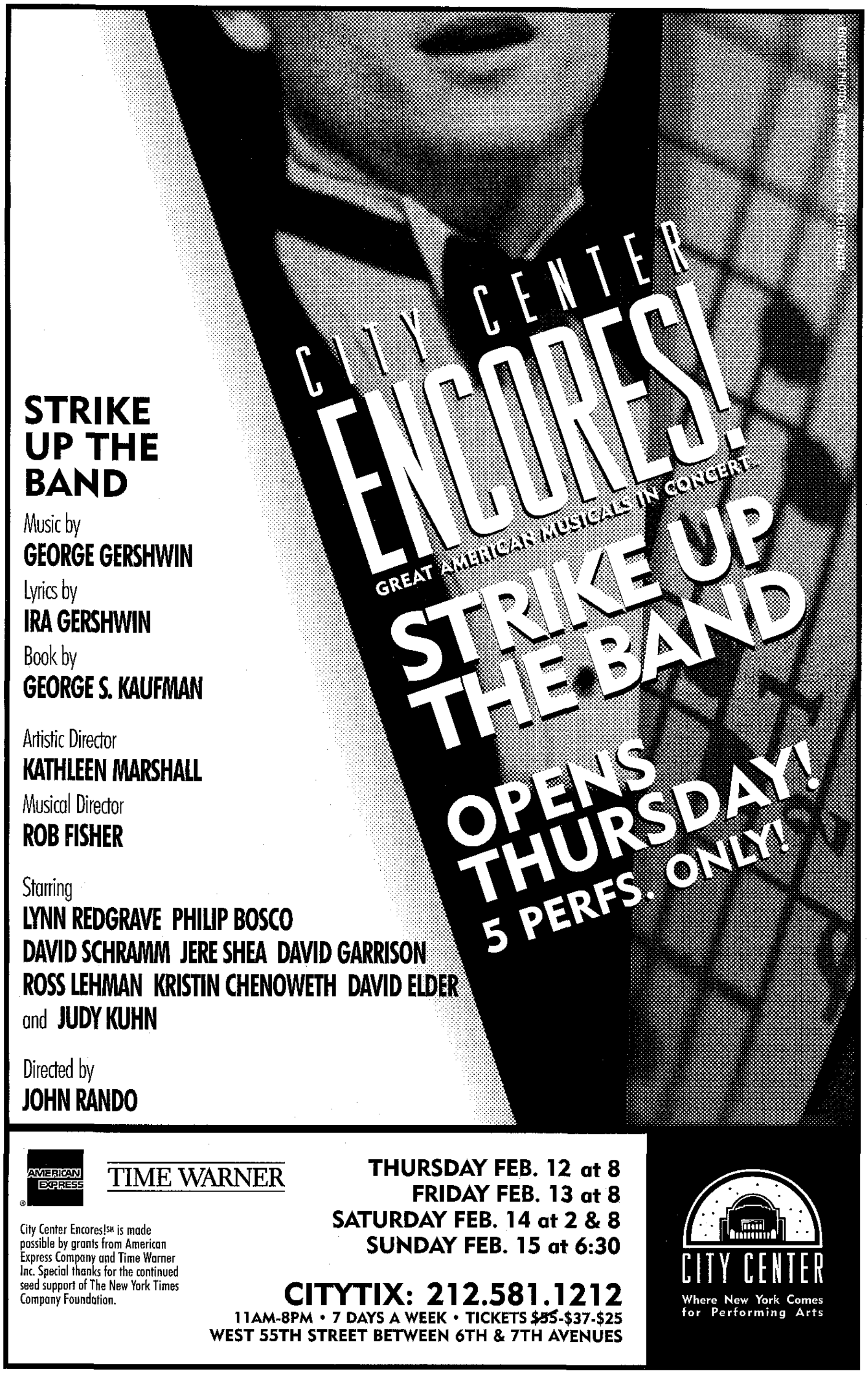
renowned singer-composer" Ednita Nazario, as Sal and his mother, Esmeralda, are further hampered by not being actors. As the middle-aged Salvador, Rubén Blades puts on his best Mount Rushmore face and moves as if in cement shoes, thereby indicating the gravity of the occasion. The only performer who registers at all is the Umbrella Man of Renoly Santiago. Even more surprising is that neither Mark Morris, the credited choreographer, nor the sundry uncredited ones, could enliven things with some infectious dancing.

The Capeman has one thing going for it: Bob Crowley's décor. But some of the sets are *too* good, with their odd worm's-eye-view perspective, their contrasts of splashy Puerto Rican colors with drab Hell's Kitchen monochrome, and their winsome use of miniatures—especially a prison scene with domino-playing dummies seen vertically rather than horizontally. But such inventive embellishments, like the cape on a juvenile murderer, merely stress the exiguity under the panoply.

A NO LESS SORRY SPECTACLE IS MARK RAVENhill's hugely hyped import **Shopping and Fucking,** which may herald the advent of the author as title-writer. This paltry contrivance depends entirely on its title, after which Ravenhill is all downhill. We get the shambling pursuit of five sordid London lowlifes, one of whom, a 30-year-old homosexual druggie, has purchased two young derelicts, one male, one female, in a supermarket for £20—overpriced if you ask me. He lives with them, in his shabby quarters, in a lopsided ménage à trois. During a stay in a detox, or somewhere else, he picks up an underage male hustler, while his previous wards embark on drug pushing and phone sex. *S & F* can boast only the gratuitously graphic representation of sadomasochist buggery and anilingus.

Ravenhill has garbled such influences as Mike Leigh, David Mamet, and watered-down Joe Orton, and thrown together disjointed scenes of denatured dialogue that veers from the subliterate to the sublimely pretentious. Take this utterance of a pretend TV producer and certifiable drug lord: "Some say there is nothing. There is chaos. We are born into chaos, we exist in chaos, and finally we are released from chaos. But this is . . . no. This is too painful. This is too awful to contemplate. This we deny."

By way of a little heterosexual window dressing, the one female in this quinsied quincunx is made at one point—pointlessly—to strip to her waist. Were she not played by an actress I used to abhor as Jennifer Dundas, now Jennifer Dundas Lowe, I would feel sorry for the indignities she has incurred here. The show has two directors and two lighting designers, which does not make up for not having one playwright. ▬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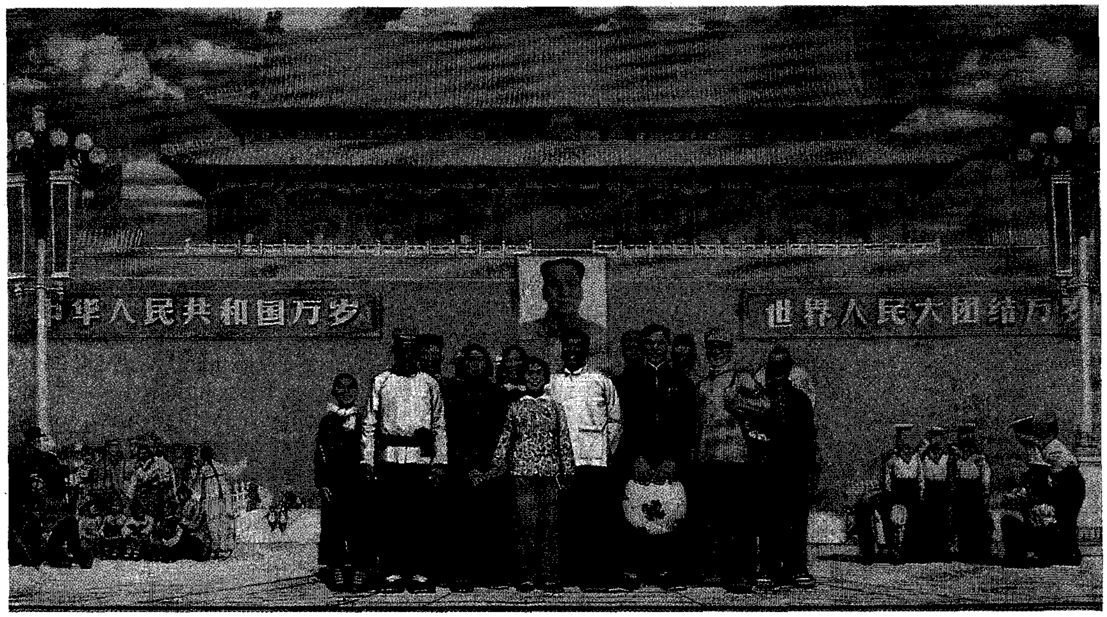
China Inc.

The Guggenheim's massive exhibition of Chinese art flatters the reigning powers of East and West—by ironing out the rough spots.



IN THE SEVENTIES AND eighties, Japan sent a series of exquisite exhibitions to the United States that were intended to convince Americans, then worried about Japan's growing economic power, that the Japanese were more interested in tea ceremonies than in Toyotas. This use of art for political and economic ends remains a common ploy. Just two years ago, Taiwan sent a huge show to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and now Taiwan's archenemy Beijing—eager to protect its export trade to America and to blunt criticism of its human-rights record—is replying with **China: 5,000 Years** at the Guggenheim Museum. Hillary Clinton is the "honorary chair" of this exhibit. Henry Kissinger is on the "Honorary Committee." Both the Clinton administration and Kissinger are, of course, strongly associated with a policy of mollifying Beijing. Corporations that hope to make a killing in the China market and require the help of the Chinese government to do so—among them, Coca-Cola, Nokia, and Ford—are helping to pay for the show.

Not surprisingly, Beijing is loaning many wonderful works. The uptown Guggenheim is exhibiting objects and paintings from "traditional" China. Many of the bronzes, jades, porcelains, and other works have been unearthed in the past 50 years; the great paintings are handsomely displayed. The Guggenheim Museum SoHo is showing art from the modern period. The rooms of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century painting—when Chinese artists began responding to Western ideas—are particularly interesting. I had always thought the interplay between East and West resulted in minor pastiche. I was wrong: Artists could sometimes revivify their tradition by confronting Western art. In addition, the SoHo museum is exhibiting a collection of woodblock prints, many of which are passionate political responses to war and injustice; a survey of the Soviet-inspired socialist realism—largely Mao worship—created during the fifties, sixties, and seventies; and an examination of contemporary work, which focuses mainly upon recent efforts to reestablish traditional painting.

It would be ludicrous to review 5,000 years of Chinese art in 1,000 words. Anyone interested in one of the world's great traditions will find both the uptown and the downtown shows fascinating. What should not be overlooked, however, is how telling "China: 5,000 Years" is about contemporary Western culture. This exhibit is not only an instance of political showmanship but also a perfect illustration of the values of the postmodern museum. To begin with, the show does not originate in a settled tradition of scholarship or area of competence at the Guggenheim. Instead, it seems plucked from the moment. The museum has brought in hired guns—including many leading scholars—to organize a survey that suits the director Thomas Krens's desire to take "a global approach to culture." Two years ago, the museum presented "Africa." Now it is "China." One day, the Guggenheim will organize the mother of all shows, "The Globe: 100,000 Years," which will make a nice fit with Frank Lloyd Wright's cosmic spiral.

Size and theatricality are the dominant notes of the exhibit. Four vast columns, each rendered in a color representing one of the four directions, turn the rotunda into a postmodern stage set. Several splendid Qin terracotta soldiers, romantically lit and placed, increase the drama. The wall panels give viewers a quick précis of the history of Chinese art, but little attempt is made to convey the deeper meanings in the work. The effect—as one Sungs here and Tangs there—is pleasantly dizzying: History becomes a skate across time. The scale of the exhibit itself seems mannerist and sometimes bizarrely askew. In the fall, the Guggenheim devoted all its space uptown and downtown to one contemporary artist, Robert Rauschenberg. Now it gives essentially the same space to 5,000 years of China. (To the postmodern mind, Rauschenberg is a China and China a Rauschenberg.) At times, the perspec-

(continued on page 65)

Sun Zixi's *In Front of Tiananmen* (1964).

Photograph courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum.

POP MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

Re-Rapping

Conjuring some pre-digital golden age, Common explores his (and rap's) roots, while the scratch-happy X-ecutioners head for the turntables.

THROUGHOUT VIRTUALLY ALL OF ITS BRIEF HISTORY, rap music has been obsessed with its own origin story, getting endless thematic mileage out of questions of authenticity, legitimacy, and defining the "old school." Exactly what constitutes the old school has always been up for grabs: Is it the early-eighties South Bronx of block parties, shell-toed Adidas, and D.J. battles? Run-D.M.C.'s leather-coated machismo? The naïve materialism that gave us thick gold-chain necklaces? There's no consensus (and, of course, no sanctioning body to supply definitions), which can make for strange historical revisionism: Defending the practice of sampling in 1988's "Talkin' All That Jazz," Stetsasonic took a swipe at the genre's patron saint, opining that "James Brown was old till [Eric B and Rakim] came out with 'I Got Soul.' " And De La Soul, who made their mark parodying early-rap stereotypes, are currently held up as paragons of—you guessed it—old-school values.

Now, as rap enters its third decade, some of its past masters have resurfaced after spending varying numbers of years eclipsed by newer, slicker, often less worthy stars like Puff Daddy and his clique. Last month at the Knitting Factory, mid-eighties party-rapper Biz Markie made an unlikely cameo alongside avant-jazz clarinetist Don Byron and ended up stealing the show with a few freestyle lines. And last year, Rakim, widely regarded as the genre's greatest lyricist, even after a few years' absence from the scene, released the thoroughly satisfying *The 18th Letter.* Surprisingly, the fiercest champions of roots rap aren't vets on the comeback trail; instead, a new generation of young turks seem to be the ones most intent on reviving the "old" ways.

Table-turners: The X-ecutioners, at Tramps last month, mess with familiar sounds live and on their debut CD.

Chicago rapper **Common** dedicates the bulk of his third album, *One Day It'll All Make Sense* (Relativity), to exploring personal and artistic roots. Dozens of family photos adorn the CD booklet (including the cover's arresting portrait of the rapper as an unself-conscious, prepubescent mama's boy), and Common's dad closes the album with a free-form "rap" on fatherhood. "Gettin' Down at the Amphitheater," which features De La Soul as guest rhymers, fondly evokes the film *Wild Style,* a 1982 tale of South Bronx graffiti, love, and rap. And at Tramps last month, Common looked farther back, updating the Last Poets' sixties proto-rap "Niggers Are Scared of Revolution." Introducing "1'2 Many . . . ," he hit the audience with a series of challenges: "Fake niggas play basketball, football, baseball, Playstation. But when it comes to the revolution, they're like, 'Nah, I'm playin'."

In "Retrospect for Life," over the swelling, schmaltzy piano chords of Stevie Wonder's "Never Dreamed You'd Leave in Summer," Common earnestly agonizes over a girlfriend's abortion. Technically, the song is one of the album's weakest: The rapper all but abandons meter and rhyme so he can cram in as many emotional twists as possible. "I'm sorry for taking your first breath, first step, and first cry," he tells the aborted fetus in one of the song's most awkward moments. "But I wasn't prepared mentally nor financially." Still, Common actually believes in the power—revolutionary or redemptive—of hip-hop, and it is there, even more than in any stylistic aspect of his work, that his affinity to rap's early days resides. Music as art, not as business. Now, *that's* old-fashioned.

THE **X-ecutioners,** WHO OPENED FOR COMMON AT the Tramps date, are exploring music history in a very different way. This quartet of D.J.'s in their early twenties creates dizzying soundscapes through virtuosic manipulation of vinyl. The practice itself harks back to rap's pre-digital-sampler roots, when D.J.'s and rappers were accorded equal status (Grandmaster Flash was the D.J., his Furious Five the rappers). But the X-ecutioners also use plenty of vintage material in their sound: Retooled beats form the foundation; rhyme snippets from Boogie Down Productions and Rob Base become the D.J.'s' own impressionistic lyrics. The compositions on their debut CD, *X-pressions* (Asphodel), are perfectly structured, intricate, and head-bobbingly funky—but the possibility of studio trickery lurks behind the deftly configured sounds. Live, though, their rubber-wristed chops dispel any such doubts.

At Tramps, the D.J.'s (Rob Swift, Roc Raida, Total Eclipse, and Mista Sinista) opened working in tandem, at four pairs of turntables set up across the front of the stage. The effect was mesmer-

(continued on page 79)

Photograph by Toby Wales.

RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Vive La Résistance

Le Tableau dares to break the authoritarian conspiracy that compels every new restaurant to serve the same food; Park Bistro triumphs with the classics.

MY FAVORITE DINING COMPANIONS AND I slide into the deeply curved booth of another new Mackintosh-wainscoted bistro. Before they've even laid eyes on the menu, my friends start their routine:

"What are you having?"

"Fried calamari looks good. But so does sautéed foie gras."

"C'mon. You know you're sticking with crab cakes."

"What about tuna tartare? Or is that a bit much if one's having the cod?"

"Then order rabbit. Duck confit is nice."

"I'm sick of both. Is skate light?"

"Light is right. Must leave room for warm Valrhona cake."

"Should we ask them to save some?"

"Nah—if not, we'll have profiteroles."

"What are you going to have, Hal?"

Before I can throttle them, the waiter is there to hand out the actual menus—the signal for this freeloading trio to titter and snort like teenagers who find themselves at the movies sitting behind their favorite teacher, who's nuzzling his wife. But why shouldn't they high-five with glee? Every item they imagined is right there on the menu.

What's worse, this is not a one-shot deal. Five straight nights, five different cafés, the same recurring menu, give or take an osso buco. Restaurants are opening faster than you can get bored watching the luge competition, but when menus display distressing predictability, what's the draw?

Are you ready to schlep to 5th and Avenue A for original food that will run you half what you shell out for your usual goat-cheese salad and steak-frites? Are you willing to wait where there's no room to wait and remember what it's like to covet what everyone is eating? Can you deal with a hostess who has the cool efficiency of a Union Square captain and won't hold a reserved table for longer than fifteen minutes past your appointed hour? And if you recall the back of Dad's car having fins, can you handle being the oldest one in the room?

Then leave early enough to arrive on time for your reservation at **Le Tableau,** because Sami Kader's gutsy and resourceful cooking will rescue you from the other PMS (photocopied-menu syndrome). It's not that Kader spends his days looking under rocks for rare weeds and urchins to sauté. Rather, his menu is almost thematic, reflecting a hybrid, not easily aroused palate (Kader was born in Egypt, raised in France, and studied cooking in the U.S.). His couplings are unashamedly, but not too self-consciously, dramatic or out of sync with the other choices.

Kader braises calamari soft and limpid, then swirls it amid anchovies, tomato, cayenne, and Middle Eastern spices and nestles it under olivada and hummus. Not a classic tagine, but how many calamari tagines have you had lately? It is so delicious you might easily brush off a simple mesclun salad (a mistake—the balance of blue cheese, pears, and bracing vinaigrette is more compelling than expected). A beet salad is made seductive by a bed of Montrachet-and-hazelnut dressing. Salmon tartare is served with a smashingly invigorating salsa. Corn soup has the dense, sweet softness of a blues lament by Shirley Horn with just a twinge of tartness at the end, just the way she likes it. Wild-mushroom casserole is much more Arthur Prysock, heady with Manchego and tarragon. Spared the usual silly shells and garlic shellacking, escargot are served in a bath of pernod crème with spinach—almost better, but not quite, than the sumptuous foie gras terrine, which comes scattered with pistachios and dried cherries.

Room with a clue: Le Tableau, crowded but cozy, serves up creative, original fare.

Hallelujah—a roast chicken, enlivened by citrus, garlic, white beans, and good timing, that doesn't taste like an old standby. A pasta with mushroom ragout gets let down by a thin sauce, and succulent medallions of monkfish is overshadowed by a delicious eggplant chutney. A garlicky seafood mélange does those big bowls much better justice. Juicy peppered duck gets just enough sweetness from a dash of cider and a maple-yam purée. Robust braised lamb shank with Cabernet sauce is preferable to the chewy, poorly cut rack. And the root vegetables are a stalwart match to the volatile au-poivred sirloin.

Desserts don't falter. Tart blood-orange mousse complements Kader's main courses. Chocolate terrine oozes pure satisfaction, and apple-hazelnut taginette is a dynamite cobbler by any other name. Even caramelized bread pudding demands attention.

So do two other matters that don't do Kader or the house any favors. Le Tableau's lighting is so dimly mono-

Photograph by Robert Wright.

chromatic that it inhibits appreciation of the chef's visuals. And on evenings when there is either a jazz trio or a tireless soprano, the musicians panhandle table to table, like street gypsies pushing roses. A card in the menu noting their tippability might not garner as many bucks as the in-your-face-till-you-dip-into-your-wallet confrontation, but it would stir less resentment. Or charge $3 more for the tagine and let the balladeers have the difference. It's worth it. Any bistro that can silence my friends' cynicism gets my vote, if not my donation.

Le Tableau, 511 East 5th Street (260-1330). Monday 7 to 9 P.M. (tasting menu only, starting February 23), Tuesday through Thursday, Sunday 6 to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday 6 to midnight, Sunday noon to 4 P.M. Appetizers $4.25–$8.50; entrées $9.50–$16. Cash only. Bring your own wine.

NOW, IT'S NOT AS IF I NEVER MET A COQ AU vin I didn't like. In fact, if you've got to go bistro, don't hold back. Bring out the leather banquettes, the waiters who hum along to Aznavour and smile only when you've conceded they know what's best for you (because they do), and the chefs who don't screw around with the classics. Among all of the new boîtes that are turning Park Avenue South into a wide-track Restaurant Row of fusion cuisines, you won't find a more embracing respite from winter than the French-postered nesting that was here first.

Park Bistro is only nine years old, but it recalls a time when one of the reasons to dine out was to relax and put yourself in someone else's sure hands. It's a rare bistro that respects dishes like salmon-and-potato galette, hare terrine, wild-mushroom tart, mussel casserole, coq au vin, sautéed codfish with leeks, and roasted duck breast in port for what they are instead of trying to give them superficial talk-show makeovers.

But new chef Christopher Dillon didn't just leave well enough alone. He made it better. Chestnut soup evokes the easy luxe of suede (thankfully, it doesn't taste that way). The mushroom ravioli are now lighter, the lamb shank is made piquant by dried fruit. The roasted rabbit is a real suck-the-juice-out-of-the-bones bistro dish, and the skate glows with port.

The desserts are made to go with a café au lait—the lemon-curd napoleon glistens, the apple tart gleams, the chocolate fondant entices, and the chocolate-banana tart won't take no for an answer. Oh, and the waiter smiles when he says "brûlée." You will, too, if you know what's good for you.

Park Bistro, 414 Park Avenue South, between 28th and 29th Streets, (689-1360). Appetizers $7–$15; entrées $20–$26. Monday through Friday, lunch noon to 3 P.M., dinner 5:30 to 11 P.M., Sunday 5:30 to 10:30 P.M. AE, MC, V. ▬

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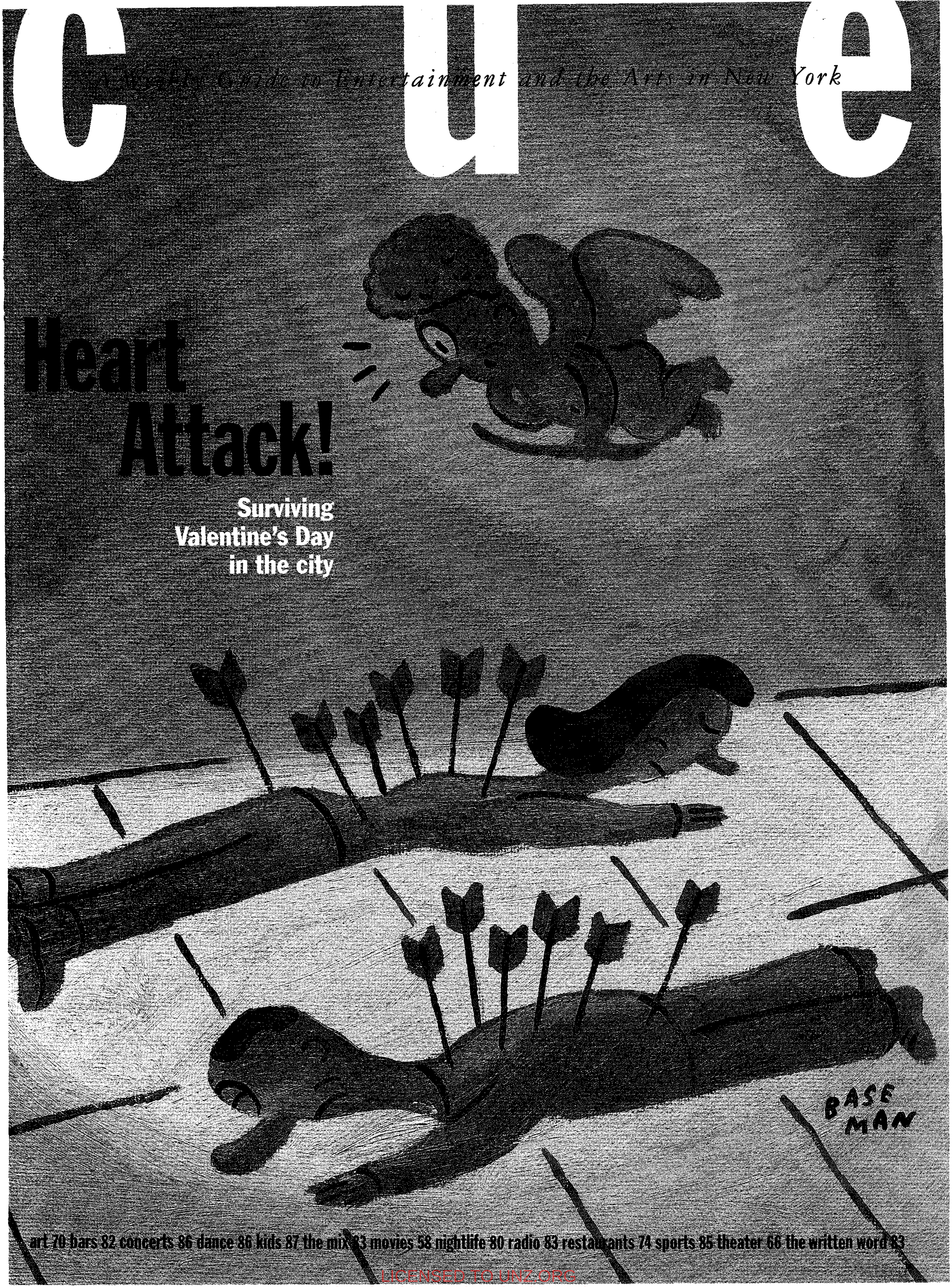

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Heart Attack!

Surviving Valentine's Day in the city

art 70 bars 82 concerts 86 dance 86 kids 87 the mix 83 movies 58 nightlife 80 radio 83 restaurants 74 sports 85 theater 66 the written word 83

movies

Ismail Merchant...*Sphere*...The Fuel Tour

New Films

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Regency; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**Amistad**—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at the beginning of *Amistad*. The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? Silent until then, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale: The Africans, mostly from the Mende tribe, were kidnapped by rival tribesmen, kept in a slave fortress off the coast of Sierra Leone, and then taken across the ocean in an illegal Portuguese slaver, the *Tecora*. As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as "the middle passage." Spielberg stages these scenes with a power that perhaps he alone in film history is capable of. The filmmakers' point of view is that the *Amistad* incident was a central way station between the imperfectly executed Declaration of Independence and the inevitable Civil War. Many of the players are conscious of the significance of the moment. The opportunistic, cunning President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne), afraid of losing the South in the coming election, wants the Africans returned as property to Queen Isabella of Spain. The abolitionists, both white (Stellan Skarsgård) and black (Morgan Freeman), see the *Amistad* affair as Armageddon in the New World—the trial of Christian faith, of humanity's right to be saved. Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg's way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texan Pentecostal preacher, and he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, and after deep-sixing his car, he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. The film gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Photograph courtesy of United Artists Pictures.

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Ferociously intelligent but mad as a hatter, Melvin needs two bars of soap to wash his hands and hates to be touched or even spoken to. Melvin torments his neighbor in Manhattan—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear)—but the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Opening
Windy City

Young Brendan Sexton III (you may remember him as Heather Matarazzo's "rapist" in 'Welcome to the Dollhouse') stars in 'Hurricane Streets,' the story of an under-parented East Village teen struggling to break free from his criminally inclined lifestyle. 1997's Sundance favorite starts Friday, February 13.

Ayn Rand: A Sense of Life—A documentary of the life and times of the best-selling author and objectivist philosopher. Written and directed by Michael Paxton; narrated by Sharon Gless. (2 hrs. 21 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Blues Brothers 2000—Dan Aykroyd returns with a new crew—John Goodman, Joe Morton, and J. Evan Bonifant—and more celebrities, including Aretha, Steve Lawrence, Erykah Badu, and the late Junior Wells. Directed by John Landis. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

★**Boogie Nights**—It's the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A. and a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there's no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**The Boxer**—An IRA man, Danny Flynn (Daniel Day-Lewis), comes out of prison after fourteen years and no longer feels hatred for anyone. Danny wants to get back into the ring, where he was once a promising Irish fighter. He likes the discipline of training, and after so many years of numbing self-suppression, he actually needs to feel the pain of being hit. The movie's acts of violence and betrayal may be familiar, but the filmmakers' obvious contempt for people given over to fanaticism is enormously welcome—a call for the most elementary kind of sanity. Even in the smallest roles, the acting is exceptionally strong. As long as such English and Irish powerhouses as Emily Watson, Brian Cox, Gerald McSorley, and Ken Stott are ready to make these movies, they will continue to be made. (Denby; 1/12/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Deceiver—Southern aristocrat Tim Roth is suspected of murdering a prostitute. With Renee Zell-

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weger. (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–3; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen's new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it's about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on his trip, various women show up and tear into him—he has cheated on them, he has used their experiences with him in his novels and stories, he's a shit, a twerp, a betrayer, and so on. Woody Allen stages the fictional version of various marital events, drawn from Harry's books, and then he shows us the people that the fictions are based on—often very different from the originals. Harry may be an utter dog, but he attracts and disappoints one beautiful young woman after another—and what could be a greater ego blast than that kind of "self-criticism"? It's getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. I have nothing against egocentricity, but Allen doesn't seem to realize that he's left the impression that women are drawn to Harry only because his creator is a famous movie director. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Deep Rising—Passengers on a cruise are terrorized by serpents from below, and the few survivors must escape before the ship goes down. With Treat Williams and Famke Janssen. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Centre Sunnyside.*

Desperate Measures—Andy Garcia is a police officer with a son who needs a donor transplant, and the perfect match is a convicted multiple murderer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside.*

Don't Look Back—D. A. Pennebaker's classic on Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Eve's Bayou—A little girl in Louisiana discovers the mix of fact, fiction, and fantasy in her family's lives. Starring Samuel L. Jackson, Lynn Whitfield, Diahann Carroll, Branford Marsalis, and Kasi Lemmons. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Fallen—Denzel Washington stars as a detective who put away a demonic serial killer, only to find that there's an evil copycat on the loose. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Fallen Angels—Wong Kar-Wai's latest frantic fantasy, about a hitman who's ready to wind things down and the two women who keep him in the game. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Four Days in September—In Brazil, anti-government revolutionaries kidnap the American ambassador and hold him hostage for four days in 1969. Based on a true story. Starring Alan Arkin as the U.S. diplomat. Directed by Bruno Barreto. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Sutton.*

The Gingerbread Man—Shakespearean actor Kenneth Branagh plays a Savannah attorney (a drawling Famke Janssen plays his ex-wife) who gets involved with a trashy waitress (Embeth Davidtz) and her crazy old man (Robert Duvall). Story by John Grisham; directed by Robert Altman. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. The boy doesn't *want* to be "saved." He wants to be left alone. People turn themselves inside out trying to help him, but he repels them all. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Retrospective Bombay Talker

"We are the ones who coined the word *independent*," bellows Merchant Ivory producer Ismail Merchant. "Today everyone's flogging the word *independent*. They didn't even know the *meaning* of *independent* till we did it." Then he chuckles genteelly at his bravado. No one can argue the company's place in cinema history: Over the past 35 years, the band of three—producer Merchant, director James Ivory, and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala—have created 40 eloquent films (their latest, *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries*, is due in September). The collaborators are so close, they even live in the same East Side building ("We meet every day," says the Bombay native. "It's a great thing"). Today's moviegoers, Merchant feels, are familiar with their recent handiwork (like 1993's *Remains of the Day*, below) but know little of their first efforts, such as one of his personal favorites, 1963's *The Householder*. So he's organized a festival, "Views of Merchant Ivory: 3 Continents, 14 Films," to chronicle the company's history. The idea for the ten-city tour (which starts at the Paris Theatre February 13) came to Merchant last December. "I was at home and looking at the book *The Films of Merchant Ivory*," he explains, "looking at all those pictures and the writing, and I said, 'My goodness, it's almost like a bible for filmmakers.' You know? So I thought, *Why not have a festival that shows some of the highlights?*" Merchant talks about the company with such enthusiasm (every story beginning and ending with a laugh), it sounds as if he wants to cram a lifetime of moviemaking into one half-hour conversation. There *is* one more topic that irks him. "People always say, 'They do costume drama,'" he sighs. "No. What attracts us is the story and the characters. Costumes can by worn by anybody." Patricia Falvo

Photograph by Derrick Santini.

Great Expectations—A modern-day twist on the Dickens tale, with Ethan Hawke as a poor artist and fisherman whose mysterious benefactor sets him up as SoHo's newest hot talent. Gwyneth Paltrow is the pretty girl he's known and loved forever—though, given her pervasive unpleasantness, it's not clear why. Directed by Alfonso Cuaron. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Half Baked—A band of guys who smoke too much dope sell stolen medical marijuana to get a buddy out of jail. Starring comedian David Chappelle, who co-wrote the script. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Hard Rain—Morgan Freeman and Christian Slater do battle over $3 million while riding Ski-doos in a flooding midwestern town. With Minnie Driver and Randy Quaid. (About 2 hrs.; R) *84th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

Hurricane Streets—A young East Village boy tries to get off the juvenile-delinquent track he's on. Winner of three Sundance awards. Directed by Morgan J. Freeman. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The Ice Storm—It's the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. But perceptive as it is, the film feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Sutton.*

illtown—Lili Taylor and Michael Rapaport are narcotics traffickers whose lives fall apart when an old partner gets out of jail. With Kevin Corrigan , Tony Danza, and Isaac Hayes. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Pavilion Theatre.*

The Jackal—Bruce Willis is a killer for hire and Richard Gere an Irish terrorist with a good heart who tries to stop him from shooting someone very, very important. A master of disguises, Willis wears a variety of bizarre outfits and mustaches, and in one sequence, eager to pick up a gay man in a bar, he dons a blondined wig that makes him look rather cute. These sudden shifts in apparel—Willis might be a guest on an old TV variety show—are about the only amusement in a pedestrian thriller that does everything by rote. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 23 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

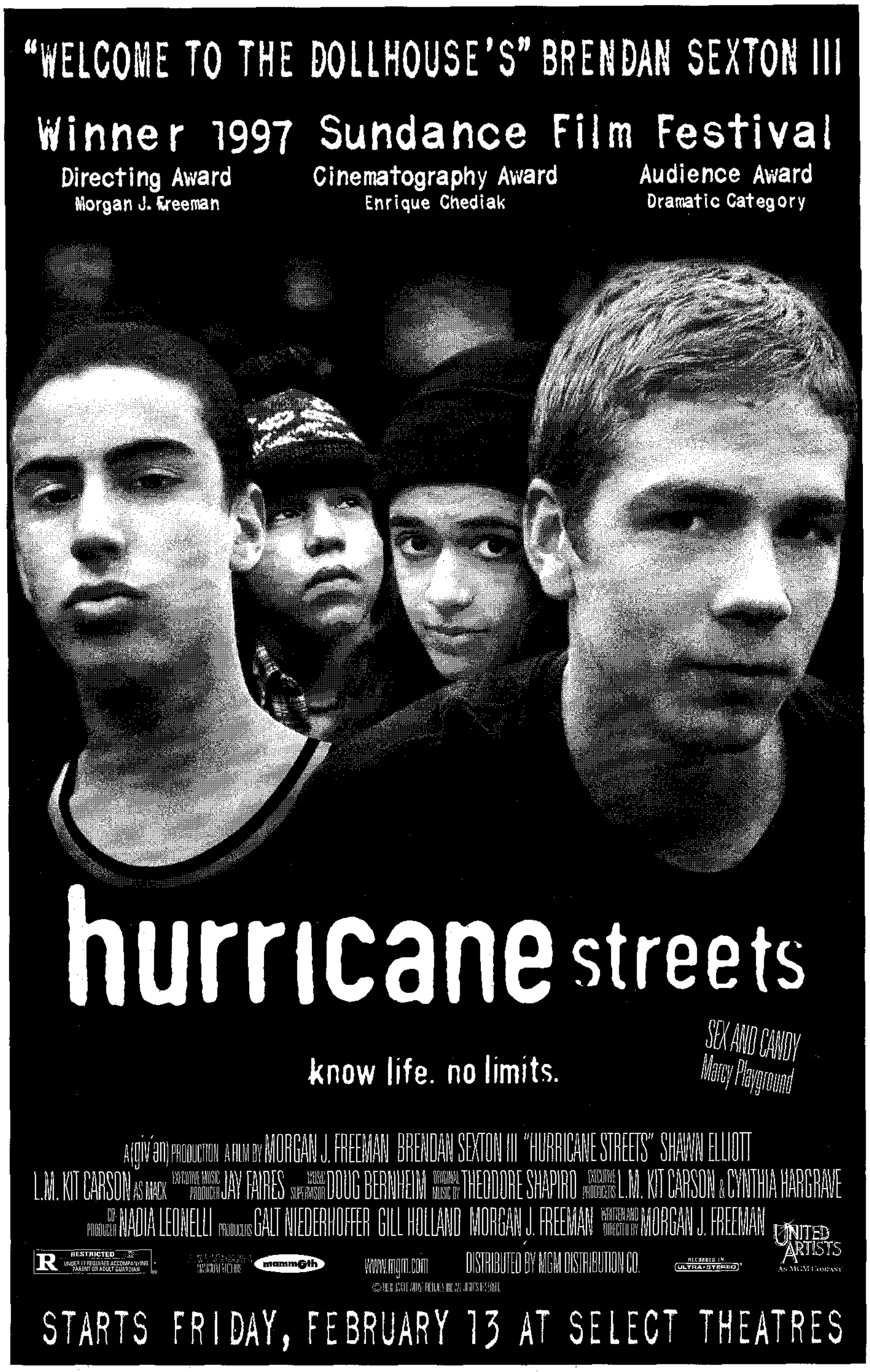
Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his employ, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. The picture is actually an elongated and ambitious B movie—a dogged homage to the kind of atmospheric minor crime picture that Tarantino, having grown up in a video store, enjoys more than he does prestige movies. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. After the formal bravura of *Pulp Fiction*, it's as if he were saying, "Look, no tricks; everything is exactly as it seems." So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bullheaded qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–3.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. I can't escape the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street.*

★**Live Flesh**—This is the best movie from Almodóvar since that Iberian screwball classic *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*. The story, which has been freely adapted from a Ruth Rendell novel, teases symmetry into an Almodóvarian pretzel. Eager to become the world's greatest lover, our hero Victor (Liberto Rabal) sleeps with the wives of the two Madrid policemen who once put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow—a better man, in every sense. Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who is now confined to a wheelchair. He's a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice versa). Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent. (Denby; 1/26/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil**—Kevin Spacey plays Jim Williams, the real-life Savannah plutocrat and antiques dealer who empties a gun into his nasty young lover (Jude Law) and goes on trial for murder. The movie, adapted from John Berendt's best-seller by screenwriter John Lee Hancock and directed by Clint Eastwood, preserves Berendt's portrait of Savannah as an odd but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Cinematography Award
Enrique Chediak
Audience Award
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SEX AND CANDY
Marcy Playground
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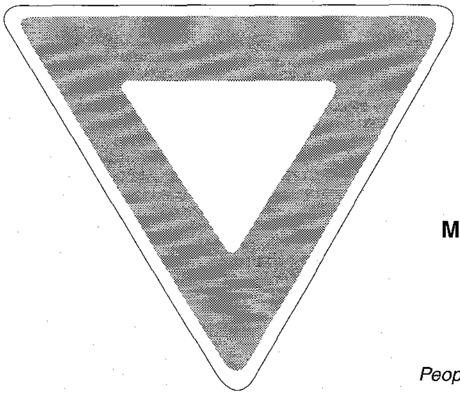
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vibrant moss-hung backwater of the old South. Berendt's autobiographical writer figure has been given a name, John Kelso (John Cusack, charming as always), given a love interest (Alison Eastwood, Clint's appealing daughter), and made more active than the author's modest, recording "I." The movie compresses four trials stretching over eight years into a single trial (dominated by Jack Thompson, the superb Australian actor doing an expert imitation of a good ol' boy). In the end, *Midnight* is a meditation on the unknowability of the truth. (Denby; 12/1/97) (2 hrs. 35 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Mother and Son—The haunting, quiet story of a dying woman comforted by her adult son. Directed by Alexander Sokurov. (1 hr. 13 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Mouse Hunt—Nathan Lane and Lee Evans inherit a mansion and square off against a mouse. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Gemini.*

The Next Step—An aging Broadway dancer, reduced to working in a restaurant, fights to get back on stage—dancing the role he once originated. Directed by Christian Faber. Starring Rick Negron and Kristin Moreu. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Nil by Mouth—Gary Oldman wrote and directed this story of the grim realities of today's working class in England. Starring Kathy Burke and Ray Winstone. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

No Ordinary Love—Romantic and financial complications arise when four roommates in Los Angeles deal with the death of a fifth—and find that the dead man left two of them without a lover. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Oscar & Lucinda—Two gamblers—one a man of God and the other an uncommonly independent Australian woman—find that love is the hardest risk to take. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Based on the book by Peter Carey. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *72nd St. East; 62nd and Broadway.*

Paul Monette: The Brink of Summer's End—Last year's Sundance audience favorite in the documentary competition is a captivating biography of the late gay writer and activist Paul Monette. Created by Monte Bramer and Leslie Klainberg. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Phantoms—Peter O'Toole, Rose McGowan, Ben Affleck, and Liev Schreiber star in Dean Koontz's thriller about a terrifying underground force. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Nova.*

Ratchet—A down-and-out screenwriter hides out in Nantucket for inspiration and gets involved in a local circle of violence. Written and directed by John Johnson. Starring John MacKay and Mitchell Lichtenstein. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

The Replacement Killers—Chow Yun-Fat is an assassin whose desire to leave the business gets him into trouble with the mob; Mira Sorvino is the petty criminal who guides him out of trouble. Directed by Antoine Fuqua. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Centre Sunnyside.*

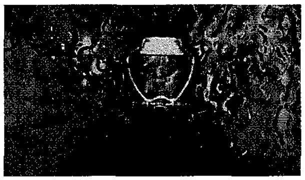
Shock Corridor—Samuel Fuller's 1963 hallucinatory story of a reporter who gets his sister to say he molested her so that he can be committed to an insane asylum that he's trying to investigate. With Constance Towers and Peter Breck. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sphere—Dustin Hoffman, Samuel L. Jackson, and Sharon Stone are part of a group of scientists summoned by the government to explore a spacecraft that has been on the ocean floor for almost 300 years. Also starring Peter Coyote and Liev Schreiber. Barry Levinson directs the adaptation of Michael Crichton's thriller. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Spice World—The U.K.'s Spice Girls tool around London. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Stephen King's The Night Flier—A pushy tabloid reporter (nicknamed "The Godfather of Gore") gets what's coming to him when he goes after a serial murderer. Directed by Mark Pavia. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–3; 86th Street East; New Coliseum; Plaza* .

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*



Opening

Over Their Heads

In 'Sphere,' Sharon Stone, Dustin Hoffman (above, in various encounters with sea-dwelling aliens), and Samuel L. Jackson pay a scary visit to a spaceship that's been sitting on the ocean floor for almost 300 years. Quite a change from Barry Levinson's last directorial effort, the Beltway-bound 'Wag the Dog.' Starts Friday, February 13.

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel baron from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza ; The Movies at Bayside.*

Tomorrow Never Dies—The first hour or so is laced with the usual satisfying sexual innuendo and insolent humor. Pierce Brosnan, of course, will never possess Sean Connery's aura of menace—Brosnan is Bond lite ("Bond . . . Jim Bond")—but Jonathan Pryce is self-amused and amusing as a Rupert Murdoch–like media entrepreneur who foments a war between Britain and China. There is a fine BMW 750IL that can be driven by remote control (i.e., from the backseat), but much of the action—explosions, more explosions, men firing at one another with machine guns—is just as boring as the action in ten other big movies of the past year. You won't miss a thing should you leave well before the end. If more can't be found in Bond than this, I wouldn't object, in principle, to that tuxedo's being hung up in the closet for good. (Denby; 1/12/98) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Criterion Center; 86th Street.*

Village of Dreams—Two boys grow up in the Japanese countryside after WWII. Directed by Yoichi Higashi. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the Washington *Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris–like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. (The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero*, by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay was based on.) I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East;*

Photographs courtesy of Warner Bros.

Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Movieworld.

The Wedding Singer—Adam Sandler is an eighties-era musician reluctantly playing the wedding circuit who falls in love with the already-engaged Drew Barrymore. With Christine Taylor and Alexis Arquette. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously, and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

The Winter Guest—Emma Thompson is a long-grieving widowed photographer who spends a cold day moving past the tragedy—with help from her aging mother (played by Thompson's real-life mother, Phyllida Law). Directed by Alan Rickman. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Zero Effect—Bill Pullman and Ben Stiller star as a private detective and a lawyer who try to trip up a blackmailer (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Don't Look Back; Four Days in September; The Gingerbread Man; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Gummo; Live Flesh; Nil by Mouth.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L. A. Confidential; Deceiver; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Village of Dreams.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fallen Angels; Mother and Son; Shock Corridor.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

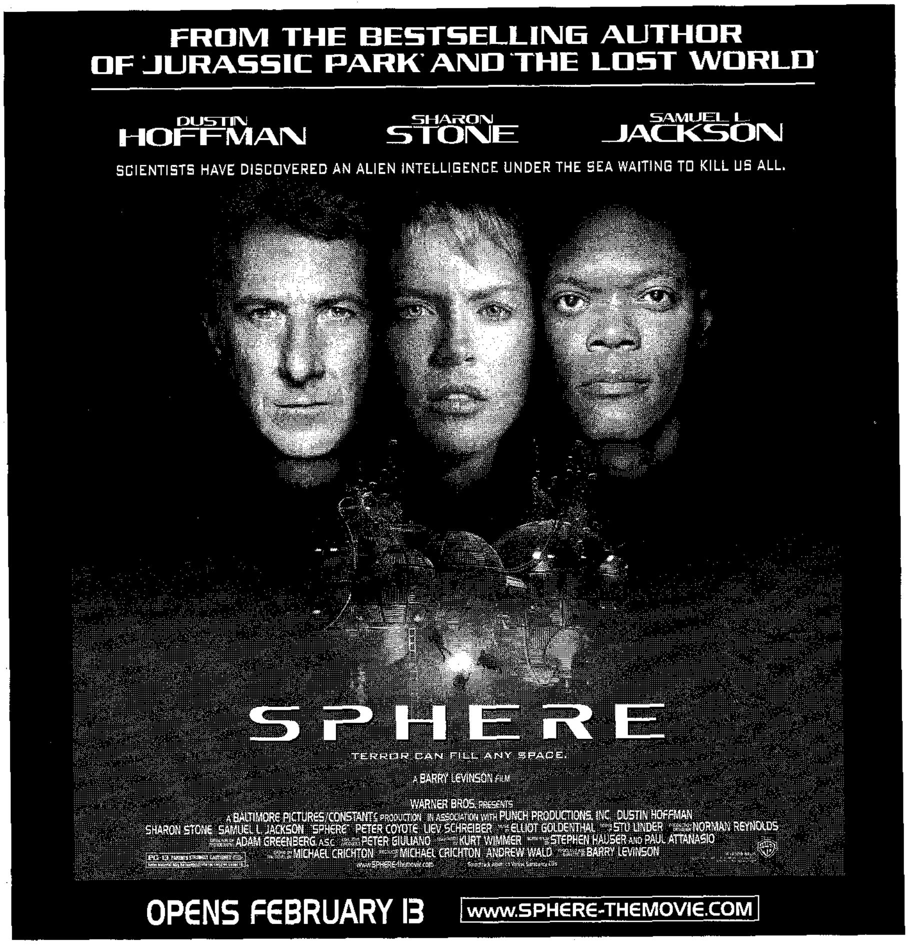
Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Fast, Cheap & Out of Control; Ma Vie en Rose; Paul Monette: The Brink of Summer's End.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Full Monty; The City of Lost Children.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Boogie Nights; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Jackie Brown; Kundun; The Next Step; No Ordinary Love; Ratchet; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Apostle; Fallen; The Replacement Killers; Titanic; Wag the Dog; Zero Effect.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Blues Brothers 2000; The Boxer.*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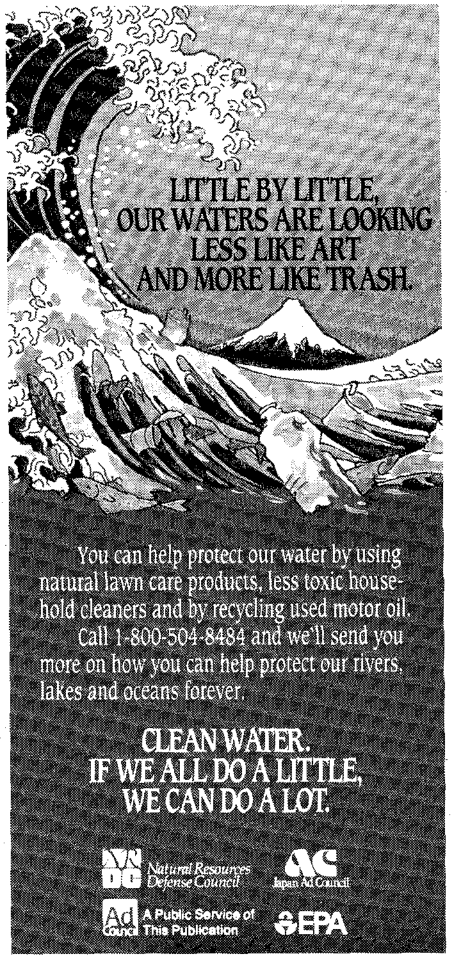
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14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Wag the Dog.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Apostle; The Boxer; Deceiver; The Gingerbread Man; Great Expectations; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic; Zero Effect.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Blues Brothers 2000; Good Will Hunting.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *As Good As It Gets; Deceiver; Deconstructing Harry; Good Will Hunting; Wag the Dog.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Wings of the Dove.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Deconstructing Harry; Kundun; Wag the Dog.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Gingerbread Man; Great Expectations.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Shall We Dance?*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Boogie Nights.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Deep Rising.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Amistad; Deceiver; Jackie Brown; Stephen King's The Night Flier.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Kundun.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Winter Guest.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Good Will Hunting; The Replacement Killers; Wag the Dog.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Deep Rising; The Full Monty; The Ice Storm.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Jackal; Kiss the Girls; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Great Expectations.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Blues Brothers 2000; Deceiver; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Deep Rising; Stephen King's The Night Flier.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Boxer.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The Apostle; Blues Brothers 2000; Deceiver; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Desperate Measures; Mouse Hunt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L. A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Great Expectations; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Good Will Hunting.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; The Replacement Killers; Spice World.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Apostle; Deconstructing Harry; Four Days in September; Live Flesh; Ma Vie en Rose; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L. A. Confidential; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; The Boxer; Deceiver; Fallen; The Gingerbread Man; Good Will Hunting; Titanic; Wag the Dog; Zero Effect.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; L5–First City in Space; Into the Deep; Titanic; IMAX Nutcracker.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Blues Brothers 2000; Stephen King's The Night Flier; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Blues Brothers 2000; Phantoms; Titanic.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Great Expectations; Titanic.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow.*

Bronx

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Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Blues Brothers 2000; Deceiver; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Phantoms; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Blues Brothers 2000; Deceiver; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Spice World; Stephen King's The Night Flier; Titanic.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Amistad; Blues Brothers 2000; Desperate Measures.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *As Good As It Gets; The Full Monty; Great Expectations; Wag the Dog; The Wings of the Dove.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *L. A. Confidential; Deceiver; Desperate Measures; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; The Replacement Killers; Spice World.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Blues Brothers 2000; Half Baked; Hard Rain; The Replacement Killers; Spice World.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Blues Brothers 2000; Stephen King's The Night Flier; Titanic.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Deep Rising; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *As Good As It Gets; Desperate Measures; Great Expectations; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Deceiver; Desperate Measures; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Mouse Hunt.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Afterglow; Blues Brothers 2000; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; illtown; Spice World; Titanic.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; The Replacement Killers; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Fallen; Great Expectations; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Fallen; Great Expectations; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Deceiver; Deep Rising; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Hard Rain; Wag the Dog.*

Centre Sunnyside—42–17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; The Replacement Killers; Spice World.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; The Replacement Killers; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Blues Brothers 2000; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Hard Rain; Star Kid.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Desperate Measures; Fallen; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Mouse Hunt; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Phantoms; Titanic.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Great Expectations; Spice World.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *L. A. Confidential; Deceiver;*

Documentary

Atlas Plugged

Love her or loathe her, Ayn Rand continues to enthrall thousands of college students with her writings on self-interest. 'Ayn Rand: A Sense of Life' explores the woman (below, hiking with her husband, Frank O'Connor) behind the philosophy she called objectivism. Starts Friday, February 13, at the Quad Cinemas.

Photograph courtesy of Strand Releasing.

Festival
Road Movies

Four enterprising independent-film directors have bypassed the traditional route to the screen and created their own touring showcase instead. Their Fuel festival (which includes *The Delicate Art of the Rifle,* above) rolls into the Screening Room on February 13. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Deep Rising; Spice World; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *As Good As It Gets.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Stephen King's The Night Flier; Titanic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Great Expectations; Titanic.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Blues Brothers 2000; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Spice World; Titanic.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *As Good As It Gets; Blues Brothers 2000; Deceiver; Deep Rising; Desperate Measures; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Great Expectations; Half Baked; Hard Rain; The Replacement Killers; Spice World; Stephen King's The Night Flier; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"All That Heaven Allows: A Douglas Sirk Retrospective." 2/14: *Rock Hudson's Home Movies* (1992), *All That Heaven Allows* (1955), and *There's Always Tomorrow* (1955). "Family Matinee." 2/16–2/20: *Fairy Tale: A True Story* (1997). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $12–$15 nonmembers; $8–$10 members; $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 2/19: *The Oyster and the Wind* (1997). 2/12: *Pier Light* (1997). 2/14: *La Bête Humaine* (1938). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Black History Month Film Program." 2/14: *Holding Ground: The Rebirth of Dudley Street* (1996) and *Soldiers Without Swords—The Black Press* (1997). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Village 12th St—"Independent Spirit Awards Screenings." 2/13–2/19: Last year's best indie films. Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363). $8.

Different Light—2/15: *The Promise* (1979). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"William Haines." 2/16: *The Girl Said No* (1930) and *The Smart Set* (1928). "Universal Noir." 2/11–2/12: *The Big Clock* (1948) and *Criss Cross* (1949). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"A History of Hungarian Cinema." 2/10: *Meg Ker A Nep (Red Psalm)* (1971) and *Szindbad (Sinbad)* (1971). 2/13: *American Postcard Aka* (1975), *Amerikai Anzix (American Torso)* (1975), and *Angi Vera* (1978). 2/15: *Film Novel—Three Sisters* (1977) and *Megall Az Ido (Time Stands Still)* (1983). 2/16: *Fotographia (Photography)* (1972) and *Hagmegjon Jozsef (When Joseph Returns)* (1975). 2/17: *Cseplo Gyuri (Gyuri)* (1977) and *Family Nest* (1980). "Movies for Kids." 2/14–2/15: *Matilda* (1996). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—2/10: *Ponette* (1996). 2/17: *Un héros très discret (A Self-Made Hero)* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Japan Society—"Literature to Film." 2/13: *Lightning* (1952). 2/17: *A Certain Killer* (1967). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Jewish Museum—2/10: *The Exiles* (1989). 1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200); General public $7; members $5.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—2/11: *My Mother's Courage* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). Free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 2/12: *Intimate Worlds 3: Ken Jacobs*. "Frances Marion and Her Circle." 2/12 and 2/14: *The Single Standard* (1929). 2/13 and 2/15: *A Free Soul* (1931). 2/13 and 2/17: *Emma* (1932). 2/13: *Ben-Hur* (1926). 2/14: *Possessed* (1931). 2/15: *Arsene Lupin* (1930). 2/16: *Son of a Sheik* (1926) and *Don Juan* (1926). 2/17: *The Women* (1939). "From the Archives: Shirley Clarke." 2/14: Various shorts and *A Scary Time* (1960). "From the Archives: Fernand Léger." 2/13: *L'Inhumaine* (1923). 2/15: *Le Ballet mécanique* (1924) and *Dreams that Money Can Buy* (1947). "New Documentaries." 2/12–2/13: *Who's Gonna Take the Weight* (1997). "Family Films: Tales of the Heart." 2/14: Various shorts. "New York City 100." *Manhatta* (1921). "Eisenstein: The Centenary Year." 2/17: *The Battleship Potemkin* (1925). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of February: *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* (1985). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

New York University—"Colour Screens: Film and Video by African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain." 2/13: *Coloured Girls.* Tisch School of the Arts; 721 Broadway (998-2130); free.

Paris Theatre—2/13–2/27: "Views of Merchant Ivory: 3 Continents, 14 Films." 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800). Adults $8.50; seniors and children, $5.

PHAT Shorts Film Festival—2/16 and 2/23: An adventurous new collection of short films and videos. Cantor Film Center, 36 E. 8th St.; $5 suggested donation. Call 979-6792 for more info.

Screening Room—"FUEL Independent Film Tour." 2/13–2/19: *Alchemy* (1996), *American Job* (1996), *Arresting Gena* (1997), and *The Delicate Art of the Rifle* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Village East—2/6–2/12: "Five Decades of Outstanding Chinese Cinema." Call (888) 980-8688 or the box office 529-6799 for more info.

Photograph courtesy of CLC Films.

Stevens
continued from page 53

tive is aerial, a grand glance over the centuries; at others, the eye fastens upon the single work. There seems nothing in-between, none of the dense middle ground between the global and the particular. One is always looking through both ends of the binoculars.

In the uptown Guggenheim, white cases or vitrines hold many of the works. The cases stand awkwardly on the winding ramp; to my eye, the boxed art looks uneasy in the vast open space, like an actor who has lost his lines—but it's still delightful to look at. Paradoxically, there doesn't seem to be enough art. That's what comes from asking 500 pieces to speak for 5,000 years: The show is both too big and not big enough (a characteristic sensation of postmodern culture). Downtown, the air of performance becomes especially surreal on the second floor. There, a large show of interesting Maoist boilerplate is presented as if it were the most natural thing in the world to display this stuff. Not surprisingly, the organizers of the exhibit are too polite to present any unpleasant images of Uncle Sam. None of this bothers me. If it takes some compromises and razzle-dazzle to bring great art here, well, some Faustian bargaining is to be expected. Historically, art is often the consort of power; it is naïve to expect today's politicians or corporations to act from pure motives.

But there is one compromise in this exhibit that deserves contempt. The weakness of postmodernism, which is also its charm, is that it turns history into a show—a parade of fashion, style, and special effects. But recent Chinese history, shot through with war, tyranny, and the widespread destruction of art during the Cultural Revolution, is too serious a matter for a glancing approach. Some moral fortitude is necessary, especially for a university or a museum presumably devoted to the free life of the mind. After the display of socialist realism, the organizers of the exhibit proved too timid to present a full survey of contemporary Chinese art—some of which addresses totalitarianism—even though this museum makes a specialty of "the contemporary." The official explanation is that there wasn't space. That is pussyfooting nonsense. Space and money could have been found if the Guggenheim made doing so a priority. (For Rauschenberg, the museum borrowed additional gallery space.) And if Coca-Cola or the Chinese government did not approve, well, then, too bad. The museum promises a show of contemporary Chinese art in the summer of 1999. Which is good, but not good enough. If you brag about "5,000" years, you should have the guts to finish the story. You owe it to those who have suffered for their ideas. ■

theater

Eyes for Consuela . . . John Leguizamo . . . Hedwig

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Art—Watch three male friendships unravel, all because of an expensive painting. *(Ars longa, amicitia brevis).* Written by Yasmina Rez; Alan Alda, Alfred Molina, and Victor Garber star. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/12 for a 3/1 opening. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Cabaret—*Wilkommen!* Sam Mendes directs a revival of this eight-Tony-fabulous musical by Kander and Ebb. Natasha Richardson plays Sally Bowles; Alan Cumming plays the grinning emcee. Ron Rifkin and Mary Louise Wilson also star. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 2/13 for a 3/15 opening. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about a misspent and unholy adolescence. Horror stories about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and his evil grandmother abound. $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/12 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 3/12 opening. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

The Capeman—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a mix of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than 30 songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, follows Salvador Agron, the perp, for more than 30 years of his uncommon life. Book by Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 1/29/98. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her comehither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam.* Marie Osmond stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat.

Performance

The V-Word

This Valentine's Day, about a dozen or so well-known (and unblushing) women will gather at the Hammerstein Ballroom to read aloud from 'The Vagina Monologues,' Eve Ensler's award-winning sketches about "nappy dugouts," "mushmellows," "tamales," "split knishes," "fannyboos," etc., etc., etc. Listen for Glenn Close on "Reclaiming Cunt," Whoopi Goldberg on "My Angry Vagina," Kathy Najimy on "Because He Liked to Look at It," and Lily Tomlin on "The Vagina Workshop"; other sporting monologuists include Rosie Perez, Marisa Tomei, Winona Ryder, Calista Flockhart, and Susan Sarandon. "Each woman is doing something that really matches her personality," explains Ensler—doubtless one of the most unusual compliments ever paid. All proceeds from "V-Day 1998" will go to organizations that fight violence against women; for more information, call 414-1458 or 307-7171. Tickets are $100–$1000.

Eve Ensler, author of The Vagina Monologues.

Photograph by Carl Saytor.

at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and disco ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. (5) A play about old croakers will capture Broadway's senescent regulars. (6) Big Apple–vs.–New Jersey jests draw in the trans-Hudsonians. (7) As ex-vaudevillians, Willie and Al generate nostalgia for a vanished world. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen on Broadway in *The Rose Tattoo,* stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Opening
The Helga Chronicles

Under ideal circumstances, babysitters play Candyland with their charges and sneak them extra Yodels. Helga, the grotesquely henna'd East German war bride who looked after John Cameron Mitchell during his adolescence, came from a more wanton school of caretaking: She poured beers down his gullet and openly smoked dope in his presence. Not to worry: Babysitting wasn't her *only* source of income. She was also a prostitute. Or so the actor realized in retrospect, when it dawned on him that she always wore skimpy tube tops and went through "boyfriends" like popcorn. "We'd also go to her trailer and sing Barry Manilow songs," Mitchell recalls, presumably in defense of this divorced, lonely, and down-at-the-heels woman who befriended him. His family eventually left Fort Riley, Kansas, and Mitchell never saw Helga again. But his rock concert–cum–drama, *Hedwig and the Angry Inch,* is every inch a tribute to this special woman, and not at all an angry one. The protagonist, played by Mitchell himself in full acid-wash drag, is also an East German war bride living in a Kansas trailer park; she, too, turns tricks for a living and develops a special relationship with an adolescent boy. Instead of introducing him to the joys of Manilow, though, she teaches him her own songs—songs that eventually make him, not her, famous. The evening we meet Hedwig, she is giving an intimate concert on Jane Street while her former charge is performing in a stadium across the Hudson. If the piece sounds a mite outrageous, that's probably because it is—and the fact that Mitchell wears a stack of three wigs during the performance doesn't help matters much. But the 34-year-old actor hopes the play will be deeply moving as well. "It's a balancing act of genres and styles," he says. "We've had moments when it's teetered beautifully, without falling into bathos or too much camp." **JENNIFER SENIOR**

Off Broadway
Previews and Openings

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—The hugely successful Martin McDonagh comedy—about a lonely woman and her mother's attempts to sabotage her romantic life—crosses the Atlantic for an eight-week engagement at a theater by the same name. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 2/11 for a 2/26 opening. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Eyes For Consuela—A new play by Sam Shepard, based on Octavio Paz's short story *The Blue Bouquet.* While wandering through the Mexican jungle, an American traveler is taken hostage by a love-struck bandit who demands not money but his victim's eyes. Starring David Strathairn. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/10 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Flea in Her Ear—The Roundabout Theatre Company presents a brand-new adaptation of Georges Feydeau's 1907 farce. Starring Mark Linn-Baker; directed by Bill Irwin. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 2/11 for a 3/5 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his band, Cheater. $35. Mon at 8, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/14 opening. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Photograph by John Bruce.

I Will Come Back—A new musical celebrating Judy Garland's life. Written and directed by Timothy Gray, an associate of the diva; starring Tommy Femia, a cabaret performer who's made a healthy living out of impersonating her. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 2/10 for a 2/25 opening. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

The Maiden's Prayer—A new comedy from Nicky Silver about five adults interconnected through blood, friendship, marriage, and less meaningful unions. Starring Joanna Going, Patricia Clarkson, Daniel Jenkins, Geoffrey Nauffts and Christopher C. Fuller. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 2/22 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Mandala—A new psychological suspense drama from Waldemar Hansen about the suicide of an American painter. Presented by White Heron, Inc.; directed by Cyndy Marion. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/12 for a 2/17 opening. Through 3/8. *Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W. 26th St. (354-2220).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "Schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baitz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Hollywood, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals,* directs here, too. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Richard II and Richard III—Are presented in rotating repertory by the always estimable Theater for a New Audience. A company of eighteen actors plays 60 roles. $37.50 per *Richard*. Schedule varies. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bashevis—Tales of I.B. Singer—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize–winning author. Starring David Margulies. $20. Tues. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 2/14. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Benita Canova—Struck by Balthus's erotic depictions of little girls, Richard Foreman responded with this, his own metaphysical portrait of sex and violence among the nubile. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Ontological Theatre at St. Marks, 131 10th St. (533-4650).*

Black Humor—Lewis Black peddles his brand of shrewd, informed political comedy without, amazingly, invoking Bill Clinton's weakness for Big Macs or Al Gore's resemblance to plywood. $25–$27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Goose-Pimples—The New Group inaugurates its fall season with this scabrous comedy by Mike Leigh, writer and director of the films *Naked, Secrets and Lies,* and *Career Girls.* Scott Elliott directs. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Gun-Shy—Richard Dresser's new comedy about divorce, bicoastal parenting, and the perils of starting over. $37.50 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Cotter Smith. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard resumes her one-woman show, taking aim at Mariah Carey, supermodels, and other deserving targets. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 2/14. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

June Moon—A revival of a revival. Last year, the Drama Dept. brought back this 1929 comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman to great acclaim; this winter, the story of the Tin Pan Alley songwriter who falls for a big-city sophisticate comes roaring back, after a bit of tweaking at the McCarter Theatre. Directed by Mark Nelson. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/15/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (239-6200).*

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS, and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (1-800-MURDERINC).*

Opening
House of Buggin'

What could be finer than John Leguizamo mambo-mouthing his way through 'Freak,' a "demi-semi-quasi-pseudo-autobiographical" account of his unwholesome adolescence? Only spun silk, surely. Or a leopard-skin suit. Opens February 12 at the Cort.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening
Identity Crisis

Though Sam Shepard's newest play, *Eyes for Consuela*, is an adaptation of a short story by Octavio Paz, it's still an excuse for the Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright to explore some of his favorite themes. "When men pull away from women, they don't know who they are," Shepard recently explained. "Or they identify with things that are completely bizarre, like, like, like . . . football. And beer. You know?" Indeed we do. David Strathairn stars. Opens February 10 at the Manhattan Theatre Club.

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home further uptown. $25–$45. Mon. at 8, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra in Delirium—A contemporary perspective on the myth of the woman who falls in love with her stepson. Written by Susan Yankowitz; Kathleen Chalfant, the woman of multiple star-turns from *Angels in America,* plays the title role. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Pride's Crossing—One of our subtlest playwrights (Tina Howe) and one of our most incisive performers (Cherry Jones) have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play, which, by turns, is wistful, sassy, radiant, and melancholy. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to 90 in seemingly random order. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong, despotic nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. Without aid from makeup, she roams fast and free across the decades, embodying all ages and conditions through the sheer power of acting. (Simon: 12/22/97.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/5. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet.* The show was well reviewed when it played earlier this season at Expanded Arts, and the conceit—that a quartet of private-school boys perform Shakespeare's drama on a lark and actually learn something—has its charms. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).*

Scotland Road—A thriller-mystery by Jeffrey Hatcher about a neglected, underexploited topic: the *Titanic.* A man obsessed with the the ship's doomed voyage finds a young woman clinging to an iceberg in the North Atlantic. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/15. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $40. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Shopping and Fucking—And how these two pursuits intersect in the lives of five young Londoners. The play, by newcomer Mark Ravenhill, was a sensation last year in the West End; it opens here with a homegrown cast. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/2. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Show Goes On—Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt offer a charming retrospective of their work in this revue. Not at all a dreary "And then we wrote" ego trip, this is a selective overview of the high and low points of their joint career, whose best known peaks were *The Fantasticks, 110 in the Shade,* and *I Do! I Do!* What we get here is Schmidt, ebullient at the piano, and Jones as the choicest of compères and raconteurs evoking the history of creating Broadway and Off Broadway musicals. (Simon: 1/12/98). $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/28. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Song at Sunset—A tribute to the playwright Sean O'Casey by his daughter, Shivaun O'Casey. Starring Olivier Award winner Niall Buggy. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 2/15. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn.* $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

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Openings

Eighty AIPAD dealers from the United States, Canada, Europe, and Japan are coming to the New York Hilton, 53rd Street and Sixth Avenue, February 13–15 for **THE PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW 98.** Hours are Fri. and Sat. 12–8 and Sun. 11–6; admission is $15 daily or $30 for a three-day pass.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Stuart Arends—Small-scale minimal paintings on box-like supports; through 3/28. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (734-3600).

Herbert Brown—Painted subway posters from the early sixties; through 2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Carol Diehl—Recent paintings depicting dense configurations of numbers, words, and symbols; through 3/14. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Eric Fischl—Recent sculpture; through 2/28. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Sam Francis—Biomorphic abstract paintings produced early in the artist's career, between 1959–61, when he was preoccupied almost exclusively with the exploration of blue; 2/14–3/31. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Michael Heizer—Wood laminate constructions printed with geologic photographic imagery; through 3/7. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Kazuko Inoue/Jerry McLaughlin—New abstract paintings by both; through 2/28. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Tony Scherman/José María Sicilia—Encaustic paintings of faces from the artist's Napoleon series/Paintings of flowers on fields of honey-colored wax. Through 2/27. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

57th Street Area

Joe Andoe—Print editions from Lococo-Mulder, including serigraphs, aquatints, and monoprints of landscapes, flowers, birds, and other imagery; through 2/28. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Janet Fish—Recent still-life paintings; through 3/7. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Jud Nelson—Realist marble sculptures of such small-scale objects as Saltines, bottle corks, aspirins, dog bones, and light bulbs; through 2/28. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Donald Judd—Early fabricated works; through 3/21. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Anne Kraus—A survey of ceramic pots from the past fifteen years; through 3/7. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Richard Mayhew—Romantic landscape paintings; through 2/28. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Daniel Morper—Realist paintings of the Santa Fe rail yards; through 2/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

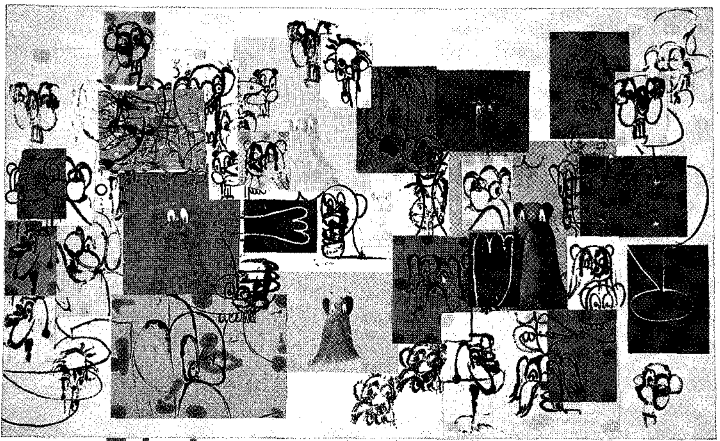
Grandma Moses—A survey of paintings of the American countryside by America's best known folk artist (1860–1961); through 2/28. Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

Michel Nedjar—An exhibition pairing the mixed-media paintings of this self-taught artist with works by Expressionists; through 3/14. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Fred Otnes—Recent collage paintings; through 2/28. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

Pablo Picasso—A exhibition of prints focusing on the artist's collaborations with various printmakers; through 3/14. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Harvey Quaytman—New geometric paintings on cross-shaped canvases; through 3/14. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).



Talent

Mondo Condo

In his latest paintings, George Condo has mixed painted surfaces with collaged drawings torn from his sketchbooks. The results are individual works whose various layers embody, as he puts it, "the entire life cycle of a series." At PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene Street; through March 7.

Vivian Springford—The artist's abstract "Black Paintings" from 1957 through 1964, in which she first began exploring the effects of staining on unprimed canvas, and her vividly colored amorphic stained canvases of the seventies and eighties; through 2/28. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1180).

Manolo Valdés—New paintings and wood sculptures; through 2/28. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Jeff Wall—Cibachrome transparency lightboxes and large-scale black-and-white photographs from the past three years; through 3/14. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Helen Miranda Wilson—New paintings that depict the sky as seen by someone looking upwards; through 4/9. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Daniel Buren—Three series of unique prints by the French conceptualist; through 3/14. Gemini G.E.L. at Weyl, 375 Broadway (219-1446).

Elizabeth Catlett—Recent figurative sculpture in wood, terra cotta, marble, and bronze by an artist who began her career in the forties and whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Neuberger Museum of Art in Purchase, New York; through 3/4. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

George Condo—New collage paintings combining figuration and abstraction; through 3/7. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Peter Dreher—Three separate installations of the artist's paintings of nudes, flowers, and glasses; through 3/7. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Yizhak Elyashiv—Large-scale drypoints that depict random configurations of grains of wheat; through 3/14. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0906).

Bruno Hadjadj—A sculptural interpretation of the 1656 Velázquez painting *Las Meninas*; through 3/14. 123 Watts Gallery, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Arturo Herrera—An installation of minimally presented objects in a variety of media, among them wall painting, photography, sculpture, and works on paper; through 3/7. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Theo Hios—A survey honoring the artist's 90th birthday, including his early social-realist works from the thirties, visionary pieces, and later abstractions; through 3/7. Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335).

Gillian Jagger—New sculpture; through 3/14. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Y. Z. Kami/Daisuke Nakayama—An installation of painted portraits of men and women that suggests a memorial hall from an ancient world/An installation of a café reduced to its most elemental components; 2/11–3/14. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Anselm Kiefer—Five new paintings that measure 9 feet high by 23 feet wide and a series of books; through 2/28. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Paul Laffoley—Recent paintings and prints of diagrams for imaginary systems; through 3/7. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Sang Nam Lee—Minimal paintings of concentric circles that appear to advance and recede within the picture plane; through 3/7. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Robert Moskowitz—Recent paintings that continue the artist's investigation of the relationship between abstraction and selected representational images; through 3/21. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Matt Mullican—Forty-three paintings generated from the taxonomy of a nineteenth-century encyclopedia, and a video and recent multiples; through

Photograph courtesy of Pace Wildenstein Gallery.

3/28. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

John Okulick—New wood sculptures and charcoal drawings; through 3/11. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Ruth Pastine/Fredrick Holland—Paintings that appear to be monochromatic but actually comprise hundreds of daubs of paint/Bronze sculptures. Through 2/28. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Rebecca Quaytman—Recent paintings, including portraits and abstract works; through 3/14. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Ulrich Rückriem—Stone sculptures that begin as rough stone monoliths and are then cut and/or split and subsequently reassembled; through 2/28. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Edgar Sanchez—Paintings of solitary figures against empty landscapes or imaginary cityscapes; through 3/5. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

E. E. Smith/Sarah Leahy—Photographic oil prints of landscapes/Paintings made with black ink on Plexiglas. Through 3/7. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Rudolph Steiner—Blackboard drawings that were the visual component to Steiner's lectures given between 1919 and 1924; through 3/21. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Richard Tuttle—New mixed-media wall pieces that continue the artist's investigation of the perceptive and cognitive boundaries of the visual field; through 3/21. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Andy Warhol—Fifteen abstract paintings that were produced in 1962 and have not been previously exhibited; through 3/21. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Chelsea

Keith Edmier—Sculptures based on the artist's reconstructed childhood memories and fixations; through 3/7. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Graham Gillmore—Paintings in polyurethane and oil paint on masonite of mysterious organic forms in a laboratory-like space; through 3/14. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Guy Goodwin—Paintings of a derelict midwestern town; through 2/28. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Matt Harle/Carie Lassman—New sculptures of Hydrocal, cast rubber, and foam installation that are simultaneously anthropomorphic and architectural/New paintings. Through 3/14. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Gary Hume—Small paintings made between 1991 and 1997; through 2/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Joan Jonas—A film/video projection of an outdoor work performed in 1970 and a new video work; through 2/28. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Helen Marden—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 2/28. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Martin G. Larralde—New figurative paintings by an Argentinian artist that depict him as an adolescent; through 2/26. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Matthew McCaslin—Recent video sculptures; through 3/7. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Ingo Meller—Paintings on unstretched, irregularly-shaped canvases in which strokes of color move in two directions; through 2/28. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Ross Rudel—Recent sculpture; through 3/7. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Jane Schiowitz/Claudia Roberts and Thomas Weaver—New abstract paintings depicting loosely repeated patterns/A collaborative installation of an oversized staircase. Through 2/28. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

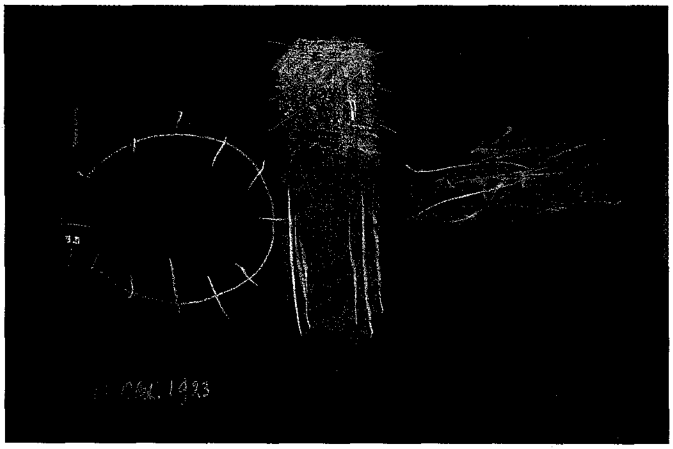
Betty Woodman—Recent ceramic sculptures based on specific works by Picasso and Matisse, and works in glass; through 2/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "From Sacred to Sensual: Italian Paintings, 1400 to 1750," with works by Bellini, Canaletto, Tintoretto, Titian, others; through 3/14.

On View Most people associate blackboard drawings with the German artist Joseph Beuys, not with the Austrian scholar and mystic Rudolf Steiner (1861–1925), founder of the Waldorf schools that perpetuate his pedagogical theories. But it's clear that Beuys, who was an admirer of Steiner's writings and teachings, took his inspiration from the colorful, virtually abstract drawings Steiner made during his lectures of 1919–24. Those drawings, like the work below, were preserved by his colleague Emma Stolle, who circumvented Steiner's habit of erasing his works by placing black sheets of paper over the boards. At Peter Blum, 99 Wooster Street; through March 21.



Photograph courtesy of Peter Blum, New York.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0700). "Patriarchs and Prophets," an exhibit of Old Testament paintings from 1550 to 1800 by Italian and Dutch artists Bassano, Procaccini, Guercino, Preti, Bravo, others; through 2/28.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Abstract and representational drawings by 28 artists, among them Africano, Arm, Bocchino, Bovasso; through 3/7.

Hunter College—695 Park Ave. (772-4991). "Roots & Reeds: The Amazing Grace of the Gullah People;" through 3/21.

57th Street Area

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). An exhibition focusing on work made by Bennington teachers Caro, Feeley, Noland, and Olitski during the sixties, titled "The Green Mountain Boys"; through 2/28.

Equitable Gallery—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "The Dutch in the Americas, 1600–1800," with rare prints, maps, and illustrated books from the John Carter Brown Library; through 4/4.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). An exhibition of American self-taught artists, Hicks, Moses, Hirshfield, Kane, others; through 2/28.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Print and photographs of still-life compositions spanning the past 100 years, by Brandt, Braques, Freud, hockney, Kertesz, Martone, Picasso, others; through 2/28.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "Rubber," with sculptures incorporating that material by Booker, Bourgeois, Hesse, McGill, Nauman, Overby, Silverthorne, Whiteread; through 2/28.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Twentieth-century masterworks by African-American artists Alston, Catlett, Delaney, Gilliam, others; through 3/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). An exhibit examining the work of Pollock, Orozco, and Siqueiros; through 2/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

AC Project Room—15 Renwick St. (219-8275). Sculpture and painting by Smith, Kim, Chu; through 2/28.

Art In General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Scale, Relatively Speaking," with Abrahamson, Andrus, Burns, Engler, others; through 4/4.

Boesky—51 Greene St. (941-9888). "Real Stories," work from the eighties that has set precedents for work in the nineties, by Gober, Kelley, Kippenberger, Prince, others;through 2/28.

Bravin Post Lee—476 Broome St. (727-9809). "Recovering Lost Fictions: Caravaggio's 'Musicians,' " work by Gilje and Grigely exploring the way we authenticate and value works of fine art; 2/14–3/14.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "WILD," an exhibition of the work of Brody, Closson, Cohen, Currie, and others, exploring the boundaries of traditional media; through 3/15.

Lennon Weinberg—560 Broadway (941-0012). Arrangements of work in a variety of media, suggestive of a room in a home; through 3/7.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). "Abstraction," with works by French, Soreff, Neher, Rose, others; through 2/28.

Stendhal—386 W. Broadway (334-4649). An exploration of the grotesque in photography, paintings, and sculpture with works by Serrano, Paladino, Dine, Rauschenberg, others; 2/13–3/22.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "Technosophia I: Overpromised," a multimedia exploration of the convergence of artistic practice and new digital technologies with installations by Swiss artists and D.J.'s Schumacher and Clavadetscher; through 3/1.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Abstracted Presence," with paintings by Appel, Bladen, Held, Leroy, Leslie, and Resnick; through 2/28.

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). Sculpture, photography and drawings by Douglas, Khedoori, McCracken, Rhoades, others; through 3/14.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Works by Dittborn, Doherty, Hatoum, Salcedo; through 2/28.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). "Super Freaks: Post Pop & the New Generation;" through 4/18.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). "Maverick," new sculpture, photography, drawing, painting, and video from Bustamante, Fischli, Fritsch, Horn, others; through 4/11.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752). "Portraits," with works by Beck, Fowler, Keita, Moffatt; through 2/28.

Other

Columbia University—Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288). "The Visual Front: Spanish Civil War Posters;" through 3/28.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Reading Between the Lines," an exhibition of artists' books by Beube, Belichick, Cooperider, Kino, Marcano, others; through 3/7.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). A survey of photographs from the fifties by Arbus, DeCarava, Frank, Strand, Winogrand, others; through 3/7.

Marta María Pérez Bravo—Manipulated and fragmented images of the artist's body; through 3/14. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Anton Bruehl—A survey of prints by the photographer (1900–1982), who pioneered color photography in the early thirties and was well known for his work for *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*; through 3/7. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Thomas Joshua Cooper—Photographs of rivers in America and Scotland that reduce landscape to its most minimal and abstract elements; through 3/14. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Dorothea Lange/Lewis Hine—Vintage prints made in the fifties, from the photographer's early San Francisco period to her work for the Farm Securities Administration/A survey of works from all the photographer's series, among them images of Ellis Island, child labor, and the construction of the Empire State Building. Through 2/28. Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. (222-7381), Wed.–Sat. 11–6.

Peter Garfield—Images of airborne houses in various stages of destruction; through 3/7. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Generous Miracles—529 W. 20th St. (352-2858). Conceptual photographs by eleven artists of Cuban origin; through 3/31.

Jan Groover—Recent photographs of highways under construction in rural France; through 2/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Lois Guarino—Platinum palladium photographs of historical objects and Russian icons that incorporate gold and silver leafing, painting, and other media; through 3/14. Mann, 43 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

ICP—1130 Fifth (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraïdari"; through 2/22.

ICP Midtown—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

Luis Mallo—Black-and-white photographs of subway passengers in New York City; through 3/14. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Rose Marasco—Images of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century domestic items used by women; through 3/7. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Tanya Marcuse—New photographic emulsion transfers on glass and mylar that depict fragmented torsos; through 2/28. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Wayne F. Miller—Photographs of Chicago's African-American community taken 1946–47; through 2/26. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Roberto Schezen—Photographs depicting Greek Revival statues of male athletes that were erected in Rome in the thirties under Mussolini's direction; through 3/14. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

David "Chim" Seymour—Vintage prints by the photojournalist who co-founded Magnum Photos in 1947; through 3/7. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Kiki Smith/Joey Kötting—Straightforward photographs of wildlife and of the artist in sequential stages of blowing an egg/Paintings, video, and photographs that depict the artist outdoors in various activities. Through 3/7. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Burk Uzzle—Photographs documenting Daytona Bike Week over the past 25 years; through 3/14. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Ernest Withers—Images of the civil rights movement and of black baseball players and musicians by a photographer who was born in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1922, and continues to work out of his Beale Street studio; through 3/7. Kasher, 54 N. Moore St. (966-3978).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Photographs depicting various aspects of Italy by Angelo Lomeo and Sonja Bullaty, Linda Butler, and Leonard Sussman; through 3/14.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 3/22. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 3/22. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Sacred Mountains of the World." Color photographs of revered mountains around the world; through 3/31. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Great Cities, Small Treasures: The Ancient World of the Indus Valley." Over 100 examples of sculpture, ceramics, metalwork, seals, and other artifacts made by inhabitants of the Indus River Valley between 2600 B.C.E. and 1900 B.C.E., drawn primarily from collections in Pakistan; 2/11–5/3. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . "The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol"; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America." Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835–1898) from the museum's collection; through 2/15. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Jewels of Lalique." A retrospective of jewelry by the French art Nouveau artist-designer; through 4/12. . . . "Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project." The first New York exhibition of photographs, models, and drawings by the Miami-based architectural firm, highlighting its plans for a hotel, entertainment, and retail complex at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue; 2/17–5/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5. Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Rosa Bonheur." The first American retrospective devoted to the nineteenth century's acclaimed animal painter; through 2/21. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Diamantina Gonzalez: Recurrent Memories"; through 3/29. . . . "Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. . . . "Brian Nissen, Chinampas: A Vision of the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco"; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors, children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; through 6/3. . . . "After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Still More Distant Journeys: The Artistic Emigrations of Lasar Segall." The first major United States retrospective of the eminent Lithuanian-born Brazilian artist (1891–1957) who was a major contributor to the development of German Expressionism and Brazilian modernist painting; 2/15–5/10. . . . ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940–41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York–based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gianni Versace." A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916–1992." A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist's paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . . "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era"; through 3/1. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Norman Norell." The first retrospective of the American designer (1900–1972), known for his tailoring perfection; through 4/18.

. . . "Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A.G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions." A survey of architectural drawings, illuminated poems, and visionary writings by the San Francisco architectural draftsman (1896–1981); through 3/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Fernand Léger." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist (1881–1955) from his early series "Contrastes de Formes (1913–14)," the first fully abstract works to emerge from Cubism, through his last realist paintings of construction workers of the late forties and early fifties; 2/15–5/12. . . . "Fabrications." An exhibition developed jointly by MOMA, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Wexner Center for the Arts, comprising a total of twelve installations simultaneously constructed at all three venues by architects and architectural teams; through 4/28. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827–1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depicting children; through 3/8. . . . "Stages of Creation: Public Sculpture by National Academicians." Models for public sculpture by Louise Bourgeois, Neil Estern, Marisol, Tom Otterness, Tony Rosenthal, and others; through 3/8. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Fri. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs. and Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for for youths 18 years and under.

New York Public Library—"A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Basement Publishing in New York City and Elsewhere." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 5/30. . . . "The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Subject Matters: Photography, Romana Javitz, and the New York Public Library." The story of the visionary curator Romana Javitz, who during her 39-year tenure (1929–1968), built the Picture Collection at the New York Public Library into a world-renowned resource of documentary photography; through 3/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New York Transit Museum—"50 Years of the Subway Sun." Posters from the "Sunday Sun" poster series that were created for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company between 1910 and the early sixties; through 3/22. Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601), Tues.–Fri. 10–4, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors (free for seniors every Wed. from 12–4).

New-York Historical Society—"Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East. ca. 3500–2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600–1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bill Viola." The first full-scale overview of the work of the California-based video artist, including 15 installations, 25 videotapes, and drawings and notebooks from the past 25 years; 2/12–5/10. . . . "Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; through 4/12. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 2/12 at 10: "Nineteenth-Century European Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 2/7.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 2/17 at 10: "Maritime." On view from 2/13.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 2/11 at 10: "Belle Epoque: Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 2/6.

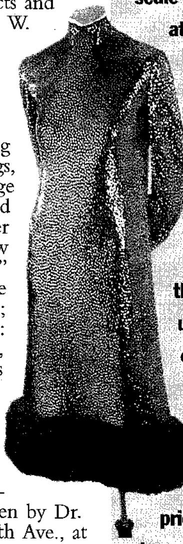
Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next sale on 2/19.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/12 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Medicine, Natural History, Science & Technology, Gastronomic Books and Ephemera From the Eloise Schofield Collection." On view from 2/7.

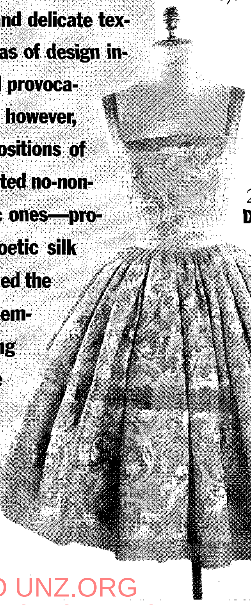
Retrospective

The Simple Life

If there's a Mr. Nice Guy of high-end ready-to-wear fashion, it's Norman Norell. Born Norman Levinson in Indiana in 1900, he came into his own during the forties—as the war was liberating American design from French hegemony—by emphasizing the quiet virtues of good taste and impeccable tailoring. He died in 1972 in New York on the eve of an homage to his work at the Metropolitan Museum. Now he's being honored with a full-scale retrospective by the Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology (February 10 through April 18). Here, several decades' worth of his well-bred clothes are grouped into beguiling clusters of "little black dresses," floor-length sheaths of jewel-toned sequins that evoke mermaids' tails, and other perennial themes that Norell never abandoned but continued to refine, with only small nods to the changing tenor of the times.



Norell claimed women should be simple by day and extravagant at night, but in truth, whatever the hour, his creations expressed the soul of propriety. A client may have been a celebrity—Lauren Bacall, Babe Paley—or a commoner; in her Norells she invariably looked like a lady. A party coat of heliotrope maribou is about as wild as the man got, and even this lovely thing is tamed by its modest lines and delicate texture. Norell ignored many areas of design innovation, among them cut and provocative color contrasts. He was, however, fascinated by unusual juxtapositions of fabrics. Often his garments mated no-nonsense materials with romantic ones—prosaic wool jersey, say, with poetic silk chiffon. Above all, Norell pursued the elegance of simplicity—a seemingly dated mode that, having survived the outrages of the rag trade that began in the sixties, may prove to be timeless. **TOBI TOBIAS**



Photographs courtesy of the Fashion Institute of Technology, New York.

restaurants

California Chocolate...Soup's On...Antonio

Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. *337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cellar in the Sky—This oenophile's dream changes its menu, and its well-chosen wine pairings, monthly; the one constant is the spectacular view. Four courses of creatively prepared, seasonal American fare costs $60, and the flights of three wines begin at $35. Lately, offerings have included a chili-grilled blue-prawn salad with mango marmalade and Cuba libre spices, roasted pheasant with spinach gnocchi, and a trio of Sonoma bottlings. Jacket required; love of heights recommended. *1 World Trade Center (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

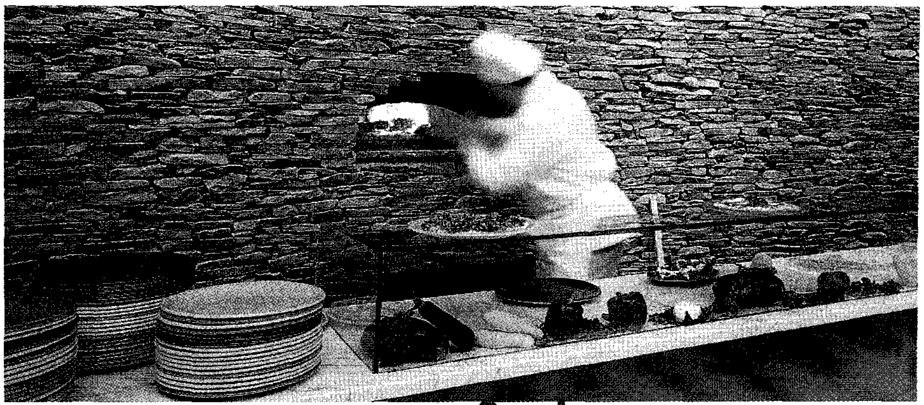
The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

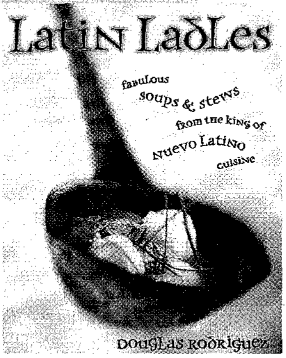


Opening
Wonder Wall

The owners of the new Mad 28 have assembled an all-star crew of Italian expats for their casual, mid-priced venture: a cook from Rome who trained under Paul Bocuse; a pizza chef with Neapolitan pie-flinging credentials; and Genovese architect Daniel O'Connor, who created an astounding flagstone wall (above). The large-scale video screen alternates between 'La Dolce Vita'–era art films and live soccer broadcasts. And the accessible menu is enlivened with such exotica as duck ham, rabbit ravioli in orange essence, and lobster carpaccio. (72 Madison Avenue, near 28th Street; 689-2828.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

In Print **Even before soup became a marketing strategy, it was a favorite flavor showcase for Patria chef Douglas Rodriguez. In his new *Latin Ladles* (Ten Speed; $17.95), he mines indigenous ingredients and techniques from nineteen countries in Central and South America and the Caribbean. But rather than parrot traditional recipes, he dauntlessly crosses borders, combining fragrant seasonings with native produce to create his own thoroughly modern hybrids. Some things you'll never pour out of a Campbell's can: rabbit in coconut milk, malanga-and-beef stew, corn mush with chorizo, and "tamales in a pot."**



Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

53 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hog Pit—This country-roadhouse-esque joint in the middle of the meat market serves, aptly enough, pork ribs, pulled-pork sandwiches, and all manner of barbecued meat. Plus fried catfish, a pool table, country tunes, and cheap beer. *22 Ninth Ave. (604-0092). (M) ($).*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Angelo & Maxie's Steakhouse—This luxurious new steakhouse serves enormous portions of beef—plus alternatives for artery-watchers—to a crowd that's come to have a good, gluttonous time. Many choose to follow their meal with a leisurely smoke, which they're welcome to procure in the well-stocked cigar store. *233 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (220-9200). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood and a variety of Turkish appetizers. *386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Soul Fixins'—Until now, this humble source of delicious soul food has been a convenient pit stop for lunch in the Penn Station–Macy's vicinity. Now house specialties like collard greens, macaroni and cheese, ribs, and sweet-potato pie are available for dinner or catered affairs. Closed weekends. *371 W. 34th St. (736-1345). (I) ($).*

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible

ASK GAEL

Where do I go when too much is barely enough?

If a brick-size hunk of savory short ribs is what you crave, get to Antonio, where chef Vincent Scotto is now dishing up the kind of delicious excess that wowed fans at Fresco. In a spare, cream-hued space filled with the rich tenor of Andrea Bocelli, you can also dig into rustic ribollita (vegetable, white bean, and bread soup) and bruschetta buried under an avalanche of wild mushrooms in mascarpone cream. The tortino is a rather *Big Night* pasta pie, studded with chicken, eggplant, and olive purée. Entrées $13 to $21. Quality is still uneven, but Scotto promises to get the kitchen in gear before he leaves in May to prep for his own spot on Madison and 28th. (140 West 13th Street; 645-4606.)

Photograph by Dirk Anschütz.

roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. *252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers, formerly of Ben Benson's, transports his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district duplex is still owned, amazingly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piemontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Robert Wright.

Preview

Italy on $15 a Day

Jean Claude Iacovelli, patron saint of Franco-gourmands on a budget, returns to his Italian roots with Velli, opening next week. Chef Joe Amatruda, veteran of both Jean Claude and SoHo Steak, has created a menu of affordable bruschetta, carpaccio, osso buco, and pasta for the ground-floor dining room of what will eventually become a full-fledged bed-and-breakfast. (132 West Houston Street; 979-7614.)

Texas Texas Restaurant & Saloon—This casual barbecue joint on a bustling Broadway corner attracts tourists and local office workers looking for affordable southwestern grub like baby back ribs, plank-roasted salmon, and barbecued chicken. The CD player is programmed to play recordings by Texas artists only. *1600 Broadway, at 48th St. (956-7427). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Favia Lite—What distinguishes this Upper East Side Italian restaurant from all others is its emphasis on healthfulness. Pastas include whole-wheat lasagne and shrimp alla vodka; the brick-oven pizzas are especially commendable. *1140 Second Ave., at 60th St. (223-9115). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. *1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.*

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, the kitchen is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test the chef's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

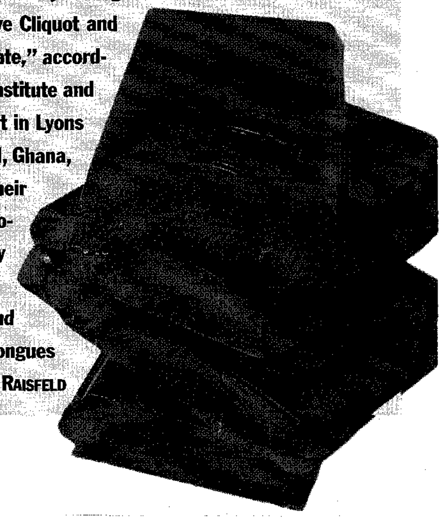
Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tasting
Dark Victory

Bouquet. Tannins. Acidity. Your basic wine-speak? Not necessarily. "When you taste chocolate," says John Scharffenberger, co-owner of California's Scharffen Berger Chocolate Maker, *"you use the same model. You ask, what type of fruit is there? What kind of flavor intensity? And for what duration?"* Well, maybe *you* don't. Maybe you're content with the flavor intensities for sale at your local vending machine. But the high-minded cocoa seriousness of Scharffenberger and his partner, Dr. Robert Steinberg, is indicative of the artisanal trend that's slowly infiltrating American food production. Like their predecessors, (mostly) West Coast pioneers who labored to refute such post-war supermarket axioms as *American cheese = Kraft singles* and *American bread = Wonder white*, the two San Franciscans have crafted a luxuriously bittersweet chocolate, available now in bulk at Gourmet Garage and on the dessert menu at Vong. The unusually high (70 percent) cacao content rivals the European paradigm. (The remainder is whole-bean vanilla, large-crystal sugar, and a smidgen of soy lecithin). "There was no American product we wanted to eat," says Scharffenberger, an inveterate connoisseur who, baffled by the dearth of American sparkling wine seventeen years ago, founded Scharffenberger Cellars (sold three years ago to LVMH Moet Hennessy Louis Vuitton, owner of Veuve Cliquot and Dom Pérignon). Steinberg—*"a real snob about chocolate,"* according to his partner—attended a chocolate-technology institute and landed an internship at the estimable Bernachon plant in Lyons before researching bean sources in Venezuela, Trinidad, Ghana, and Papua New Guinea. All along, the two relied on their own finicky taste. "There was no market research, no focus groups," says Scarffenberger. "We were driven by flavor." But the Bay Area public seems to get it. "We had a tasting at Whole Foods Market," he says, "and people were looking really pensive, holding it on their tongues until it melted." Refined palates, no doubt. Robin Raisfeld



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

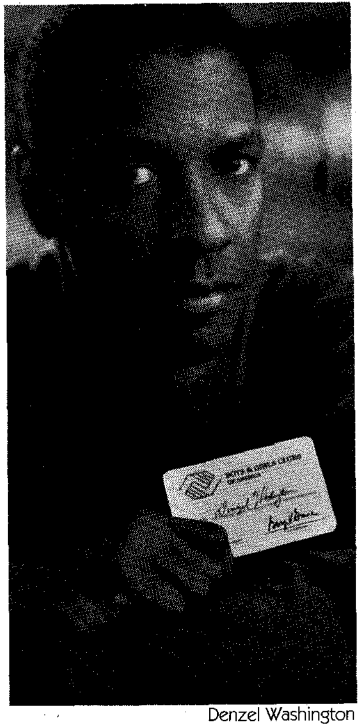
The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith *continued from page 54*

izing, but it was during the performers' solos that their favorite technique—stretching a few seconds of one song into something entirely new and barely recognizable—was on display. Using two copies of the record, Swift resequenced the guitar solo in James Brown's "Get Up, Get Into It, Get Involved," rendering it so novel that its very unfamiliarity became a virtue. Sinista gave LL Cool J's "Rock the Bells" a similar treatment.

This obsessive approach to music—searching for new sounds, or new ways to mess with familiar ones—isn't going to make the X-ecutioners rich, or even, probably, get them on the radio. But that's not what they're after: They banded together specifically to win D.J. competitions—to be the baddest, most skillful, most respected bunch of vinyl slingers on the scene. Kind of like the block-party boasters who started it all.

In brief: SUBTLETY HAS NEVER BEEN **Pearl Jam's** forte, or even something they've attempted. Ditto irony, self-awareness, and humor of any description. But on *Yield* (Epic), they leaven the feedback-drenched bombast with traces of each. There's still plenty of crypto-cock-rock bluster ("Brain of J"), facile soft-loud dynamic shifts ("Low Light"), and embarrassing Christ-complex stuff ("Pilate"), but on tunes like "Faithful" and "Wishlist," Vedder & Co. actually provide a few intriguing metaphors, delicate guitar riffs, and—gasp—the occasional joke. . . . *Cold and Bouncy* (Alpaca/V2), the new album from London's **High Llamas,** is the latest dispatch from leader Sean O'Hagan's obsession with the Beach Boys' late-sixties experimental-pop phase. Overlaying the songs' guitar base with an array of flutes, banjo, strings, horns, vibraharp, odd harmonies, and assorted electronic bloops (*Cold*'s main innovation over its predecessor, *Hawaii*), O'Hagan successfully re-creates the soothingly artificial paradise in which Brian Wilson cocooned himself. . . . After a couple of disappointing, slick-sounding albums, San Francisco melancholist **Mark Eitzel** makes a welcome return to low-key sonics with *Caught in a Trap and I Can't Back Out 'Cause I Love You Too Much, Baby* (Matador). When not accompanying himself with a lone guitar, Eitzel is backed by an unlikely trio of New York stalwarts: Sonic Youth drummer Steve Shelley, Yo La Tengo bassist James McNew, and guitarist-about-town Kid Congo Powers. The quiet dissonance they conjure is a perfect setting for the singer's gorgeously detailed portraits of heartbreak, alienation, and the occasional kernel of beauty in both. ■



Denzel Washington

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Concerts

Altan—A veritable Celtic-music supergroup, this Irish outfit was where Enya (then known as Eithne Ní Bhraonáin) got her start. They haven't suffered for her absence, though, and still offer up some of the meanest jigs, reels, and airs around. 2/15 at 7 P.M. *The Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25.*

Black Umfolosi—Zimbabwe's answer to Ladysmith Black Mambazo, this trad-Zulu outfit wrote the theme song for ZBC Radio's anti-apartheid program in the eighties. Catch them now that the tune has (happily) become an anachronism. 2/14 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (545-7536). $25.*

Carnegie Hall Jazz Band Sextet—Guitarist Howard Alden leads the small group in "Sweet and Low-Down," a tour through the memorable Gershwin moments, including "Lady Be Good," "I've Got Rhythm," and "Nice Work If You Can Get It." 2/17 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $35.*

Rosemary Clooney—Clooney is pure class. Her effortless, subtle readings of the American songbook are gems in their own right, and her choice of new material is always impeccable. 2/11 at 8 P.M. With the Count Basie Orchestra and the John Pizzarelli Trio. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (903-9750). $17–$65.*

Performance
Key for Two

Vibes virtuoso Milt Jackson and masterful pianist Cedar Walton trade stately, swinging riffs in the second installment of Merkin Hall's aptly named "Key Players" series, February 16.

"Coltrane: A Love Supreme"—Saxophonist Michael Brecker joins the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band for "Giant Steps," "Countdown," and other dizzying compositions by the tenor titan. For the program's second half, the band will tackle Slide Hampton's arrangement of "A Love Supreme." 2/12 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

Candy Dulfer, Jonathan Butler, and Joe Sample—Smooth, soulful contempo-jazz from three of the best. 2/13 at 8 P.M. *the Beacon Theatre, Broadway between 74th and 75th Sts. (496-7070). $35–$50.*

Jose Feliciano—2/14 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $35–$39.*

"The Greatest Hits of the Gershwins"—The "Lyrics & Lyricists" series fêtes both halves—wordsmith Ira and tunesmith George—of the fraternal duo. 2/14 at 8 P.M., 2/15 at 2:30 and 8 P.M., 2/16 at 2 and 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $35–$38.*

Barry Harris and Jimmy Slyde—In December, Slyde's tap dancing was the highlight of the Lambs Theater's "Jazz Nativity." In this duo engagement with historian-pianist Harris, he promises to be electrifying. 2/13 at 6:30 P.M. *New School for Social Research, 55 W. 13th St. (229-5667). $15.*

Milt Jackson and Cedar Walton—This duo installment of "The Key Players" makes the series title a major understatement. 2/16 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20.*

Billy Joel—Disregarding the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame's recent thumbs-down, New York looks to be in a Billy Joel state of mind, seeing as how the puppy-faced Long Islander's six nights have been sold out for months. Never mind that he's been a little bleary-eyed lately: Joel captures a certain suburban *je ne sais quoi* better than anyone since Eddie Money. 2/11, 2/14, 2/16, and 4/30 at 8 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

"May I Have This Dance?"—Transforming the Majestic into an old-time, big-band ballroom, this swing-era re-creation will invite audience members to lindy hop on stage. 2/14 at 8 P.M. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., (718-636-4181). $18–$28.*

Nile Ethiopian Ensemble—Trad–East African music and dance, from a U.S.–based folk outfit. 2/13 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (545-7536). $20.*

"Syd Straw Heartwreck Show"—Roseanne Cash, Loudon Wainwright III, David Greenberger, and Taylor Negron (the pizza guy in Fast Times at Ridgemont High) join the folk-pop host for some cynical rumination on the L-word. 2/14 at 8 P.M. *St. Anne's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights (718-834-8794). $20–$25.*

Sugar Ray—With Goldfinger and Save Ferris. 2/12 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $15.*

"Uhuru Afrika"—Randy Weston's reprise of his seminal 1960 salute to African independence features such luminaries as Dewey Redman, Babatunde Olatunji, Cecil Payne, and Eddie Henderson in roles originally filled by Langston Hughes and other icons of African diaspora. 2/13 at 8 P.M. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4181). $18–$28.*

Martha Wash—The voice that belted C+C Music Factory's seminal house hit "Gonna Make You Sweat" (in the video, the vocals were "visualized" by the considerably slimmer Zelma Davis), Wash was also a member of the equally soulful Weather Girls. Now on her own, she'll undoubtedly revisit the hits. 2/12 at 8 P.M. *The Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $30.*

Cassandra Wilson; McCoy Tyner Trio—2/14 at 8 P.M. *Victoria Theater, New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $10–$38.*

Bobby Womack—With Blue Magic and Rome. 2/14 at 8 P.M. *Apollo Theatre (864-0372). $30–$40.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 2/14: Episonic; the Geraniums. 2/16: Altra; Hamell on Trial. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 2/12: Taylor Barton with G. E. Smith. 2/13: Jen Chapin. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/10: Kenny Rankin. 2/12: Traffic founders Dave Mason and Jim Capaldi; Al Stewart. 2/13–2/15: Betty Buckley's Valentine's Day show, "Heart to Heart and a Little Triumph." *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 2/12: Mer. 2/15: Les Savy Fav. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, un-scuzzy basement lounge. 2/13: Ricanstruction. 2/14: The Wives. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 2/11: Moose & the Bulletproof Blues. 2/12: The Fins. 2/13–14: Otis Rush. 2/16: Midnight Blue. 2/17: Bill Roseman Trio. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 2/10: Less Than Jake. 2/11: Two Skinnee J's. 2/12: Phoebe Legere; Shaman. 2/13: Entombed; Bloodlet. 2/14: MU330. 2/15: The Loiterers. 2/16: Japonize Elephants; Bindlestiff Family Circus. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photographs: left to right, Ken Franckling/Corbis; Andy Chambers/Retna.

Data

Heartache Tonight

After New Year's Eve, Valentine's Day is probably the most consistently disappointing "holiday" on the calendar. Expectations, baggage, a pervasive sense of purposelessness—they can all leave you feeling more than a little let down. A specific plan, though—whether a full-on Quiet Storm steam-session or wholesale avoidance of matters of the heart—can do wonders for the stressful day. A few Valentine's suggestions for celebrations romantic, anti-romantic, and points in between:

- **"Syd Straw Heartwreck Show": A sharp-tongued, cynical, and entirely beautiful Valentine's gig, featuring Straw backed by some New York stalwarts (Marc Ribot among them). She's joined by fellow troubadours of the brokenhearted Loudon Wainwright III and Roseanne Cash. (Arts at St. Ann's; see "Concerts.")**
- **Betty Buckley: The erstwhile *Cats* star offers some downtown cabaret, in her "Heart to Heart and a Little Triumph." (The Bottom Line; see "Clubland.")**
- **Mose Allison: If cool-toned piano blues gets your love lights burning low, Allison's your man. Added blues-bonus: No cracked-voice tales of heartbreak here—just slow-cooked boogie. (Iridium; see "Jazz.")**
- **"Greatest Hits of the Gershwins": George and Ira's greatest—"Embraceable You," "But Not for Me," and " 'Swonderful" among them—also happen to be America's premier chronicles of the human heart. (92nd Street Y; see "Concerts.")**
- **Bobby Womack: While not quite in the Barry White Zone, Womack is nonetheless a smooth-talking seventies loverman of the highest order. (Apollo Theatre; see "Concerts.")**
- **Jonathan Fire Eater: Or just say to hell with the whole day and enjoy visions of murder and mayhem with these spooky, literate East Village garage-rockers. (Irving Plaza; see "Clubland.")** Ethan Smith

Isn't it romantic? Buckley (left) and Straw fan the flames.

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 2/18: The South Asia–meets–jungle dance phenomenon "Mutiny," with dub impresario Badawi The Bedouin, D.J. Siraiki, and D.J. Mutamassik. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Wednesday's year-old comedy revue "Stella" continues to deliver some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. The Sun Ra Arkestra swings on in joyful idiosyncrasy, Sunday nights through February and March. 2/13–2/15: In "Loser's Lounge Presents the Zombies' *Odessey and Oracle*," the city's greatest cover band (the Kustard Kings) re-creates one of the finest, weirdest symphonic-pop albums of all time. 2/17: Pete Droge. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 2/13: The Pietasters; Spring Heeled Jack; Amazing Royal Crowns. 2/14: Jonathan Fire Eater. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 2/10: Joseph Bowie's Ethnic Heritage Ensemble. 2/11: Delightfully freaky slide trumpeter Steven Bernstein leads his (only moderately) sleazy outfit, Sex Mob. 2/12: Maggie Estep; Cottonmouth, Texas; Mike Ladd. 2/13: Apples in Stereo; Syrup. 2/14: Skeleton Key. 2/15: Glen or Glenda; Blue Whale. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 2/11: Jennifer Trynin; Jack Drag. 2/13: Freakwater; Sue Garner. 2/14: Zuba; Wide Wail. 2/17: Menthol; Smoking Popes; Triplefastaction. 2/18: Muckaferguson. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. Every Monday: Western Caravan. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 2/12: Cody Melville. 2/13: Ruth Gerson; Parker. 2/14: Jocelyn Ryder; the Meanwhiles. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. The Flying Neutrinos play Saturday evenings in January. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 2/13–14: Joe Battaglia and his New York Band Rocket 88. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 2/10: The Wailers. 2/13: "I'd Rather Laugh Than Die" comedy tour. Joe Clair hosts Tony Sculfield, T. Rexx, and Mike Epps. 2/14: Clarence Carter; Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. Through 2/17: Sandra Bernhard's *I'm Still Here . . . Damn It! 151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 2/12: Bow Wow Wow. 2/13: Blue Rags; Hot Water. 2/14: Jorma Kaukonen. 2/15: Skavoovie; Groove Collective. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Every Tuesday, the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 2/11: Joe Morello Quartet. 2/12–2/14: Gloria Lynne. 2/15: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. 2/16: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 2/10–2/15: The Zawinul Syndicate. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesdays and Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem Jazz Legends, fronted by the incomparable singer Laurel Watson. Wednesday, hard-swinging New Orleans clarinetist Rick Hardeman leads his quartet. Saturday, the Joe Traina Quintet, featuring Natalie English. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 2/10–2/15: Mose Allison Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 2/13–2/15: The Gary Smulyan Quartet. 2/17–2/22: The Sherman Irby Trio with Gerald Cannon and Dana Murray. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Photographs: left to right, Judie Burstein/Globe Photos; Jean Roy/Capricorn Records.

Opening
All Tomorrow's Parties

The boomers have their Hard Rock and Motown cafés. So why shouldn't aging glamourpusses have a nice, comfy spot in which to reminisce about *their* seventies salad days? This week, Max's Kansas City—storied hang of Reed, Warhol, and their sunken-eyed retinues—reopens fifteen years after it went bust. A genteel Theater District surf-and-turf emporium with no live music might not seem the most apt reincarnation of the club that spawned the Velvet Underground. But co-owner Chris Smith (whose partner, Tommy Dean, owned the club during its heyday) points out that the original Max's, on Union Square, began as a steak house, too. For now, the only evidence of the restaurant's gritty-glam roots is the photos of stars making the old downtown scene. By summer, though, Smith promises to open a third-story rock venue. At which point, with luck, the place will revert to the scuzzy dive New Yorkers so richly deserve. (240 West 52nd Street; 245-5656.)

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Monday: Rick Hardeman and his New Orleans Jazz All Stars. Tuesday: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesday: Sunny Daniels Swing All Stars. Thursday: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Friday: Sam Ulando and the Bourbon Street Jazz Band. Saturday: Bob Cantwell and the Stompers. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 2/10–2/12: Junior Mance Trio. 2/13–2/15: Jeffrey Smith. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 2/10–2/15: Ron Carter Quintet *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinc Bar—A tiny subterranean hideout, sheltered from bustling Houston Street by heavy red drapes. Weeknights, sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M.; weekends at 11 P.M., 12:30 and 2 A.M. Mondays, the Ron Affif Trio. Fridays: Raf Astor's flamenco band. Saturdays: Marianne Ebert's Brazilian-jazz quartet. *90 W. Houston St. (477-8337). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. Through 2/14: Hilton Ruiz; Jamil Nasser; Joe Gonzalea. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. 2/11: Dr. Dre & Ed Lover. 2/12–2/15: Kevin Meaney. 2/18: John Diresta. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace has broadened its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 2/13: Greg Giraldo; Lynn Harris; Marc Maron; Gary Gulman; Greg Rogell. 2/14: Todd Barry; Dave Attell, Louis CK; Mike Royce. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 2/16–2/22: Greer Barnes; Al Lubel; Jeff Ross; Pete Coreale; Jim Norton. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through 2/15: Lenny Varnedoe; Quentin Heggs; Vic Di Betteto; Nancy Redman. 2/16–2/22: Jim Norton; Jerry Diner; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 2/13–2/14: Vanessa Hollingshead; Ian Bagg; Cory Kahaney. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 2/13–2/14: Jim David; Patrice O'Neal; Orny Adams. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 5/2: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 3/7: Eartha Kitt. Call for reservations. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Through 2/12: "Loose Lips, 1998". *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery. Through Valentine's Day, K.T. Sullivan and Jeff Harnar star in "Two for Tonight." Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

The Park—Tenor Chris Barrett serves up chestnuts of the American songbook in this swanky midtown lounge. No cover; no minimum. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. 2/10–2/21: Lois Walden. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays through 2/27: Comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000 song repertoire of standards, show tunes and other theater-district fare. $15 cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

"Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know"—In the tradition of *Forbidden Broadway* comes Stan Freeman and Jay Leonhart's new broad slapstick 'n' show-tunes revue. Zeroing in on tourism's wacky cross-cultural misunderstandings may not be quite the precision exercise the old West 72nd Street warhorse's fearless parodizing was. But does anybody go to dinner theater expecting subtlety? Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8 P.M.; Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 7:30 P.M. $40 cover. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Bars

Ciel Rouge—*If you can get a table, you're in luck:* The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Euro-trash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

the mix

The Dog Show...Peddling Poetry

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 2/10: Cynthia Gorney on *Articles of Faith;* Joseph Wyden on *Conquering Schizophrenia.* 2/11: Carter Wiseman on *Shaping a Nation;* David Gates on *Preston Falls.* 2/12: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser casts a conservative eye on current events; former Reagan and Bush speechwriter Peggy Noonan on her new book, *Simply Speaking;* the Guerrilla Girls and their *Bedside Companion to the History of Western Art.* 2/16: Joe Connelly, author of the EMS thriller *Bringing Out the Dead;* Christina Rathbone talks about *On the Outside Looking In*, her account of a year in an inner-city high school; Le Cirque's pastry chef Jacques Torres. 2/17: Alex Kotlowitz discusses *The Other Side of the River: A Story of Two Towns, a Death, and America's* [Racial] *Dilemma;* film directors D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus on their documentary *Moon Over Broadway,* a portrait of backstage politics and antics on the Great White Way. 2/18: T. C. Boyle on his latest novel, *Riven Rock;* D. M. Thomas on the life of Alexander Solzhenitsyn; Camalla Cesar and Makalina on storytelling through dance. 2/19: Longtime collaborators Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach on their latest play, *Visiting Mr. Green.* Leonard Lopate is the host. WNYC AM; 820.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 2/7: Dr. David Skinner and Dr. William Speck speak about the historic full-asset merger of the New York and Presbyterian Hospital; Willie Morris on *The Ghost of Medgar Evers: A Tale of Race, Murder, Mississippi and Hollywood;* Wayne Miller on *Toy Wars;* Marilie D. Gammon, Ph.D., on breast-cancer research. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Barry Yourgrau—2/11 at 6:30: Reading from *The Sadness of Sex.* The Salon at é Cafe, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (685-4300); free.

Stanley Crouch—2/18 at 7: Reading from *Always in Pursuit.* Shakespeare & Co. Booksellers, 716 Broadway (529-1330); free.

Willie Morris—2/10 at 7:30: Reading from his new book, *The Ghost of Medgar Evers: A Tale of Race, Murder, Mississippi and Hollywood.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (253-0810); free.

Laurie Stone, Glenn O'Brien—2/13 at 10:30 P.M.: The author speaks with a former editor of *Interview* and *Rolling Stone.* Poetry Project/St. Marks Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Valerie Block, Jim Lewis, Charles Siebert—2/12 at 7:30: Reading from their recent work. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (253-0810); free.

Jeff McMahon and Daniel Harris—2/12 at 6:30 P.M.: At Mad Alex/Biblio's, 317 Church St. (334-6990); $5.

Falling in Love: Selected Short Stories—2/11 at 6:30 P.M.: Readings by Lillo Way, Cherry Jones, Morgan Freeman, and others. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $17.

Valentine's Day Marathon—2/14 at 3 P.M.: Poems by Rhodes, Covino, Spadaro, and others. Ear Inn, 326 Spring St. (226-9060); free.

Denise Duhamel and Nick Carbo—2/15 at 3 P.M.: Reading from recent work. Posman Books, 1 University Pl. (533-2665); free.

Gordon Lish and Dawn Raffel—2/15 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (420-0816); free.

Richard Howard—2/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *If I Dream I Have You.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Frank Bidart and Susan Mitchell—2/17 at 8 P.M.: At the Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

James Schamus—2/17 at 7 P.M.: The screenwriter of *The Ice Storm* discusses his script. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway (595-6859); free.

Deborah Eisenberg—2/17 at 7 P.M.: Reading at the Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960); $5.

Deborah Garrison—2/10 at 7:30 P.M.: The senior poetry editor of *The New Yorker* reads from her new book, *A Working Girl Can't Win,* at Cafe Limbo, 47 Avenue A, bet. 3rd and 4th Sts. (477-5271); free.

Lectures and Panels

A Korean Reunion—2/18 at 6:30: Spence-Chapin hosts this program, in which a Korean birth mother meets and speaks about the daughter she

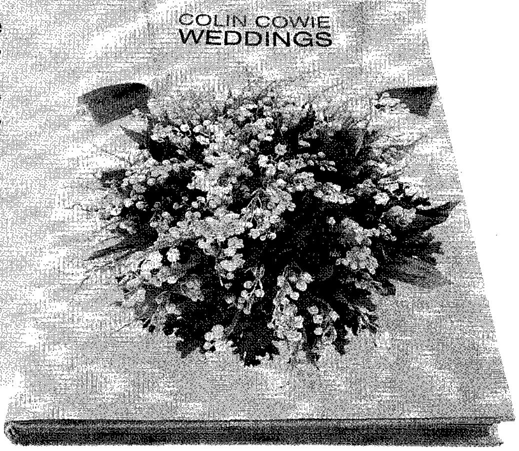
In Print

The Marrying Man

At the loveliest wedding I've ever attended, arrangements were made for the guests to arrive in vintage Land Rovers. As much as everyone was delighted by this plan, it was largely a practical one: The wedding was held at the couple's home, which had a lot of land but not a lot of driveway. Guests were advised to park downtown, and the groom's extravagantly dashing friends shuttled us to the ceremony.

Most of us don't carry things off with quite so much élan, but most of us would like to, which is why there are books like *Colin Cowie Weddings* (Little, Brown; $65). "I believe there are no rules when it comes to weddings, except one: style should prevail," writes Cowie, an alleged "wedding consultant to the stars" (Lisa Kudrow, Sugar Ray Leonard, Kenny G). "Style, for me, has nothing to do with the designer clothes you wear, the timepiece on your wrist, or the car that you drive. *True style relates to how we treat one another, and that means making every single guest at your wedding as welcome and comfortable as possible.*" (One might say, then, that deed should prevail, not style—but never mind.) A preference for traditional bridal white pervades this book, as does a costly elegance. From time to time, Cowie strikes an egalitarian note, hinting that expansive gestures need not be expensive ones. True enough, although anyone picking up this book is already likely to want the entire nuptial package—embossed invitations, a dress with excellent production values, an "internally reinforced" cake. For such a person, *Colin Cowie Weddings* provides hours of wish fulfillment. It is a sumptuous guide for people who aren't averse to a little how-to but still wouldn't be caught dead with a subscription to a frothy bridal magazine.

Not surprisingly, the book is dedicated "to all the brides," and Cowie advises them to "enjoy the entire process. . . . Find creative people who can assist." Among the people the bride should enlist are friends, relatives, and, yes, "your fiancé." Perhaps the only drawback to Cowie's weddings is that they are, like most fairy tales, pretty gender-specific; the man continues to serve as a dapper accessory or apparition. When grooms are no less zealously committed to big-day hoopla than their brides—or when brides are no less unflappably obliging than their grooms—we'll know we've really arrived. **LINDA HALL**



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

put up for adoption by American parents eleven years ago. Deborah Johnson, past president of Adoptive Families of America, will moderate the discussion. Spence-Chapin, 6 E. 94th St. (360-0237); $10.

"Living Memories of James Joyce: Fifty Years On"—2/11 at 7: Alex Leon, son of Paul Leon, the interpreter, translator, and correspondent for James Joyce during the last ten years of his life, will share his personal anecdotes about Joyce. Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.; $3.

The Jury System: Valid or Obsolete?—2/12 at 8 P.M.: NBC legal correspondent Jack Ford talks with Cynthia McFadden of ABC News and lawyer Barry Scheck. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Anna Quindlen and Lynn Sherr—2/10 at 8 P.M.: Sherr interviews the Pulitzer Prize–winning author. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

About Women—2/17 at 8 P.M.: A panel discussion with Gloria Steinem, Wilma Mankiller, Barbara Smith, and Gwendolyn Mink. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

George Plimpton—2/10 at 7:30 P.M.: The editor of *The Paris Review* discusses his new book, an oral history of the life of Truman Capote. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

"Single-Sex Education"—2/10 at 7 P.M.: A panel discussion on the impact of single-sex education on students of science and math. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230); free.

Ancient Cities of Indus Valley Civilization—2/11 at 6:30 P.M.: An overview of ancient civilizations in this area. The lecture is presented in conjunction with the exhibition "Great Cities, Small Treasures." The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400); $10.

Robert Wilson in Conversation with Mel Gussow—2/18 at 8 P.M.: The composer and the drama critic discuss opera. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

Valentine's Day at the Strand Book Annex—2/14 at 3: Meet Robert Lesser, collector of American pop-culture artifacts, and hear him discuss his treatise *Pulp Art: Original Cover Paintings for the Great American Pulp Magazines*. Fulton St. bet. William and Gold Sts. (732-6070); free.

Tours

The Famous Chelsea Hotel—2/15 at 1: More than a century old, this hotel (built in the Victorian Gothic style) has been home to sculptors, musicians, artists, and writers. This 92nd Street Y tour affords you a rare glimpse inside the Chelsea's rooms. Jerry Weinstein, assistant manager of the hotel, is your guide. Call 996-1100 for meeting place and reservations; $25.

Valentine's Day Tour—2/14 at 1:30 P.M.: On this walk around Greenwich Village, you'll see why the neighborhood has long appealed not only to bohemians but to lovers. Meet at the Washington Square Hotel, 103 Waverly Pl.; $20.

Brooklyn Heights—2/14 and 2/15 at 3 P.M.: A walking tour of sites associated with romance, both in life and on the big screen. Call 465-3331 for reservations; $12.

East Village Tales and Taverns—2/14 at 6 P.M.: Explore the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood with a visit to four of its most historic and pleasant taverns. Meet at Astor Place in front of IRT #6 subway kiosk (969-8262); $10.

The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—2/14 at 1 P.M.: Celebrate Valentine's Day by eating your way through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the Southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Streets in front of the Olympic Restaurant. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

The East Village—2/15 at 1 P.M.: Explore the area made famous by radicals and immigrants alike. Meet at the black cube at Astor Place. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

A Presidential Walking Tour—2/16 at 1 P.M.: A visit to the homes, battlefields, and landmarks associated with Lincoln, Grant, Washington, and others. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Metropolitan Opera—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Exhibitions

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672); suggested contribution $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American Veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

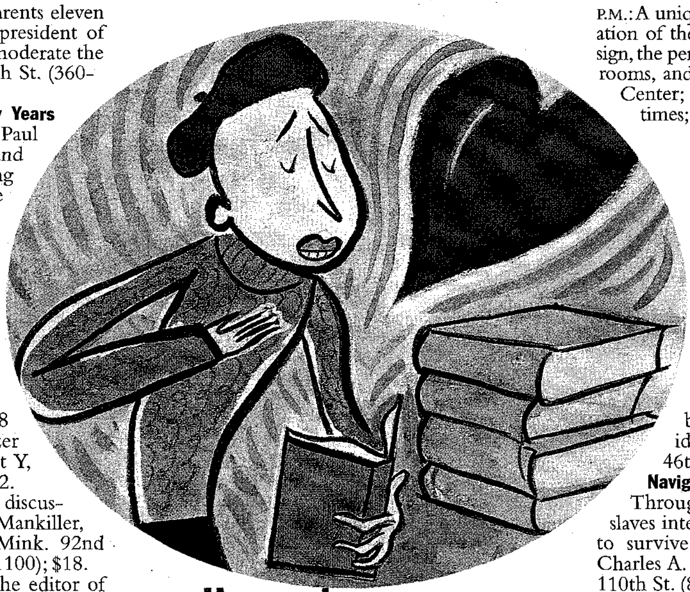
Navigating the Underground Railroad—Through 3/3: An exploration of the ways slaves interpreted landscape and utilized nature to survive as they traveled to freedom. The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Fifth Ave. at 110th St. (860-1370); free.

50 Years of "The Subway Sun"—Through 3/22: An exhibit of the poster series "The Subway Sun," which regularly inspired and admonished passengers on everything from their patriotic duty to proper underground etiquette. New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601); $3.

Assignment: Rescue—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments are no less riveting. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization as well as space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the



Happening Well Versed

Could there be a more fitting excuse for a poetry sale than Valentine's Day? Poets House ("a comfortable, accessible place for poetry"—and, presumably, for poets) is offering hundreds of duplicate copies from its 35,000-volume library. February 12 through 14, you'll get 25 to 50 percent off cover prices, and all proceeds benefit the permanent collection. (See listings.)

Happening For many of us, they are handsome, loyal, affectionate little beasts. For dog-show people, canines are all of the above but they're also subject to exacting measurements and strict adjudication. For a glimpse of how the other half loves, head to Madison Square Garden on February 16 and 17 for the Westminster Kennel Club's Dog Show. (See listings.)

Illustration by Marcellus Hall; photograph by K.L. Knief/Photonica.

fifteenth century back to life, with large-scale silkscreen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia and virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.

Events

Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show—2/16–17: The 122nd annual all-breed-dog extravaganza takes over Madison Square Garden from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. (both days). For tickets, call 465-6030 or 307-7171.

Valentine's Day Book Sale—2/12–14 (and 2/11 if you're a Poets House member): Select a book of verse for the object of your affection. Poets House (a library and meeting place) is offering for sale hundreds of duplicate copies from its 35,000-volume library. The selection includes new releases as well as the classics. Prices range from a quarter- to half-off the cover price. Spend $20 or more on books (or become a member of Poets House), and you'll get a customized valentine poem written by a guest poet. Regie Cabico, Nick Carbó, or Denise Duhamel will be composing poems on Feb. 13 from 5 to 8; Helen Decker, Dave Johnson, and Susan Sindall will be on hand on Feb. 14 (call for times). Hours: 2/13: 4 to 8 P.M. 2/14: 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Poets House, 72 Spring St., second floor (431-7920).

Sports

Ice Breaker—Hockey takes a time-out as the Olympics get under way in that winter wonderland known as the land of the rising sun. The Isles, Rangers, and Devils will be sending fifteen players, all told, to Nagano, and interestingly enough, there seems to be an inverse correlation between the fortunes of the team and the number of Olympians it boasts. The first-place Devils, with the second-best record in the league overall, are sending just two players (three if you count the traded Bill Guerin), while the Rangers, whose play is so suspect they should have a special prosecutor, are sending a gaudy eight. Even the inept Islanders have five. The irony is that the team who needs the break least, the Devils, will be more rested as a whole than their division rivals, both of whom need to conserve all the energy they can for a playoff push. *See Game Week for team schedules.*

Sports Cook-Fest—2/18; 5:30 P.M.: Donna Hanover, renowned chefs, and New York sports stars will come together at Madison Square Garden to benefit the Phipps Community Development Corp., which develops housing for low- and moderate-income families. Tickets range from $85 to $5,000 for VIP packages. Call 243-9090, ext. 355, for information and tickets.

Happening
Chelsea Afternoon

Murder (Nancy Spungen's, courtesy of Sid Vicious), mayhem (not that Edie Sedgwick meant to set her room on fire), and genuine artistic endeavor (Arthur Miller did some writing here, as did Mark Twain) have made the Chelsea Hotel an American legend. Visit its rooms on the 92nd Street Y's February 15 tour. (See listings.)

Harlem Globetrotters—2/15; 1 P.M.: The world's most popular basketball team returns to Madison Square Garden as part of its "What Sports Should Be" tour; $12.50–$75. Call 465-MSG1 for information.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—How do you get "A Free Press Short Input" from "Stephanie's Surf Report?" Follow this week's links (from our daily Website pick in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to find out how. Also: Get Valentine's Day mood-setting suggestions from CDNow, tune in (and watch) live Netcasts at Pseudo, feast your eyes on the snak products (mmmm, Glow Cheeze, and MeatNickles!) of Fertnel, and visit a search engine with real personality. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, enjoy reading selected articles from the current issue as well as all our Web exclusives, like Vanessa Grigoriadis's daily event picks in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," personalized neighborhood guides to Greenwich Village and Park Slope, online-only book reviews, and more.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS		CHA MSG 7:30PM			ORL MSG 7:30PM		CLE MSG 8PM
NETS		DAL SC 7:30PM			TOR SC 7:30PM	PHI SC 7:30PM	
	2/9	2/10	2/11	2/12	2/13	2/14	2/15

● **The Rangers, Devils, and Islanders are on hiatus for the Olympics. Play resumes Feb 25.**

Photograph from Corbis-Bettmann.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

B	A	C	C	A	R	A	T	■	E	D	I	T	O	R
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in concert

Samson et Dalila opens at the Met

Previews Passion Fruit

This week at Avery Fisher Hall, soprano Sylvia McNair sings with the New York Philharmonic in a performance of 'St. Matthew Passion,' Bach's setting of the Passion narrative as told in Matthew's gospel. McNair is accompanied by the Choir of St. Thomas Church, Leipzig, a group from the cathedral where the piece was originally performed 250 years ago. February 12–14.

Photograph by Christian Steiner.

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 10

Winds of the Southern Cross—Performs Mozart, Mageau, Schubert, and Beethoven. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $22.*

Wednesday, February 11

Ancient Music at St. Bartholomew's—L'Antica Music New York performs "Fire: An Exploration of Passion," with English lute songs by Dowland, Campaign, and Pilkington. *St. Bartholomew's, 109 E. 50th St. (378-0248), at 7:30; $20.*

Ryuichi Sakamoto with D.J. Spooky—Accompanied by the Electra String Quartet, they perform *United 01,* a multimedia piece scored for orchestra, piano, guitar, and D.J. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. (945-2600), at 8; free.*

Thursday, February 12

League/ISCM Chamber Players—Perform works by Saylor, Dzubay, Davidovsky, and Diesendruck. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Bach's *St. Matthew Passion,* with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Annette Markert, mezzo-soprano; Stanford Olsen, tenor; Olaf Baer, baritone; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7; $20–$75.*

Little Orchestra Society—Performs music that premiered in New York in the twenties, including Copland's *Symphony for Organ and Orchestra,* and Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7:30; $20–$75.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Mendelssohn and Chopin. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Friday, February 13

New York Philharmonic—See 2/12.

Saturday, February 14

Lyrics & Lyricists—Vocalists Karen Manson, Priscilla Baskerville, Katherine Quinlan, and Bill Doughtery perform works by Gershwin. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs Resphigi's *Ancient Airs & Dances,* as well as Schumann's *Piano Concerto* with Vladimir Feltsman, piano; Gerard Schwarz, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (262-6927), at 5; $30.*

Clairon Music Society—Performs Henry Purcell and William Young. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $10–$24.*

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Performs music from the Aubrey-Martin novels of Patrick O'Brian, as well as Clementi, Mozart, and Haydn. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 7; $25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/12.

Sunday, February 15

Minnesota Orchestra—Performs Argento and R. Strauss, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Eiji Oue, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

New York Philharmonic Chamber Ensembles—Various groups perform Rorem, Druckman, and Harbison. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $18.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/12.

Bargemusic—See 2/12.

Lyrics & Lyricists—See 2/14, at 2:30 and 8.

Monday, February 16

Royal Concertgebow Orchestra—Performs works by Mahler and Rossini; Riccardo Chailly, conductor. *Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $35–$55.*

Lyrics & Lyricists—See 2/14, at 2 and 8.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman,* 2/11 and 2/14 at 8; Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* 2/10 at 7:30 and 2/14 at 1:30; Mozart's *Die Zauberflote,* 2/12 at 7:30; and Saint-Saens's *Samson et Dalila,* 2/13 at 7:30 (first night) and 2/16 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—Performances 2/10 at 2, 2/11 at 3, and 2/13–2/16 at 8. *State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $15–$68.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Ohio Ballet—Presents works by Ruthanna Boris, Anthony Tudor, and José Limon. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Tim Martin and Doug Merrifield—Perform a new work entitled *Beautiful Rage/Cybertech,* 2/13 and 2/14 at 8. *Clark Studio Theater, 70 Lincoln Center (613-9094); $15.*

Jane Comfort—Performs *Underground River,* 2/12–2/15 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288); $15.*

Kevin Wynn—Performs *Nitrate Kisses and Smells of Gasoline,* 2/13–2/15. *Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (505-3764); $15.*

Analysis Dance—Performs *Continuous Painting,* 2/9 and 2/10 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $8.*

Susan Rethorst—Performs *Don't Go Without Your Echo,* 2/12–2/15. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793); $15.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

kids

Yellow Bird...Frog Prince

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Big Bird, Live—*Sesame Street Live: Let's Play School* is a gleeful onstage riff on one of the enduring-est themes in one of television's most enduring shows. Bert, Ernie, Elmo, and friends sing, dance, and invite audience participation in the 90-minute Broadway-style extravaganza. You heard it right—it's about school. 2/12 through 3/1, **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza (307-7171). $12.50 to $27.

Pagan Ritual—The audience are welcome to wear masks and costumes to *Festa di Carnevale*. The traditional Southern Italian–influenced pre-Lent performance celebrates the king of the carnival. (The king himself is symbolized by a giant puppet.) Be prepared for a descent to hell and an invitation to dance the tarantella. The program is not specifically intended for families. Also on the bill is *The Adventures of Don Giovanni and His Servant Pulcinella*, an adaptation of a sixteenth-century Neapolitan commedia dell'arte manuscript. The single performance by I Giularie di Piazza is a benefit for the company's Easter opera. Wine and refreshments will be served. 2/15 at 3. **ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,** 110th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (924-0077). Tickets are $25, $10 for children.●

Radio City—"New York Kids," an irreverent radio show for 8- to 12-year-olds, features kids' own reviews, bad jokes, and guests. This week (2/15), Stephen Wilson plays drums and tells stories that recall both his Native and African-American heritage. Sundays from 6 to 8 on **WNYC AM** 830.●

Knocking Around—*Things That Go Bang*, the second in **THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY'**s winter series for 3-to-5-year-old children focuses on the percussion family. Included in the costumed program are George Gershwin's "I've Got Rhythm," LeRoy Anderson's "The Syncopated Clock," and Henri Kling's "Kitchen Symphony." 2/14 at 10:30 and noon and 2/15 at 12:30 and 2. Alliance Française's Florence Gould Hall, 55 East 59th St. (704-2100). $32.

Homemaking—Use boxes, tubes, and all manner of materials to concoct dwellings for people, for aliens, or perhaps for imaginary creatures. For children ages 5 and up. 2/15 at 2. **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART,** Columbus Ave., between 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). Registration required. $1 material fee.●

String Things—Life-size marionettes present back-to-back childhood classics: Prokofiev's orchestral *Peter and the Wolf* and *The Frog Prince* set to the music of Kabalevsky's "Comedians." Greenwich Village Center Theater, 219 Sullivan St. (call **PUPPETWORKS'** Brooklyn theater for reservations at 718-965-3391). Sundays 2/15 through 4/5 at 1 and 3 (and Monday 2/16). Tickets are $7; $5 for children.

Upbeat—The Symphonic Work Assembly of Rhythm and Music—who go by the acronym S.W.A.R.M.—drum and dance out rhythms, sometimes in the strangest ways: A case in point is "Buddha Belly," a 95-pound cast-iron wearable drum suit of armor. The Vancouver-based group are at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER** 2/11 through 2/22. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Inventive—**THEATREWORKS'** current production, *The Young Tom Edison,* is a new musical about the guy who changed everything—despite being a less than stellar student in school. 2/14 and 2/15 at 12:30 (with an additional 10:30 A.M. performance on 2/8). 162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Individual tickets are $18.50; a flexible ten-ticket subscription is $145.●

In the Bag—For 40 years now, **THE PAPER BAG PLAYERS** have brought childlike qualities—most notably their trademark boxes-into-spaceships inventiveness—to joyous, freewheeling productions for children. Performances continue weekends at 2 through March 8. 68th St., bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are $15 and $20.

Giving Back—A grateful crane rewards an act of generosity in Lynne Elson's original play *The Grateful One,* based on the Japanese fairy tale "The Crane Who Said Thank You." The one-hour production—suitable for children ages 6 and up—includes life-size puppets and live music. Saturdays and Sundays, through 2/22, at 1 and 3. Produced by **THEATRIX,** Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (388-7981). Schedule is subject to change. Reservations are required. Tickets are $10.

Hip Hop Musical—Billed as a "silly, magical and wacky show—guaranteed to get your feet moving," *Dreamaker* focuses audiences on the environment. Weekend performances are at 2, through June. **LINCOLN SQUARE NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER,** 250 West 65th St. (279 4200). Tickets are $13.50—with certain discounts available.

Making Observations—**ARTIME**—for families with children ages 5 to 10—currently takes tours through several SoHo galleries. At the Swiss Institute visitors can dance to electronic music and join in a video and sound environment. Call 718-797-1573 to reserve space. $20 fee for an adult and child, $5 for each additional child; includes sketching materials.

Cue

Brian Parks
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Data Downsizing

Children enjoy playing with little human figures because it gives them "a sense of mastery over their social world," according to Dr. Richard Gallagher, head of the Parenting Institute at NYU's Child Study Center. The number of movies these days featuring teensy characters suggests some directors may feel the same way. This week, *The Borrowers,* based on the British book series, joins a wave of family flicks incorporating persons of radically reduced stature.

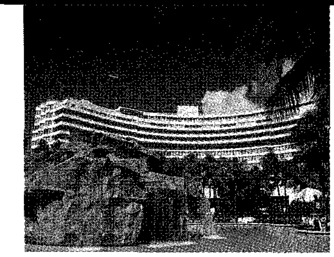
BARBARA ENSOR

An upturned wastepaper basket puts* The Borrowers*'s Clock family behind bars.

MUNCHKIN MOVIE	CHARACTER HEIGHT	PINT-SIZED PLOT	LITTLE PERKS
THE BORROWERS	Four inches.	Miniature family forced to flee big, greedy developer (John Goodman).	Easy to escape through heating vents and cracks between floorboards.
FAIRY TALE: A TRUE STORY	Eight inches.	Two English girls claim their photos of winged fairies are real. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Peter O'Toole) backs them up.	Flying out second-story windows not a problem.
THE INDIAN IN THE CUPBOARD	Four inches.	A boy's plastic Indian figure (Litefoot) comes to life and combats an erstwhile plastic cowboy (David Keith).	Kid's New York bedroom makes for spacious home on the range.
HONEY, WE SHRUNK OURSELVES	Three quarters of an inch.	Inventor dad (Rick Moranis) accidentally shrinks two sets of parents.	Mom and Dad too small to rule.

Photograph by Alex Bailey/Polygram Films.

florida getaways



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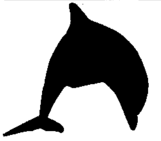

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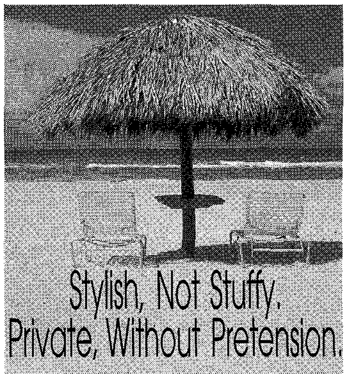

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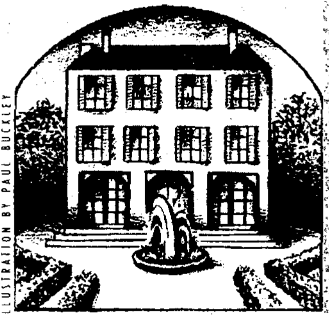

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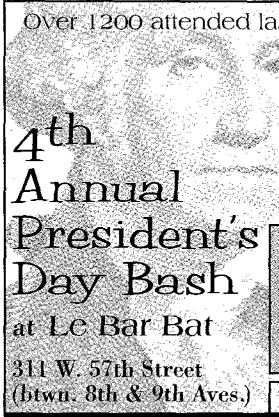

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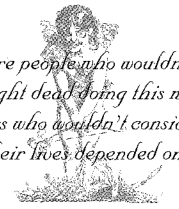

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Former Fashion Model—Caribbean-born, world-traveled, bright, warm, sensual and self-sufficient - seeks tall, cultured man of substance, 49-65, to share the pleasures of life and a romantic, committed relationship. Serious responses only. 1840 ✉ ☎

Long Legs—Beautiful, well-educated, single white female. Blue-chip marketing and new products professional. Manhattanite, 42, 5'8", 135 lbs, long hair, blue eyes. Spontaneous, passionate, confident, witty; a creative and conceptual thinker. Reads, sails, travels overseas, loves music. Seeks intelligent, single white male, Christian or Jewish. 1852 ✉ ☎

Terrific Catch And His Cat!—If you are an NYC-based, single white female, 25-35, good-looking, reasonably slim, sensitive, honest, fun, with lots of love to share with the right guy - keep reading! I'm an attractive, single, white Jewish male (nonreligious), trim, nonsmoker, successful business owner, who is also romantic, honest, a great friend, and who enjoys volunteer activities with underprivileged kids. I'm looking for the old cliche of "best friend and lover", and want to hold hands with someone I really care about. Photo/note/phone, please. 1776 ✉ ☎

Warm, Honest—Jewish businessman (former Cub Scout), 55 - enjoys NYC and traveling. Seeks slim, attractive professional for good times and long-term relationship. Note/photo. 1635 ✉

Attractive, Personable Woman—63, 5'7", slim, good sense of humor, many interests, active, seeks male counterpart, age-appropriate, with young attitude, for fun, friendship and relationship. 1853 ✉

Scouting For MVP—Magazine editor, 40, mom of little dribbler, 6. Loves hoops, sports, movies, theater. Am 5'4", unforgettable green eyes, dark hair, generous heart and hips. Seeking bright, vibrant, warm, funny magna cum mensch with integrity, who puts family first. 1773 ✉ ☎

Make Dreams Reality!—With a communicative, passionate, humorous CEO; handsome, caring, incurable romantic with boyish spark, warm heart, 5'10", slim, 43, fun. Seeks empathic, bright woman under 37, for best friend, lover, for life. Please, phone/photo necessary. 1861 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome, Single White Male—Tall, great build, 39, nonsmoker, never married, no baggage, wealthy, generous, very particular. Enjoy fine dining, travel to warm beaches, scuba, boating, tennis, romantic dinners, mutual spoiling. Seek exceptionally beautiful and well-built, single white female (20-34), with brains, a great body and a charming personality. You should be sensuous and high on life, with emotions and integrity. Recent photo is a must (will exchange). 1778 ✉

Looking For A (212)—Single white female in search of single white male. Me: tall and slim, attractive and fit, funny and smart, relationship-/family-minded nonsmoker. You: 32-40, with similar qualities. I'm ready - are you? Note/photo/phone. 8960 ✉ ☎

High-Yield Girl—Seeks blue-chip guy for lifetime investment or merger. Me: 36, Jewish, beautiful MBA. You: well-educated, enjoy great success, sincere about restructuring your life, ready for love marriage. Note/photo essential. 1848 ✉

Stylish, Warm, Successful Art Dealer—Fun, attractive, slender, 5'4", financially secure, comfortable entertaining 1 or 18 for dinner - seeks long-term relationship with financially and emotionally secure, well-educated, physically fit man, 48-65. Share love of travel, enjoy cultural events/sports. Please send photo/note. 1723 ✉

West Side Values, Downtown Style—...East Side upbringing. Late 30s, Jewish beauty, Ivy-educated, with expansive mind, fit body and exceptional career in film/television, seeks politically progressive, literate, brilliant and mature mate (40s) for Caribbean camping, Cajun dancing, dog walking, car repair. You are a sophisticated, accomplished nonconformist of sorts... You wouldn't expect to find me here. Letter/photo. 1855 ✉

Handsome, Athletic, Professional, Fit—Christian, mid-40s male, successful, sincere and sensitive, with a great sense of humor, looking for a pretty, fit female, age 32-38, with an easygoing, sweetheart-type personality, to enjoy life, laughter and all the wonderful things that a loving relationship leading to marriage has to offer. Photo a must. 1741 ✉

Zest For Life—Attractive, caring, genuine, professional male looking for attractive, athletic, professional Jewish female, 25-33. Seeks a best friend to experience travel, the arts and outdoor activities. Sense of humor, integrity and communicator a must. Note/photo. 1820 ✉

Renaissance Man—Really, I read and understand (mostly) "The Economist" and "Scientific American". I'm an entrepreneur, CEO, grind my coffee beans and especially love opera - Manhattan native, 6'1", 170 lbs, blue eyes. Seek very, very smart, young, fair-skinned lovely. 1787 ✉ ☎

Wow! Warm, Witty Widow—58, fit, pretty and petite, successful, spiritual, dazzling and delicious! I'm looking for a fabulous, 55-68-year-old Jewish partner who has a real soul and loves life! 1774 ✉

Surprise Yourself—29, 6'1", very good-looking - sharp, slim and fit, Jewish (nonreligious), successful. Enjoys skiing, boating, rollerblading, mountain biking, great restaurants, NYC and horse racing. If you're a 5'5"-plus, normal, lovable, skinny, witty, classy, sophisticated and independent young woman who enjoys doing things - don't be shy. You'll be surprised! Full-length photo/note. 1837 ✉

Available Guy—Spiritually evolved. Same age as Beatty and Redford, with similar "white bread" good looks. Fit, successful Upper East Side professional, inspired by the ocean, theater, ballet, Mozart and Dylan. Seeks similar woman, 40s. Object: relationship. Photo/note, please. 1750 ✉

Passionate About Living And Laughing?—New to NYC, fun, vibrant, multifaceted, intelligent Jewish woman, 35 - beautiful, happy, successful (Ivy college, MBA) brunette with great laugh, class, creativity and down-to-earth values. Offers and values kindness, an adventurous soul, mutual respect, sincerity and silliness. Passions include traveling, the outdoors (biking, skiing), cooking, dancing, ideas, learning new things, the arts and chocolate. Seeks a funny, intelligent, affectionate, professional Jewish man for fun, friendship, romance and family. Note/photo (appreciated)/phone. 1839 ✉

Striking Good Looks—57, willing to put career second, seeks great guy, 60s. 1824 ✉

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Female MD—US-born Chinese, seeks US-educated, conservative Asian MD, PhD or JD, 27-34, for friendship. 1881 ✉

Have Love, Will Travel—Tall, fit, warm, very pretty, cultured, successful woman seeks passionate, attractive, sensual, articulate man who likes animals (45-55), to trek with soon to Machu Picchu and hopefully have many more adventures. Note/photo. 1737 ✉

Seeking A Good "Brother" To Adore—Me. I know you are out there (38-46). You, like me, are African-American, attractive, successful, and have a sense of humor. Despite working on Wall Street, I enjoy movies, the Knicks, art and skiing. Note/phone/photo. 1842 ✉ ☎

Be My...—Only one. Caring, gentle and passionate, single Jewish female, 34, brunette, 5'4", slim, attractive, professional, financially secure, and enjoys a variety of activities - seeks handsome, kind, sincere and intelligent, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 32-42, to love for a long, long time. Note/photo please. 1847 ✉

Handsome, White Jewish Male—39, sells advertising, 6', black hair, honest green eyes, great laugh, seeks a woman who's attractive and likes herself. 1700 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Long-Legged Brunette—To hug next to your heart. Sensual, sane, successful business lady, Jewish (nonreligious), unencumbered and energetic, with a heart of gold. Interests include golf, travel, music, dining out and romantic beach interludes. Seeks successful, intelligent and humorous, handsome, LI/NYC, 6'-plus gentleman, 40-55, for friendship and commitment. 1739 ✉ ☎

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Something Different—Computer consultant, musician. Single man, 43, 5'10", 157 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, fit. Looking for single white female, creative, bright, sexy and caring, for meaningful relationship. Send letter/photo. 1819 ✉

It's A New Year And...—Out with the old, in with the new! This is not about housecleaning but about the next major step in life. I'm 32, 5'8", successful computer professional, Italian, raised in Europe but here to stay. Willing to trade cooking lessons for dancing lessons. If you are 25-34, feminine, send note/photo. Nationality unimportant; legs are. 1786✉

Upbeat, Energetic, Kind—World traveler, spiritual, successful, 5'11", 48, Italian roots, witty, down-to-earth, looking for bright, unpretentious, passionate woman. Note/photo, please. 1784 ✉

Beautiful European—47, home in Riviera. Seeks successful, tall man. 1814 ✉

Professional NYC Man—54, seeks a good woman for love, marriage and family. I am warm, caring, sensual, intelligent, have a sense of humor and seek a self-aware woman with like qualities. I am 6' tall, fit, attractive, with brown hair, and a nonsmoker. Prefer a partner who is a professional, attractive, over 5'4" and slender. Photo, please. 1764 ✉

It Should Be This Easy—You know - we meet, share stories, visit MOMA, sit on the beach, cook our favorite meals, watch movies, and it goes on from there. Good-looking, single Jewish female, 47, successful professional, seeks...you. Tell me your story and send your photo. 1757 ✉☎

Yea, Let He Be—Of learned and creative mind, youthful, fleet of foot and of handsome countenance. Then shall she, 37, slim and fair with like attributes, smile upon him with favor and her heart shall be made glad. Note/photo. 1807 ✉

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Italian Male—50 years, nice-looking, fit, 5'8", 160 lbs, salt-and-pepper, blue eyes, needs pretty, sexy, playful woman for boating, dinner, cocktails and laughter. North to South Jersey. 1864 ✉ ☎

Dharma Seeking Greg—The investment: you are tall, dark, muscular, healthy, honest, successful, romantic, responsible, generous with your time, affection and knowledge, passionate, fun, open-minded, and can be faithful to the right partner. You are clean, do not smoke, love sushi and can tolerate bonsai in the tub and my inevitable eating off your plate and wearing your clothes. You are over hollow trophy babes, nags and damsels in distress. The return: absolutely beautiful (Michelle Pfeiffer look-alike), really! Elegant, blond, and in great shape, 28, living in Montreal (no, not French) but partial to milder climes. Very intelligent, sweet, interesting and interested in everyone from Miyamoto Musashi to Bob Villa and everything from bone density to Sade in-between. Other than a genuine friendship, holding hands, making love and spoiling each other, we will enjoy working out, eating out, traveling, a comfortable home, serious basketball (longtime Bulls fan), discovering each other's interests, movies, cultural events, spending time with family and friends, and eventually raising and playing with our children. The risk: you may lose your heart. Capital required: a note, photo, phone and B'day. 1798 ✉

Great Catch—Handsome, successful, intelligent, adventurous, 42/5'8"/155 lbs, seeking caring, loving female with sense of humor, to enjoy life with. 1849 ✉

Shall We Dance?—I'm a marriage-minded professional male, 37, slim, 5'7", who lives by my words and can laugh at myself. I enjoy social dancing and intimate conversations. Seek a single white female who is warm and witty, introspective and young at heart. I value friendship and honesty. 1870 ✉

Ferrari-Driving Multimillionaire—Easygoing, romantic and funny golfer seeks smart, sincere, slender and kind younger woman, 33-43, who has a great sense of humor and is very, very gullible. Photo ensures reply. 1799 ✉ ☎

Very Special—I'm a Jewish woman, 37, outgoing and successful. I've got great looks (tall, thin, sexy), a good mind and a big heart. I love city living, country weekends, travel and the outdoors. I am looking to complete the picture with a very special man. He will be 39-49, Jewish, tall and attractive. He'll be accomplished, confident, fun, sensitive and easygoing. He is ready to take care of this very special woman, and ready to be taken care of right back. Note/photo and phone. 1745 ✉

Tall, Elegant, Feminine—Athletic 50-year-old Wasp. Former model - now successful Manhattan business owner and accomplished artist/musician. Enjoys city to the fullest. Spends country weekends relaxing and golfing. Seeks unencumbered, nonsmoking male counterpart, 45-55. Note/photo for response. 1833 ✉

Teacher—Attractive woman, white, loves animals - wishes to meet good man, 60 plus, for the long run. Photo. 1793 ✉

Attractive, Petite, Intelligent—Warm Jewish gal with great sense of humor, who loves nature and the outdoors as well as the city and its offerings, seeks male counterpart, 46-57, to share life. 1762 ✉ ☎

Joyful, Adventurous, Free-Spirited—Athletic, 45-year-old, tall blond. Internationally recognized jewelry designer who travels extensively, wishes to meet 40-55, "unencumbered" male with the time, energy and wherewithal to explore life's bounties. Note/photo for response. 1869✉

Great Legs—Attached to 5'5", curvy body with green eyes, blond hair covering big brain. Seeking smart, attractive, tall man (50s-60s) with sense of humor. 1775 ✉☎

Simple Abundance—Handsome Christian, Wall Street exec, 44, 6'1", soothing to the eyes and soul, seeks woman with natural ingredients to journey with me beyond the road less traveled. 1846 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, 40, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish, seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 28-40. Photo, please. 1785 ✉☎

Extremely Sexy—Cute, sensual, blue-eyed, professional Russian-American lady, 34, 5'3", with many interests - seeks successful, handsome, tall, sexy gentleman, 30-45. Note/phone/photo. 1821 ✉

Will You Marry Me?—Warm, educated, pretty woman, 48, seeks tall, accomplished, affectionate man for life. Photo appreciated. 1746 ✉

European—Attractive, bright, classy, *vibrant, warm, accomplished, multilingual* lady seeks affectionate, caring, educated, successful, generous man, 55 plus, to enjoy life, possible marriage. 1794 ✉

Very Special Woman—Has the need to *meet a romantic, passionate, healthy,* sincere, financially accomplished (60-70) gentleman to share his heart and all life's pleasures in a forever monogamous courtship. Let's meet. Serious replies only. Note/photo. 1835 ✉

Powerful By Day, Playful By Night—Pretty, petite, classy Jewish female, 32, seeks successful, athletic, down-to-earth, normal and intelligent Jewish male with heart of gold, who enjoys all the best that life has to offer. Note/photo. 1738 ✉

Dark-Haired, Blue-Eyed Beauty—Exceptionally good-looking, slender, with long brunette hair and gorgeous legs. Single Jewish female, 5'3", in 30s (looks mid 20s). Ivy-educated professional. Enjoys movies, rock/disco/classical music (former musician), art, walks along the beach, working out and travel. Looking to meet handsome, nice, down-to-earth guy, 5'9" plus, 35-48, for meaningful relationship. Photo/note/phone. 1735 ✉

No Game Players (Except Scrabble)—Most of my dates feel like *Trivial Pursuit*. Or Double Jeopardy. Beautiful brunette, mid 30s, has Life and Careers but wants to play The Dating Game to win. Long-term goal: The Newlywed Game. No cheaters, no poker faces, no bluffers. Let's Make A Deal: To enter, send note/phone/photo. Void and prohibited outside (212). 1859✉

Seeking That Special Woman—Who can be reached at (201), (212) or (973). I'm a good-looking, tall, slender and active Jewish widower, late 60s, searching for my counterpart, 57-63. Note/photo/phone, please. 1841 ✉

Female Football Fanatic—Attractive, outgoing, Jewish, 40. Interests include: watching sports, movies, theater. Looking for a romantic, caring Jewish man, 38-48, who is a true NY Giants fan. Note/photo/phone. Kids okay. 1740 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Asian—Petite, vivacious 57-year-old widow wants to meet self-assured white male with good sense of humor, 50-65. Has great dancing legs. Loves to travel, golf and cook. Photo/note. 1826 ✉

Divorced, White Jewish Female—36, petite, attractive, energetic, professional - likes classic rock, movies, concerts, etc. Looking for single white male, 35-45, for companionship and whatever else. Photo preferred. 1836 ✉

Vibrant, Pretty Widow—Slim, Swedish blond seeks tall, attractive man, successful, secure, funny, kind, 55-65, to share sports, the city scene and a special chemistry. 1709 ✉ ☎

Extremely Pretty Jewish Woman—Living in NYC, involved in own business, music, etc., etc... Would like to meet attractive man (self-employed), 50-60, for fun, friendship/romance. 1792 ✉ ☎

Successful, Athletic PhD—Seeks his tennis, ski and golf partner in a slender professional lady under 55. 1752 ✉

New Year, New Life—Attractive blond, Jewish, Manhattan widow, 65, nonsmoker - likes theater, music, TV, movies, fine dining. Seeks articulate, trim, nice-looking man for committed relationship. Recent photo. 1743 ✉

As Good As It Gets—Striking, tall, leggy, warm and fun, 40, Jewish female seeks tall, successful, well-rounded mensch to enjoy life's big and little pleasures. Note/photo, please. 1865 ✉

Searching For My Best Friend—Pretty, petite business owner, enjoys tennis, theater, romantic dinners, beach walks. Seeks Jewish male, 39-49, nonsmoker, to share love and laughter. 1722 ✉ ☎

Easygoing Guy, 35—Jewish NJ dentist, seeks an aggressive, goal-oriented, Jewish professional female for love. 1815 ✉ ☎

Fun-Loving Thinker—PhD - lives modestly - upbeat, humorous, sexy, 50s, 5'7", 155 lbs. Seeks a bright, liberated, pretty, shapely, kind and witty ballroom dancer and/or intellectual. 1758 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Professional Jewish Lady—33, 5'4", looking for a man who is smart, successful, who wants to love and be loved - who is tired of being alone and ready to settle down. Note/photo, please. 9449 ✉

Come Fly A Kite With Me—Lovely blond, slim, playful, 47. Prefer previously married man, Jewish, 40-55. 1803 ✉ ☎

Not From Alaska—It's almost my birthday - no presents, just cards... 42, Jewish, live upper East Side, never married. I've got a warm smile and heart of gold. From Broadway to beaches, dancing to shopping...love kids and big dogs. I'm honest, generous, affectionate, athletic and young at heart. My baby-blue eyes are looking for a family-oriented Jewish woman who has a great smile, is kind, romantic, physically fit and looking for a guy to share a lifetime of happiness. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 1800 ✉ ☎

Blond, Blue-Eyed, Upbeat—Attractive Jewish woman, 44, seeks warm, intelligent, fit professional man equipped with a sense of humor. Note/photo. 1789 ✉

Like A Challenge?—You're intense, optimistic, entrepreneurial and a single/divorced white male in your 40s. I'm smart, sexy, self-employed, and an amazing cook. We're both inquisitive, generous, not afraid to take risks, and looking for passion that will last a lifetime. Note/photo/phone. 1766 ✉

Want A Partner, Not Just A Date—Attractive, witty, thoughtful, creative, Jewish health professional, seeks adorable, warm, cuddly, successful Jewish man, 45-55 - a mensch who will keep us laughing now and in our future. Nonsmokers welcome. Photo/note, thanks. 1812 ✉

Beautiful—5'6", 120 lbs, 30s, athletic, Ivy-educated, well-traveled, single white female seeks energetic, cerebral, fun guy who is romantic and has a great sense of humor. 1791 ✉

Blue-Collar Guy—51, 6'1", 195, handsome, honest and loving. Likes movies, nature and quiet nights. Seeks happy, pretty woman. Photo/phone. 1772 ✉

Ravishing Japanese Beauty—Tall, slim, chic, elegant, classy, educated, sophisticated, feminine - seeks tall, handsome, full-haired, affectionate JD/MBA/MD, 39-49. Photo/note/phone. 1782 ✉

Attractive, Compassionate, Cultured—Self-employed woman - possesses good humor and intellectual vitality - seeks male counterpart, mid 50s-60s. 1845 ✉

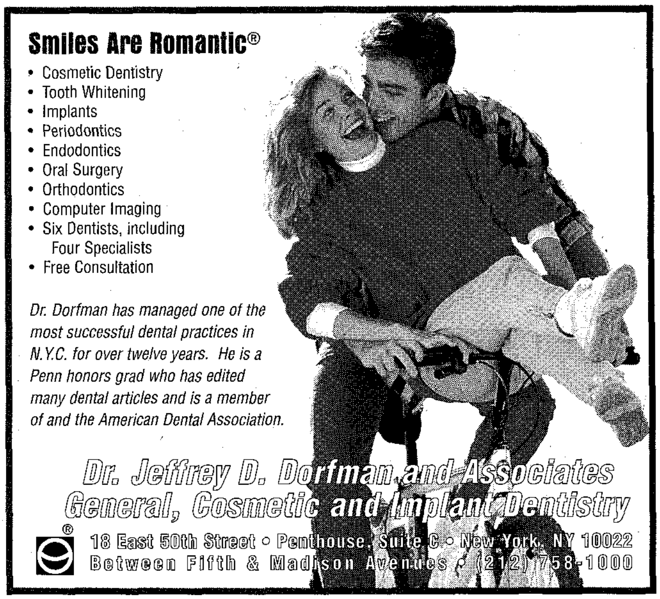
Memories Of Love's Beginnings—Can start here with a response from a truly exceptional woman to this ad, placed by a genuinely nice, sensitive, cultured, single professional man who is fun, physically fit, pleasurably attractive, on a 5'10", 52-year-young frame. 1810 ✉

Good-Looking, Decent Guy—Catholic, 5'9", 160, uniquely talented, healthy, caring and successful, seeks shapely, well-adjusted woman, 29-39, for fun, romance and possibilities. Please send note/photo/phone. 1763 ✉ ☎

Would Love To Explore Italy—With a compatible partner. Attractive, slim professional woman, energetic, passionate, communicative, fun, seeks nonsmoking man, late 50s-mid 60s. 1816 ✉ ☎

Good Guy—6', thin, 45, blue eyes, never married, conservadox, (310), likes to exercise and dance swing - seeks cute, shapely, humorous, late 30s, 5'5"-plus Jewish lady. 1736 ✉ ☎

Gorgeous, Slim, Athletic—Brunette, NJ widow in 50s, looking for upscale Jewish male, mid 50s to 64. 1858 ✉ ☎



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Pretty, Slim, Outdoorsy Fun/ny—Well-traveled, 40, 5'5", upbeat, seeking 37-47, articulate, warm, well-read man for a relationship or co-parenting. 1781 ✉☎

Exotic, Tousled Brunette—Slender, 5'3", funny, warm, NYC book-publishing exec, Jewish, eclectic passions for world travel, skiing to Rockies, progressive politics, cooking, conversation. Seeking like-minded male partner, 35-50ish, nonsmoker. Note/phone/photo. 1854 ✉ ☎

Christian Professional Male—43, never married, financially independent, believes in understated elegance and strength of character. Seeks an equally independent female (prefer 30s) with no children, for friendship, marriage...and possibly children(?). Letter. 1726 ✉

Latin Man—Originally from Argentina, 43, 6', handsome, financially secure. Looking for sweet Latin girl, 25-35. Escribeme. Phone/photo. 1817 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 1829 ✉

Gay White Male—New To NY, excited to be here and believe I have a lot to contribute. The housekeeping parts of my life are accomplished: home, career and the creation of a few wonderful friendships. The thing I want most is to find a partner to share my life with. I'm 38 years old, attractive, fit, in good health and spiritually connected. I want to meet a man between 35-50, also in good health, fit, emotionally available and committed to building a lifelong relationship. I draw enjoyment from theater, travel, art, fine food and music. I prefer Madison Avenue over Columbus Avenue and a leisurely pace as we explore what the good life has to offer. I welcome your letter, and a photo would be appreciated. 1780 ✉

Dumb Blond (Only Kidding)—Attractive, divorced, brown-eyed Wasp female, 34, 5'6", childless - loves antiques, old movies, cooking, fishing, traveling. Seeking single white male, 34-39, good-looking, tall, honest, emotionally and financially secure, has old-fashioned values (no baggage please). Note/photo. POB 751, Mantoloking, NJ 08738

So, Where Are You?—Mid-60s professional "gal" who still thinks she's 40, is looking for her last great guy! Be fun, my age, a little bit left of center. 1832 ✉

Cupid Calls... Be My Valentine—Not just your average, ordinary, outstanding, successful, good-looking fellow. I'm also sincere and modest, an entrepreneur (including international consulting), athletic, fun-loving, strong, romantic, empathic and witty, with diverse interests. Seeking a fit, smart, sensual, (com)passionate, vibrant woman, olive complexion - especially Mediterranean or Latin - a plus but not necessary, beautiful inside and out (also modest), who loves to laugh, 30-46 or so, up to 5'6", for best friend and lover, to share the good life. Please listen to my phone message for more. Note/phone/recent full-length photo. 1862 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive, Romantic—And fun-loving woman, interested in travel, the arts and outdoors, seeks man, 35-45, for loving relationship. 1797 ✉

Male Doctor—57, 6'2", enjoys dancing, dining and dogs. Seeking a woman of position and refinement. Photo. 1771 ✉

Handsome Executive—29, 5'11", 169, caring, adventurous, seeks wife. 1867 ✉

Dance and Romance
New York Magazine's
5th Annual
Pre-Valentine's
Bash

Wednesday, February 11, 6pm-Midnight
at the
COPACABANA
617 W. 57th St.

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Call for more information, including ample discount parking locations
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Strictly Personals

Fab Female Fancies Fantastic Fellow—Westchester, Jewish professional/single mom, voluptuous, 39, outgoing, sensitive, caring, seeks male friend. Enjoy painting the town red or walks on secluded beaches; exploring far-off places or watching TV/movies. Be 39-49, nonsmoker, Jewish. 1823 ✉ ☎

For A Good Time, Call Madonna—If she's not home, call me - a petite, slender, sexy woman looking for a relationship with a confident, successful, athletic, good-looking man (45-55). Sense of humor a must. 1863 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Warm Jewish Male—5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, with great smile, home on water in CT, successful, selective, affectionate, athletic, generous and caring. Enjoy outdoors, laughter, cozy nights, etc. Seeking long-term, special woman, 32-38, who is affectionate, attractive, with similar qualities and pleasures. Photo preferred. 1866 ✉ ☎

Dynamic Graphic Designer—NYC office/Westchester home, Jewish, divorced female, 40ish, pretty, slim, Yale MFA, one child - seeks educated, successful, attractive, kind, cultured professional with integrity. Photo/note. 1808 ✉

I'm An Adorable, Pretty, Slim—Creative, culturally aware woman, 30s, 5'5 1/2", 112. I love art, films, downtown, city walks, everything urban. Are you a "good guy" who's intelligent, handsome (36-45), creative, kind, with great humor and twinkling eyes? Photo please. 1844 ✉

Can A Lawyer Be A Nice Guy?—Ask my mom. I'm 37, Jewish, good-humored (not just ice cream), athletic, handsome, trim, enjoy tennis and the beach. Seeking attractive woman with similar interests. Please send note and photo. 1825 ✉

Pretty, Creative And Very Loving—36, divorced, tall, sexy and slim, with daughter (7); accomplished, worldly, literate. Seeking handsome, kind, smart, spiritual and successful man who loves the arts, books, animals and life. 1813 ✉

Style And Grace—Strikingly attractive brunette with intelligence, warmth, charm and wit. You can dress me up and take me anywhere - I blend. I am in great shape, body and mind. Searching for an emotionally mature male, 45-60, who recognizes a good thing when he finds it and holds on for dear life. Photo/note. 1831 ✉

Handsome, Romantic, Fun—36, Jewish, MD, many interests, travel, Reebok, new to NYC. Seeks that one special sweet, caring, attractive woman for love and family. Note/photo. 1805 ✉

Sparkle, Substance, Class—Very attractive professional woman with warmth, sense of humor and zest for life, seeking similar man, 50-62, who enjoys the arts and travel. 1830 ✉

Warm, Sweet—Tall, slim, muscular Ivy Leaguer, creative, humorous and robust, disease-free, generous; enjoys NYC, travel, piano, dancing, arts. Seeks slim female, 28-40, for winter romance. 1790 ✉ ☎

Successful, Handsome And Confident—Businessman with outgoing personality and a passion for the great outdoors (boating, horseback riding, biking, etc.) and fine restaurants - seeks bright, slim, attractive woman, 25-35, who's easygoing, with a good sense of humor, who wants to share all life has to offer. Note and photo a must. 1860 ✉

Woman Physician—Slim, upbeat, with beauty, warmth, sensitivity, humor, Jewish, 46, seeks very special man. 1754✉

Tall, Handsome, Trim—Seeks slender, classy lady, 50s. Note/photo. 1811 ✉

Good-Looking, Recently Retired CEO—Age 61, seeks very attractive, intelligent, accomplished woman, 40 plus, to share life with. I am athletic, love tennis, golf and international travel, with homes in Vermont and Florida. You are active, energetic, adventurous and warmhearted. Note, phone and photo please. 1744 ✉

Beverly Hills/Madison Avenue—Stunner ...dazzling model/attorney/investor, slim, witty, elegant, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, multi-degreed. Loves restaurants, theater, film, museums, travel, cabarets, horses. Seeks tall, lean, clean-shaven, prominent, patrician, cultured, generous, monogamous upper-crust gentleman, 40-65. 1753 ✉ ☎

Distinguished Professional—Widower, interested in meeting attractive lady, 55-60, Manhattan resident. Photo. 1868 ✉

I'm Pretty, Gym-Fit—5'2", 50. Seek witty, (914) mensch, to 65, who likes blue eyes, laughs, hikes, loving gal. 1767 ✉

My Best Friend Is Magical—Her infectious charisma touches everyone she meets. She is blond, blue-eyed, 40ish, size 4, Jewish and beautiful inside and out. She is successful in her career and life. Everything she comes in contact with exudes elegance, taste and style. Please, only sophisticated, successful, emotionally available men with twinkle reply. Photo requested. 1795 ✉

Fore!—Pretty, fun-loving, slim blond birdie seeks handsome, Jewish, 5'10" plus, 38-plus eagle looking for best friend to play a lifetime of golf. Photo. 1788 ✉ ☎

Woman Of Substance—Attractive, slim, bright and financially secure - avid traveler and adventuress - seeks male counterpart for the Good Life. 1756 ✉ ☎

Catalytic Agent Sought—By romantic auburn-tressed beauty who thrives on the challenges of business. A warmhearted financier, 50ish, could be a combustible combination. 1801 ✉ ☎

Woman Of Substance—43, attractive, Italian professional lady - whose interests range from the opera to the Knicks, enjoys skiing as well as sailing - seeks male counterpart for monogamous relationship, 45-50. 1731 ✉

Kind, Handsome, Energetic—Trim, 6' professional, Christian, youthful 47 (looks 37) - loves water, outdoors, travel, NYC, music, gourmet cooking, fine wines and dining. Seeks easygoing, slim, pretty woman, 30s-40s, for laughter, love and more. Note/photo. 1760 ✉ ☎

Marriage-Minded—Jewish professional male, 32, who is secure, intelligent, sweet, handsome and fit, with a great sense of humor and many varied interests, seeks similar in a Jewish female, 25-32, to share life, laughter and love. Nonsmokers and (212). Note/photo a plus. 1851 ✉ ☎

Successful Italian Businessman—Late 50s, semi-retired, widowed, great shape - enjoys travel, theater, fine dining, cafes, romantic nights around the fireplace. Seeks a very beautiful, 40s, tall, classy, intelligent blond lady for lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone, please. 1728 ✉

Nice-Looking—Jewish, sincere Manhattanite, mid 40s, 5'10", educated and athletic (tennis, skiing). Seeks slender and lovely woman for permanent relationship/marriage. Note/photo. 1759 ✉

Spontaneous, Very Attractive—Laid-back, outgoing, fit, fun-loving, smart, single white female, 37 - great smile, adventurous spirit, successful professional. Likes romance, hiking, tennis, music, micro-breweries, skiing the Rockies. Dislikes shopping. Seeks energetic, athletic, educated, stable, nonpretentious, professional, single/divorced white male, 32-42, 5'7" plus. 1783 ✉ ☎

Charming Woman—Svelte, 60s, desires charming man, 66-76, NY-MA. 1809 ✉

Striking, Exotic, Cosmopolitan—Ex-model, 29, with British style/class/elegance, uniformed schools abroad, Anglican. Seeks charming man (37-50/6' plus) of dignity/integrity/substance, for cream tea. Golf? Photo please! 1856✉

Pretty Lady Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman from LI, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 34-44, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 1843 ✉☎

White Jewish Male—5'10" 37, handsome, successful, athletic, loves to run and cycle, adores movies... Seeks beautiful, thin, down-to-earth, single white female, 25-34, who has similar passions. Please send recent photo. 1755 ✉

Co-Conspirator Sought—To strew havoc along the path of this adventure of life by 57-year-old female. Should be a Christian man, 50-60s, have eclectic interests, enjoy life and have a few good years left. Send note/photo. 1748 ✉

Are You A—Fun-loving, attractive guy between 32-45? Do you appreciate the finer things in life? Do you love to travel? Do you love a great meal with a great bottle of wine and an even greater girl? If you answered yes to 3 out 4 of my questions, then you should call this 30, Jewish, 5'4", adventurous girl. Photo/note. 1730 ✉ ☎

Buried Treasure - Come And Find Me—Single Jewish female, 5'4", 115, 26, pretty blond professional, seeks single Jewish male, 27-34, for everlasting love. 1857✉☎

100-Percent Truth—Cute, bright, slim, humorous, single Jewish female, young-looking 35, Brooklynite, seeks intelligent, humorous, sincere, single Jewish male, 30s, nonsmoker, to share life's future Kodak moments. Phone/photo. 1834 ✉

Sale!—Easygoing, caring, 5'11", nice-looking executive, 52, will go fast. Contact him now. Must be affectionate, friendly professional woman, who likes the arts, current events, travel. She should be soft-spoken, slim, very attractive and fun. Photo/note. 1822 ✉ ☎

Cultured Oriental Pearl—Classy, well-preserved 43, engineering professional, sometime artist, appreciate finer things in life: skiing, travel, good food and conversation. Tempt me with note/photo. 1827 ✉

Sensual Psychologist—(46), seeks serious relationship. I'm very pretty, 5'3", trim, athletic, blue-eyed brunette. Looking for an attractive, caring, very intelligent, well-educated, trim, sensual man, 42-56 (athletic ability, humor and unconventionality helpful). No reply without photo. 1751 ✉

Stop Here!—Jewish male, 34, 5'6", athletic, educated professional and super-nice guy, seeking energetic woman, 28-35, for a lifetime of fun, challenges, exploration, Chinese food and kids. Note/photo. 1747 ✉

Beautiful (Truly) Blond—Aqua eyes, playful, smart, slim, 35, seeks slim male, Christian background. 1734 ✉ ☎

Single, Slim, Sweet, Strong, Smart—Successful, sincere, sensitive woman, 29, of substance, seeks same in masculine soul mate, 27-36; let's swap note/photo. 1796✉

Mature Male—Seeks slim, classy, nonsmoking female, 50-60, to share theater, dinner, travel and quiet times. (914) and (203) a plus. Note/photo a must. 1850✉

Very Hot-Looking—Physician/surgeon, Keanu Reeves look-alike, 6'1", 185, extremely athletic, confident, humorous, romantic, Jewish, skier, singer - looking for blond, beautiful, thin, single Jewish female, 26-37, nonsmoker, for marriage, children. Exchange recent pictures a must. 1733 ✉

Handsome, Successful Male—33, MD, Jewish, diverse interests, looking for intelligent, attractive Jewish female, 27-33, for serious relationship. Please send photo/note. 1777 ✉

Chemistry—Very pretty, down-to-earth NYC female, 35, athletic, fit - into music, travel, outdoors, skiing, tennis, NYC and country. Seek easygoing, like-minded man (32-40) for the right formula. 1802 ✉ ☎

What Are You Doing—The rest of your life? This Jewish male MD, 52, 6' tall, positive and happy, is looking for the right answer from a single Jewish professional female, to age 45. Manhattan and LI preferred. Photo/phone. 1742 ✉

Very Beautiful, Sultry And Slender—Vibrant, warm and wonderful Jewish JD/BFA. Loves the arts, NYC and country, conversation, staying fit. NY/CT. Seeking unattached, handsome, kind, cultured Jewish guy, 45-55 peer, with depth and integrity for lasting relationship. If you want to check out the chemistry, please send note/photo - both a must. 1828 ✉☎

Beautiful—27, NYC Jewish professional, 5'9", thin, has it all except for a really great guy, 27-35, 6' plus. Note/photo, please. 1732 ✉

I Am So Ready—That if you catch me now, you will get the very best of me. Handsome, single Jewish male who just turned 43. I'm a Leo, 5'10", 160, down-to-earth, good-natured, giant-hearted, successful, loyal and mentally/emotionally stable. I am seeking a white/Asian female for a true love, marriage and children. You must be educated, open-minded, fun(ny), good-looking, slim, and above all ready for the challenges of a family life. Please send a note with phone number. Photo a must. POB 462, NY, NY 10024

Responsible, Sincere—Caring professional with a sense of humor - fit, nonsmoking Jewish male, 50, 5'8". Enjoys theater, sports, music, etc. Dreams of meeting an outgoing, down-to-earth, warm, fit Jewish female. Marriage? Kids? 1804 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Radiant Woman, 43—Creative professional, seeks handsome, single white male, 40 plus, sincere, financially secure, for relationship. Note/photo. 1768 ✉ ☎

MARY ANN MADDEN #903

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

GLORIA SWANSONG

SO LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

VALE KILMER

C.I.A.O.

Above, farewell performances. Competitors are invited to devise the final version of a familiar name, title, aphorism, or what-you-will.

Results of Competition 900, in which you were asked for ghastly book dedications.

Report: One didn't absolutely have to cite the author, but no points deducted if, um, one did. Popular dedicatees: Pets. Clones. Many pets. Many clones. Cloned pets. Ex-mates. Former teachers. Teachers to whom their students dedicate the Pulletzer Prize. Thanks to all at Seton Hall who entered. And thanks to you. You know who you are. Not a moment too soon, either.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

To Marty, who always circles none of the above.
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

For Pablo
Later, dude.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

To Bea. Or not to Bea.
Thelma Blitz, N.Y.C.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

For Sandra, Wife and Midwife.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

For A.D.M.
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

To William Shakespeare. Dedicated this day by Robert James Waller.
Charles Roos, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

To Michael, without whose money this book would not be possible.
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

For Roxy Hart and Velma Kelly
Who taught me
I am my own best friend.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

To Patrolmen Louis D'Andrea and Jeffrey Southerland
For their kindness during my apprehension
And to Warden Kendall P. Walker
For allowing me the use of the office typewriter
During these many months.
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

To Calliope, Euterpe, et al.
To the gang at Room 1023
And to Marty; you owe me ten bucks.
Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

To Maria
For doing
That voodoo
That you do
So well.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

For Johan Gutenberg, for reasons too obvious to explain.
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

To the NHL, which taught me what unnecessary roughness is.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

For my agent, Arnold Mellman, who madeth me to lie down in green pastures.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

For William and all that he is—
Half mortal, half superstar;
Half warrior, half prince;
Half sage, half wit.
Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

I dedicate these posthumous memoirs to
My Disappointed Heirs.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

This story of the Shirelles
Is dedicated to the one I love.
M. Blitz, N.Y.C.

To my ex-wife Lorena, who forced me to channel my creative juices in another direction.
Cynthia Merman, N.Y.C.

To my wife, spouse, mate, better half, (informal) mate, and marriage partner, Mary Roget.
Similarly: Nomi Presby, Teaneck, N.J.
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

For Helen, because you were there for me; and for Ashley, because you weren't.
Don Lewis, Birnamwood, Wisc.

For Cody and Cassidy. And God.
similarly: Tom Convery, Westminster, S.C.;
Margaret Von Ost, Eugene, Ore.

For Mary.
I'm sorry.
The story had to be told.
I hope your children understand.
Bob McTamaney, N.Y.C.

For La Belle Dame Sans Merci—
You know who you are,
And how much it hurts,
And why we'll always have Dubuque.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

This book is dedicated to me,
because it is dedicated to my wife,
who is dedicated to me.
Joseph Romm, Washington, D.C.

For Myrna, who gave me much more than a kidney.
Lawrence Eisenberg, N.Y.C.

Who is the person to whom this *Jeopardy!* book is dedicated?
similarly: Pat Gallant, N.Y.C.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

To Jake Geddes and
For my sister, my daughter,
My sister, my daughter, my sis.
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

For Eve
The Only Woman for Me.
Scott L. Black, N.Y.C.

To all my friends in the industry who
nurtured me through the tough times
When Elaine and I were breaking up.
—Ben Braddock.
Jay Hoster, Columbus, Ohio

So I couldn't get published,
Nor would it sell.
It's in your hands,
Now go to hell.
Norman F. Wesley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

To me
From me
For me
By me.
—Quentin Tarantino
Kenneth Levine, N.Y.C.

To Lisa, my muse.
(If my wife reads this, just kidding.)
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

To Smokey, my mews.
Jean Frary Walshe, Roxbury, Conn.

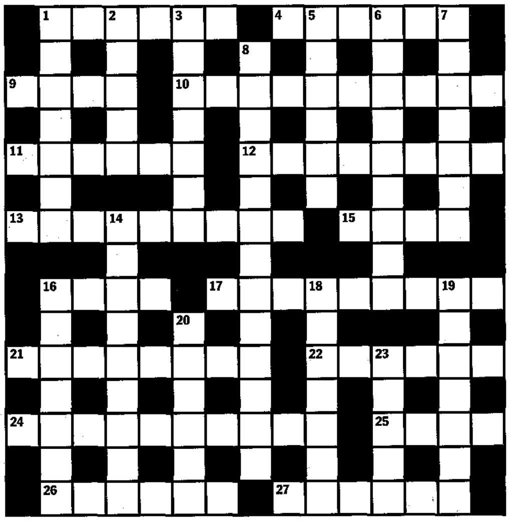
For Esmé, with love, squalor, and 10 percent of the back end.
Michelle McHugh, N.Y.C.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 903, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by February 20. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the March 23 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Oxford accent. (6)
4 Interrupt to add one's contribution. (4, 2)
9 Uninteresting piece of scenery. (4)
10 They're sharp, mind, on the cuffs. (10)
11 Staggering along to a country in Africa. (6)
12 A check on the present demand for bread. (4-4)
13 Stock-holder. (6, 3)
15 Appreciates one's accommodation. (4)
16 The band plays a short piece. (4)
17 Carried shoulder-high by old soldiers on promotion. (9)
21 A *resounding beating.* (8)
22 They act as substitutes in practice. (6)
24 A letter sent but forgotten about. (7, 3)
25 To be taken advantage of isn't new. (4)
26 Where the card player learns his craft? (6)
27 Complaint about Ma's hat. (6)



DOWN

1 Live with one girl or another. (7)
2 Surpass all others as a swindler. (5)
3 R Mugabe gives offence. (7)
5 Held with an awkward grip. (6)
6 Ban a professional writer. (9)
7 *Irritates by the unnecessary loss of a point.* (7)
8 Winged messenger. (7-6)
14 River lighter may transfer the ashes. (4, 5)
16 Fields of activity he gets a mixed press about. (7)
18 Improves—one's bust line? (7)
19 Modify a painting technique. (7)
20 Rope in another dramatist. (6)
23 Passion fruit drink? (5)

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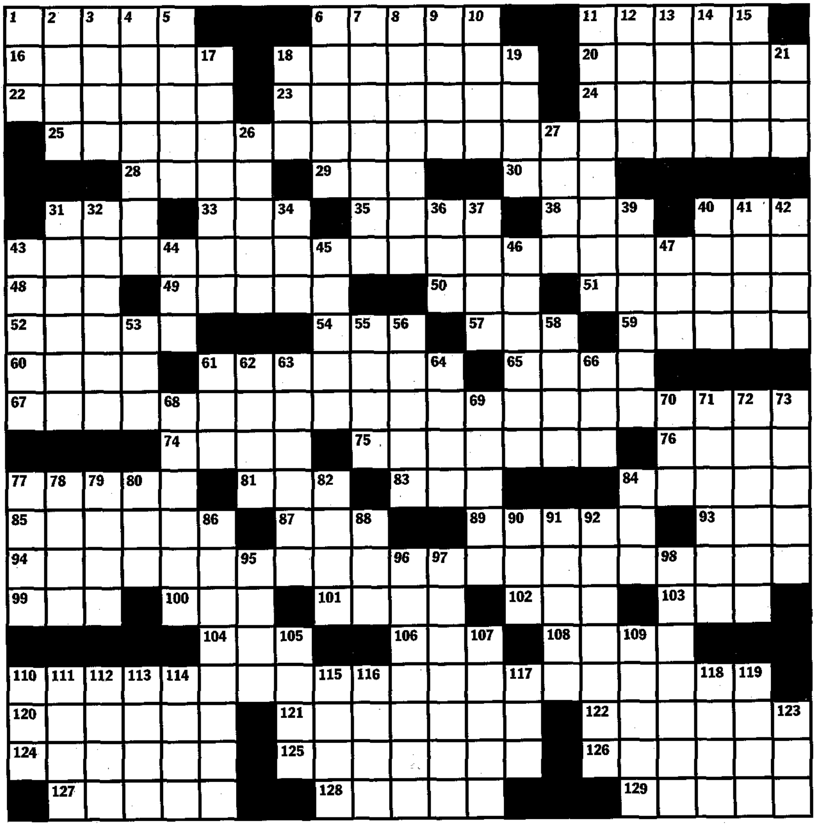
'Love Among the Animals': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Start of Caesar's boast
6 Lymph clumps
11 Up in the rigging
16 747 manufacturer
18 Toreadors' vests
20 Of direct descent
22 Looking glass
23 Enliven
24 Becky Sharp's friend
25 He said: "I never thought I'd ——."
28 Back of the neck
29 Knight's title
30 Physicians' gp.
31 Attach a postscript
33 Cribbage piece
35 Aer Lingus destination
38 Fuse unit, for short
40 Not even
43 She said: "——."
48 Stanley Cup org.
49 Pyromaniac's crime
50 Father's Day gift
51 Less of a mess
52 Like Eastwood's Harry
54 George's veep
57 F.A.O. Schwarz sale
59 Cloudburst
60 Hodgepodge
61 Erased
65 Castle ditch
67 He said: "Let's elope, and after —— Paris."
74 "To Live and Die ——," 1985 movie
75 Same as 60-Across
76 Paid athletes
77 Overhauled tire
81 Type of tide
83 Chou En-——
84 Defunct women's magazine
85 Votes in
87 "Moon ball," in tennis
89 Wall indentation
93 —— tai, rum drink
94 She said: "I've never ——."
99 Used a stool
100 Word before long or now
101 Poet Teasdale
102 Stage scenery
103 C.I.A.'s predecessor
104 Hosp. areas
106 All —— day's work
108 Beige color
110 He said: "It's settled. —— car."
120 Fir tree
121 More lackluster
122 America's fleet
124 Voyager's vacation
125 Eisenhower's boyhood city
126 Stole a look
127 Fall flower
128 Opposite of curst
129 Haircut discard

DOWN

1 "Big Blue" of Wall St.
2 Hairdo
3 Prefix for space or sol
4 "The Tempest" heroine
5 Name on the A-bomber
6 Don'ts
7 Leigh's husband, once
8 Bad-conduct mark
9 Geologic periods
10 "And —— bed"
11 Cotton State native
12 Branch
13 "Dedicated to the —— Love"
14 Examined by touch
15 Peacock's pride
17 Catch-hold device
18 Chateau gala
19 Immunity fluids
21 Put down, as linoleum
26 Essentials
27 Nanking nursemaid
31 For a short time
32 Dolores of early films
34 —— Prizm (Chevrolet)
36 Become putrid
37 Exude
39 Fast, in music
40 Kruger or Klemperer
41 No mere talker
42 Campus digs
43 Give a grant
44 Beam of light
45 Over with
46 Guardsman of a G&S operetta
47 Rat-a-——
53 Nursery-schooler
55 Nuclear particle
56 Staircase post
58 Egg foo ——
61 Lair
62 Literary Gardner
63 Legally responsible
64 Between two crèmes
66 Application query
68 Walk gingerly
69 Captain Queeg's ship
70 Playmate for Tarzan
71 Hoboes
72 Synagogue scrolls
73 Actor Davis
77 Dems.' opponents
78 Director Kazan
79 Piggy-bank insert
80 Play to the audience
82 B.S.A. members
84 Before Virgo
86 Long banner
88 Sound heard by Bo-Peep
90 Part of T.G.I.F.
91 Go on all fours
92 Harness the horse to the buggy
95 Trumpeter Alpert
96 Kriss of Christmas
97 Fops
98 Funeral attendee
105 One of TV's Thompsons
107 Broker
109 Change the clock hands
110 Phone-button 2
111 Mrs. Zhivago's rival
112 Symbol on a calculator
113 So far —— goes
114 Lawyer's undertaking
115 Bee Gees' family name
116 Indigo source
117 Iron in the raw
118 Create
119 Memorable Montand
123 Football measurements: abbr.



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 85.

No matter where you had heart surgery, doctors from NYU Medical Center helped save your life.

1933

NYU PHYSICIAN DEVELOPS THE FIRST DRUG TO FIGHT HEART ATTACKS.
Streptokinase, developed by NYU doctor William S. Tillet, has helped thousands of patients recover from sudden heart attacks.

1967

NYU DEVELOPS INTERNAL MAMMARY BYPASS.
NYU Chief of Surgery Dr. Frank C. Spencer is the first to experimentally propose the use of the internal mammary artery in bypass surgery in 1967, with NYU's Dr. George Green performing the first clinical operation in 1969. The internal mammary artery bypass has since become the "gold standard" of bypass surgery worldwide.

2018

NYU MEDICAL CENTER RESEARCH FOCUSES ON ENDING CORONARY ARTERY DISEASE.
NYU scientists are already working to understand genetic manipulation to help us maintain the health of our arteries. It's just another example of how NYU Medical Center is guided by a simple philosophy: Putting the patient first. For the past 155 years, this has been the core principle behind our every contribution – in research, education and patient care. And it's the one thing that we will never change.

1996

NYU SURGEONS PIONEER MINIMALLY INVASIVE CARDIAC SURGERY.
Doctors Stephen Colvin, Aubrey Galloway, Eugene Grossi and Greg Ribakove develop a revolutionary technique for minimally invasive heart surgery, performing the first Port Access triple bypass. This technique allows heart surgery to be performed through small "ports," eliminating the need to cut the breastbone, reducing pain and shortening recovery time. NYU has more experience with this new method than any other hospital in the world.

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BENSON & HEDGES

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Reg. 15 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine; Men. 15 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

A MOMENT OF PLEASURE
WITH THE 100MM CIGARETTE